THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Fo[illegible]lin

Volume 201, Number 8

AUG. 25, '28

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Lucy Stone Terrill—Benito Mussolini—Joseph Hergesheimer—Will Payne
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will your clothes look well?

WILL they continue to be good looking after a long period of wear? That's a good deal to ask of clothes—yet you have a right to expect that much from clothes that are properly made. As a matter of fact, if a suit is cut correctly and tailored with care, it will keep its good looks as long as you wear it. It will have style even when the fabric has done full duty and worn threadbare!

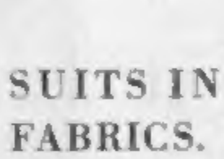
Of course, there's a decided difference in the way clothes look even when they are brand-new. The new suit that is correctly cut will always look better than the new suit cut along mediocre lines. It will have a look of character that the ordinary suit can never have. It will also be far more comfortable. But the really great difference between correctly cut clothes and others does not appear until a long time after—when both kinds have been subjected to the test of wear.

* * *

Suppose two suits were made of the same fabric, and one were correctly cut and well tailored, and the other were only an ordinary job. The two suits, if given equal wear, would last approximately the same length of time. *But*—at the end of that time, the well cut suit would still be a good looking garment—it would still keep its shape, and still have style—while the other would have lost its smartness along the way. During the greater part of its life, the poorly cut suit would have been a distinct liability to its wearer.

Correctly cut clothes look well permanently. They keep their looks because their character has been built in to stay. Here at Society Brand we take pride in producing clothes which men wear with enjoyment, and hate to part with—even when their sturdy fabrics have served their full time. Many have told us that they can hardly bring themselves to throw an old Society Brand suit away, simply because it remains so everlastingly fresh and likeable. The reason, of course, is that Society Brand Clothes *are* cut with a correctness that is rare in clothes today. Your pleasure in them—as in other finely made things—will grow greater instead of decreasing. Why not allow yourself that pleasure this Fall!

FOR FALL: *a two-button coat with square, set-up shoulders, peak lapels, the smart Tattersall vest and pleated trousers.*



This smart double breasted vest is sometimes preferred to the Tattersall vest shown at the left. The more conservative plain vest is also available.

* * *

SUITS IN STURDYMAN FABRICS. Worsteds, selected for their remarkable ability to withstand wear—and for a very unusual luxuriousness of texture. In exclusive patterns—in the subdued browns, grays, and blues which will be popular this Fall. Suits of exceptional integrity, executed in new Fall styles—$65. Other Society Brand Suits, equally correct in cut—$45 to $95.

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

Society Brand Clothes

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Trifles

HOW COSTLY THEY CAN BE!

"BUT NOT IF YOU WASH THEM THIS WAY"—SAY SALESPEOPLE EVERYWHERE

Smart doeskin gloves, sleekly-slim hose just the right shade for a frock, a brilliant scarf . . . trifles like these *make* a costume, the clever woman knows.

Yet what *costly* trifles, even when inexpensive to buy, if they are ruined in the washing!

But *if* they last and last—and still look charming, their cost is unimportant in the long run even though you've paid a lot for them. Here *care* comes in! To prolong the life of fine things, the right care is all-important.

What is the "*right* care"? When salespeople in the leading shops from New York to San Francisco were asked this question recently, the first thing a great majority of them said was: Be sure to use lukewarm water and *Ivory Soap.*

For example, in a smart New York shop displaying soft washable doeskin gloves—the saleswoman said: "These wash beautifully, but be sure to use Ivory Flakes. That is a pure soap and will keep them a good color—also keep them from getting stiff and hard."

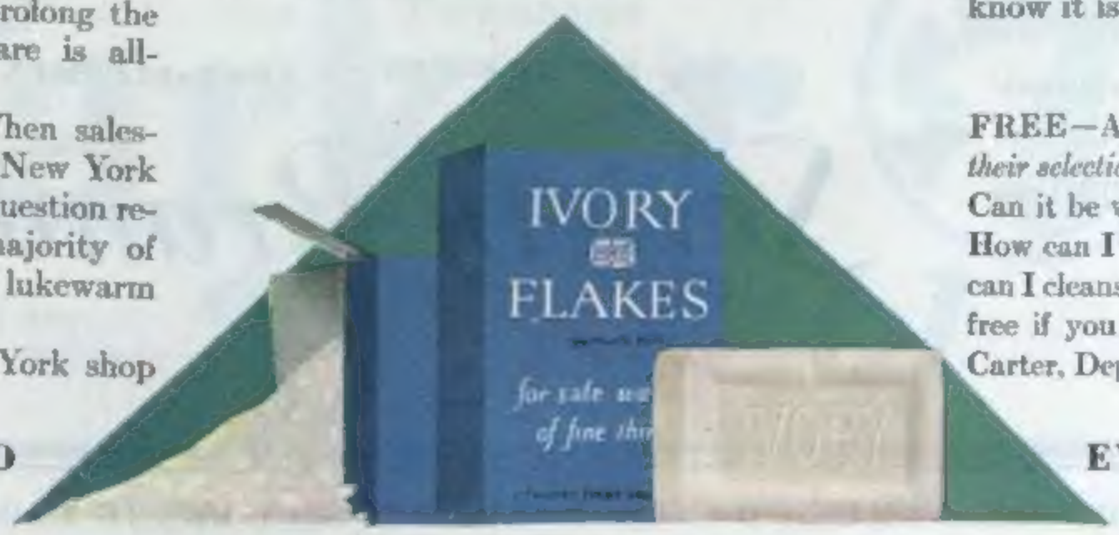
And in Philadelphia when a saleswoman showed cobwebby evening stockings, she said: "You should use tepid water and Ivory Soap for your stockings. Manufacturers say that Ivory is best for the colors."

And in Chicago: "Yes, I know this scarf will wash because I have washed one just like it—if you use lukewarm water and Ivory Flakes. Ivory Flakes is pure—just like Ivory Soap. I've noticed that other soaps seem to be stronger."

Whenever garments were especially charming or costly, or fragile, salespeople were almost certain to say: "Be sure to use *Ivory.*" Why? You use Ivory on your face, so you know it is *extra*-safe for fine things.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE—A little book: *Thistledown Treasures—their selection and care,* answers such questions as: Can it be washed? Will it shrink? Will it fade? How can I whiten yellowed silk and wool? How can I cleanse sweaters, georgettes, etc.? It is yours free if you will send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. 25-HF, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



"IVORY IS KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES"

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George Horace Lorimer
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CLOTHES

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

MARY WEBSTER sat alone in Room 308 of the Grand Hotel de Pekin, ripping the sleeves out of her black lace dinner dress. It was the end of her first far from perfect day in the famous walled city of Chih-li. Mr. Henry Perkins had not answered her note. He never would. She must go back to Anaheim and to Professor Arnold Matthews as barren of adventure as she had departed. If Henry Perkins was the type of man she had hoped he would be—a man like the tall, tanned engineer on the steamer—she might have known that the last thing on earth he would want to see was a school-teacher. His kind of women were like that exquisite Mrs. Van Dame on the steamer, and that exotic Balkan princess with a sleek, shaved head like a black onion skin—women like Joslander's fiction heroines, starkly frank, with caustic, unfettered tongues, passionate or passionless, never moderate. And moderation was the axis of Mary's life. She was twenty-nine years old, five-feet-five, brown-eyed and fair-haired. Her unbobbed hair was very straight, but she coaxed it into varying wave lengths by punctiliously twisting it in flat steel curlers every night. She fluffed it over her ears, and rouged her cheeks a little, and powdered her unobtrusive features. Altogether she looked a creditable composite of all the twenty-nine-year-old school-teachers in Christendom. And she knew it. She had been a fool not to go with the Misses Lovell on their investigation of revolutionary conditions in Canton. The Misses Lovell had recognized the added advantage it would be for the students of the Lovell Academy to learn first-hand of Pekin as well as of revolutionary conditions in Canton, so they had not opposed her leaving them. They had even given her an emergency letter to their second cousin, Mr. Henry Perkins.

"But," they said, "although his parents were most estimable people, we've been told his life in Pekin is far from exemplary. And unless you fall ill or have bandit trouble, don't communicate with him at all."

Their letter was consistent with the situation:

ASTOR HOUSE, SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Dear Cousin Henry: Realizing that after these years you have probably forgotten us entirely, and having often heard from your father of how you are annoyed by tourists, we should not presume to introduce a stranger to you under ordinary conditions.

But the fact that Martha and I are changing our itinerary to include Canton, makes it necessary for our esteemed young teacher, Miss Mary Webster, to continue to Pekin alone. She has made the acquaintance of some very pleasant missionaries with whom she will be during her short stay there, and she will not present this letter unless some grave emergency arises. In which case any dignified assistance which you, as our dear cousin Cecily's son, might render her, will be deeply appreciated by your cousins

MARTHA AND EMILY LOVELL.

Mary spent her first three hours in Pekin inditing notes such as the heroines of Jose Joslander's sophisticated novels might have written to Mr. Henry Perkins. Finally she sent the one which seemed most nonchalant:

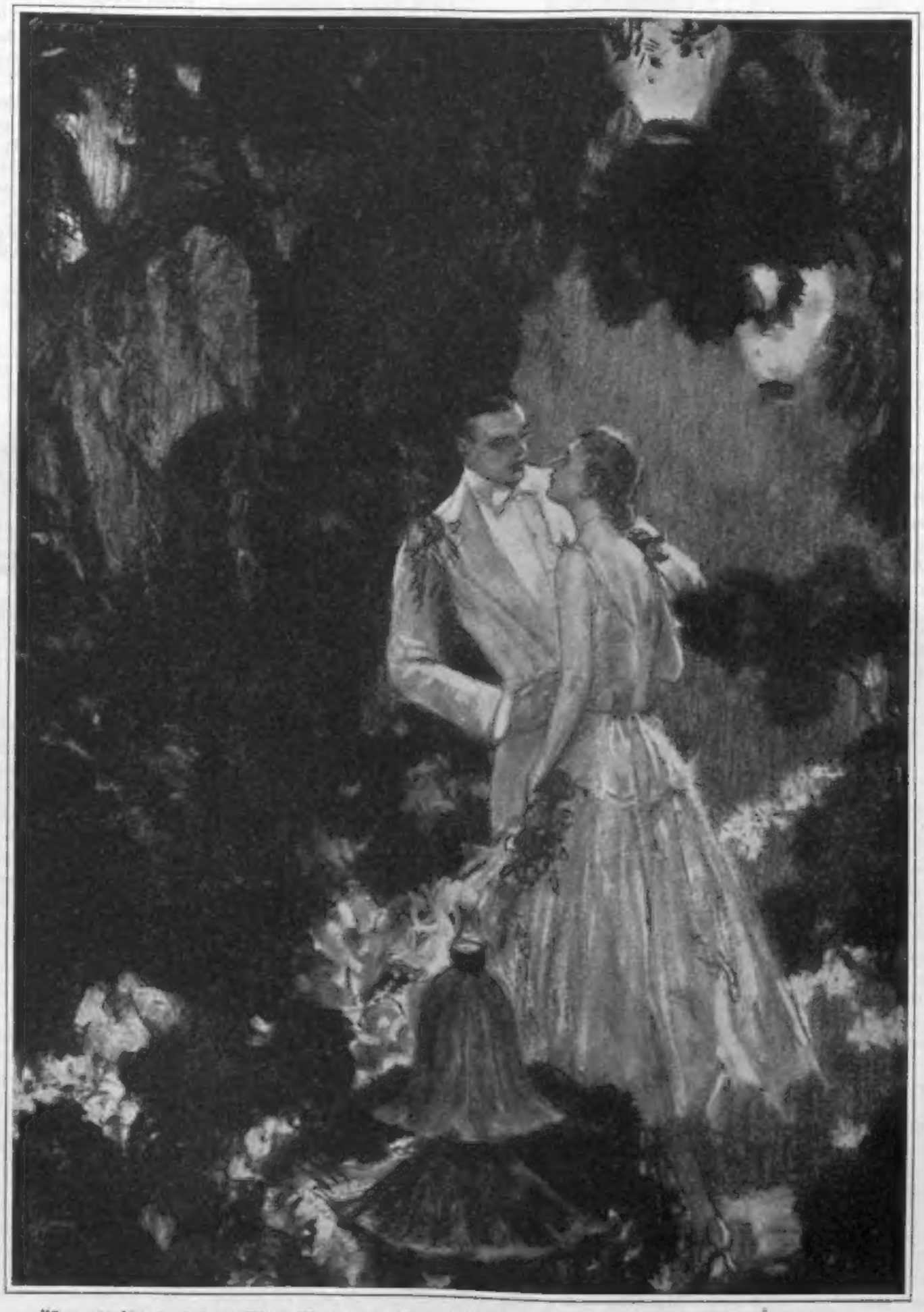
Dear Mr. Perkins: There isn't any emergency at all, and I'm just what you might expect from the Misses Lovell's letter. But I'm only being here six days and it's the only chance I'll ever have of knowing a man who doesn't live an exemplary life, which I understand you don't. Won't you please sacrifice yourself and let me embrace the opportunity?

MARY WEBSTER.

All day, and he had not answered. The helpful blue-smocked hall boy was discouragingly certain Mr. Perkins had received it safely. "He signee he name hotel chit book. I take look-see. Sure. Signee one clock."

The pleasant missionaries had telephoned asking her to join them in an afternoon trip to the Lama Temple and the Hall of Classics. She hoped the hall boy heard her telling them she couldn't go because she had a headache. The hall boy made her want, absurdly, to maintain face in his estimation. He was tall and thin, with an imperturbable flat, not unfriendly face.

The afternoon dragged. The wonderful hotel grew depressing. She felt as if she sat alone in a lobby—the walls of her room were twelve feet high, the windows were larger and longer than doors; in fact, they actually were doors which led to a massive stone-pillared balcony, lonely as a tomb. The Brobdingnagian wardrobe would have held all and more clothes than Mary had possessed through her life; a towering chest of drawers and a giant bureau sat emptily against the spacious walls, the bed was gigantic, and the writing desk, except for its one chair, could amply have accommodated the general public. Even the bathroom was a vast place; it had chairs and a table and a tub like a sarcophagus, above which hung a row of towels longer than bedspreads.



"Permit Me to Salute That Absolutely Number One Dimple of the Realm." He Was Bending Solemnly, Nearer and Nearer. But Her Smile Gave Way Out of Sheer Ecstatic Dismay, and With It Went the Dimple

In the general immensity of the surroundings Mary's trunk appeared to have shrunk. It had seemed so massive, so world-wide traveled, so adequate. It had cost sixty dollars. "Just as good as a hundred-dollar one," the salesman had assured her; "only a little smaller and not so many brass tacks." There had been no extra charge for the neat black lettering.

MARY WEBSTER, ANAHEIM, CALIF.

"Missee get chit," said Tung Hui. He brought her Mr. Perkins' large-leafed open chit book and indicated with a long buff finger where she was to sign her name and the time she received it. "All peoples signee chit books and markee time day when get," he assured her. It was 9:45.

Signing, Mary saw, on the line above her own, the hastily penciled name, "Marcella Van Dame. . . . 9:40." She asked about it.

Tung Hui explained that the gentleman must also have sent chit to Missee Van Dame. "Have got hurry fast. Gentleman's chit boy no likee wait long time. Must get homeside quick can do."

Tung Hui took the book and rapidly disappeared with it.

So Mrs. Van Dame was there and Henry Perkins knew her. Of course, Mrs. Van Dame would be the kind of woman Mr. Perkins knew. Mary opened her note with oddly uneager fingers. It fulfilled her apprehensions.

WILLOWALL.

My dear Miss Webster: I regret that your note finds me just leaving on a business trip to Tientsin, which may occupy me for perhaps a week. If I return before you leave I shall have the greatest pleasure in calling at once. I am instructing my Chinese manager, Charles Tsur, to assist you in every way if you should need him. Please feel free to call upon him here at my house if such should be the case.

Sincerely, HENRY PERKINS.

Mary crumpled it furiously and caught her hands tightly around it, crushing them down into the softness of the black lace dinner dress. Her cheeks burned. Nothing like this happened to the frank and forthright modern girls of America's cleverest fictionist. Her cheeks were still hot and her throat hurting when Tung Hui silently materialized in the doorway.

"Madame come see missee," he announced unnecessarily, for the visitor stood instantly beside him. It was Marcella Van Dame. Mary stared at her.

"Hel-lo!" drawled the languid caller as casually as if she were dropping in on a lifelong friend. "Can it be possible you've ditched the aunts?"

Mary was startled into a magnificent composure. She did not get up.

"They weren't my aunts. They're my principals. Won't you come in? They'll meet me in Shanghai on the way home."

"'Principles' is surely a pat description of them"—Marcella's laughter was as languidly nonchalant as her cool voice—"and I must say Pekin's the last spot on earth to come with principles, especially such obvious ones. Don't get up. I'll just tuck here." She sat down slantwise on the bed, one foot bent under her; contriving, by giving the white pillow a careless punch behind her head, to look like Cleopatra on a cushioned barge. "I wonder if you remember me, Miss Webster? My husband and I were on the steamer with you as far as Kobe."

"I not only remember you"—Mary plunged quietly into Joslanderish frankness—"I memorized everything you said and did and wore. I'm working on this dress this minute, trying to make it like one of yours."

"My dear! Not really?"

"Really," said Mary. "I studied you like a lesson every second I could see you. But I don't think you even knew I was on the boat. You've come because Mr. Perkins has written you a note about me, haven't you?"

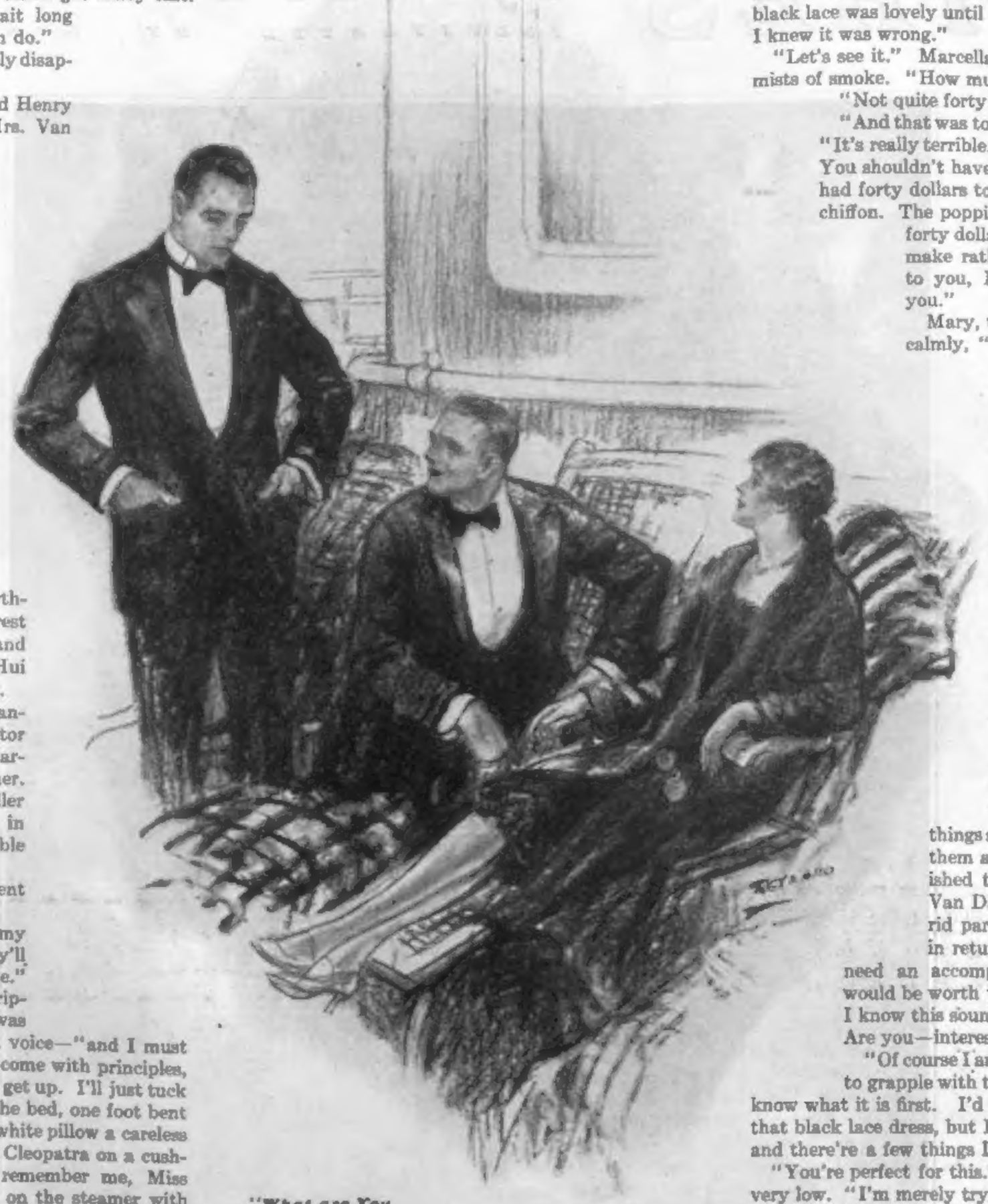
"I have, partially. I did know, however, that you were on the boat. You might be surprised to know how carefully I sized you up. But I'm very subtle." From a series of silver contraptions she deftly produced a cigarette, matches and a short sheet of paper. "Being subtle, I will share Hank's chit with you:

"'Marcella, for the love of God, take a look at what's in Room 308 before you go. Its name is Mary Webster. And telephone me if I've got to take the night train for Tientsin. I can't survive another week like the last one. HANK.'

"Now, from that I supposed this was a secret mission. How does it happen you're in on it too?"

"I saw your name in his chit book just now. I sent him a letter of introduction this morning from Miss Emily Lovell. I've stayed here most of the day, praying he'd rush right over. A minute ago this came." In the best casual voice she could command she read the crumpled note aloud, and was gratified at the vivid entertainment shining in Marcella's eyes.

"Poor Hank. He's just escaped being married by a highly specialized husband hunter. She left yesterday. But how did those perennial spinsters happen to consign you to Hank Perkins, of all people?"



"What are You Up to Now, Eddie?" Asked Philip Bancroft, Seeming Very Tall in His Dark Dinner Clothes

"He's their second cousin. They warned me that he was very dissipated. They told me not to use their letter under any circumstances unless I got smallpox or was taken by bandits. And they said in their letter to him that I wouldn't. I had to tell him there wasn't any emergency except that I wanted to see him."

Marcella blew a long, contemplative wreath of smoke. "Just as referee, may I inquire if you harbor any matrimonial motives?"

"Not in regard to him. I'm engaged, or I hope I am, to the professor of mathematics and his three children. Miss Emily and Miss Martha feel certain of it. He called the night before I left and kissed me twice, and said we must definitely speak of our future when I returned. Mrs. Matthews hasn't been dead quite two years or Miss Emily feels certain he would have given me her diamond ring to wear on this trip."

Mrs. Van Dame's soft moan of delight was again gratifying. "Hank will adore you," she said. "And he's an old dear. He is a classmate of Malcolm's."

"Men never adore me. They never even see me," Mary said.

"What about the professor?"

"It's his duty to engage a competent stepmother. I'll be one. I'm wholesome and economical. Once, in a passionate outburst, he even called me 'very neat.'"

"That is rather awful. Why do you do it?"

Mary smiled at her. "Have you ever taught school for nine consecutive years?"

"I'd rather, I think, than be called 'very neat.' I can't imagine any man overlooking that dimple of yours."

It was true that Mary's infrequent smile shortened her upper lip engagingly and set a distracting dimple in the very middle of it. "They do," she said. "I think they take it for granted I'm just like my clothes. I've always been a dub. I don't know how to dress. I thought this black lace was lovely until I saw yours on the boat. Then I knew it was wrong."

"Let's see it." Marcella regarded it critically through mists of smoke. "How much did it cost?"

"Not quite forty dollars."

"And that was too much," said Marcella kindly. "It's really terrible. A melancholy thing. Morose. You shouldn't have bought black lace if you only had forty dollars to spend. It can't be done. Use chiffon. The poppies on my dress cost more than forty dollars. Miss Webster, if I should make rather an astounding proposition to you, I wonder if it would frighten you."

Mary, thinking perhaps it would, said calmly, "Why, certainly not."

Mrs. Van Dame got up, looked at her an instant, and then gently closed the door into the corridor, returning comfortably to her pillow.

"You can't be too careful here. These coolies' ears are longer than the arms of the law. That's why Hank wrote me the chit instead of telephoning about you. I think you two should have a wonderful time together. I wish I were staying to look on. But we're leaving on a ghastly train before daybreak. I'd like awfully, if you'd let me, to leave you a bunch of my clothes. We're nearly the same size; of course you are a bit shorter, but I wear my things shorter than you'd probably like them anyhow." Mary was too astonished to speak, even to think. Mrs. Van Dame flushed a little. "The horrid part is that I—I want something in return. I'm in a tight place and I need an accomplice. Besides the clothes, it would be worth two or three thousand dollars. I know this sounds appalling, but it really isn't. Are you—interested?"

"Of course I am." Her mind at last had begun to grapple with the situation. "But I'll have to know what it is first. I'd do most anything to possess that black lace dress, but I've never been an accomplice and there're a few things I feel I couldn't qualify for."

"You're perfect for this." Marcella's liquid voice went very low. "I'm merely trying to put over some Christian cheating for the sake of a destitute Russian friend. Malcolm is furious at me and hopes I'll get caught. But I'm determined to evade the preposterous duty, for poor Xenia'll insist on repaying me if I don't, out of the sale of them and ——"

"Sale of what?" said Mary very definitely.

"Jewels," whispered Marcella, sheltering the word with her hand. "Malcolm and I got her jewels in Harbin. Some of her relatives managed to sneak them across Siberia. But we're afraid the soviets suspect something. Malcolm's sure a secret-service agent is trailing us. There's been so much diamond smuggling going on, you know. Let's go out on the balcony, if you don't mind. I've an idea your coolie is doing mental telepathy through the keyhole."

They went out on the massive little balcony. There were two weathered wicker chairs. Alien night cries came up from the low, tile-roofed, sleeping city. Mary took one of Marcella's cigarettes and manfully made use of it. Marcella was brief and businesslike. She had thought

on the steamer that Mary would be a good person to help her; a modestly dressed, obscure school-teacher would not be suspected of carrying valuable jewels. But the Misses Lovell were too much for her. There were emeralds and sapphires and one great Burma ruby. She had spent two hectic days in Pekin having the jewels put into crude Chinese-silver settings, so they might be passed off as Oriental trinkets of which travelers invariably possess themselves in every gem shop.

Mary asked if they were very valuable. Marcella said they were. Mary asked if the duty on them would be as much as three thousand dollars. Marcella said succinctly "Nearer thirty." Mary said she couldn't think of it. Marcella said of course she could. "Just put them in with whatever beads and stuff you happen to have. I don't think I'd wear them much with the gowns I'll leave for you; some wise-eye might notice them. But on the boat going home, I'm sure you can wear them very safely with those sedate clothes of yours. You can express my trunk to me from Shanghai. I'll return it to you from San Francisco. But on the boat going back I think you ought to dress and be exactly like you were coming over. Don't you?"

"I'm too bewildered to think. What would happen if they found me out?"

They wouldn't, Marcella assured her, but in any case Malcolm would meet the boat in San Francisco and take the matter off her hands.

"But what if they should be stolen?"

"Then Malcolm will be delighted to death," Marcella tranquilly said, "and I'll have to eat alms for a year and turn my income over to Xenia. Now, I must telephone Hank before you weaken. Then I want to rearrange you a little and see which of my things suit you best, before I let Malcolm in on it: he's had about all the intrigue his comfortable stomach can stand."

It was three o'clock in the morning when Mary went to bed. The hoarse creaks of the early wheels of the water carts were beginning to herald the day. But it was the beating of her heart that kept Mary awake.

It was the first night in years she had not twisted her hair damply in curlers. Mrs. Van Dame had discovered her ears.

"Priceless," she called them, "precious, irresistible. Never put them out of sight again." Mary lay awake in the dark and felt wonderingly of them. They were tiny and slightly tipped. Her grandmother had been ashamed of them.

II

OPEN SESAME. Mary had breakfast in a superlatively simple apple-green linen frock that had cost eighty dollars, and a little bowl of an apple-green hat that had cost thirty-five, and a solitaire that would have made half a dozen of the departed Mrs. Matthews' modest diamond. She was, composedly, exactly the woman she had always wanted to be; the woman she had always known such clothes would permit her to reveal. Only one thing made her less than the sophisticates of Jose Joslander's modern fiction. It was the keen singing joy that burnt her like fever; whereas Joslander's fascinatingly frank young women were invariably seeking escape from the ennui of possessing everything desirable in the universe.

She had created quite a sensation among the blue-smocked dining-room boys by coming so early to breakfast. Women of her appearance usually supped their coffee wearily at about 10:30 o'clock. Mary was too excited to be hungry, but she ate with leisurely thoroughness and with a delighted indifference to the two other people who were breakfasting at a large round table near the center of the room. They were the sort of men who step off yachts and polo ponies and private cars; the sort who never bestowed a glance upon her. It feasted her soul to be so utterly indifferent now to their ardent awareness.

Mr. Henry Perkins would be coming any minute. He had telephoned in a sleepy voice. He had been amazed that she was ready to go down to breakfast at such an ungodly hour. Having wasted the day before waiting for him, she told him, she was obliged to double up now on her sight-seeing. She was meeting the pleasant missionaries for a trip to the Temple of Heaven at nine o'clock.

"Dean Tell Heenry, If You Please"

"Impossible," he said. "I'll put on a bathrobe and be right over and have breakfast with you."

She had thoughtfully chosen the table in the farthest corner.

"Hello, Hank!" Mary did not raise her eyes at this simultaneous surprised salutation from the two men at the big table. "Pretty early for you, isn't it? Or haven't you gone to bed yet?"

"My luck has changed," Hank told them in a pleasant voice. "I have to get up early to take advantage of it."

Mary did not give him her glance until he stood at her table; then she smiled and lifted her hand. He was disappointing. He was large and pink and plump. His fresh white clothes appeared to have shrunk a little. He looked like a giant baby. His grin, however, was alleviating.

"School-teachers have certainly changed since my day," he said earnestly.

"So have dissipated bachelors since mine. I thought you'd be tall and tanned and very handsome."

He got slightly pinker. "I'm sensitive about my looks, really. Please spare me all you can."

"Why should I, after that note you sent me? I've been devoutly hoping the Tientsin train was in a ditch somewhere on top of you."

He sat down, grinning. "I'd have deserved it. I didn't sleep, really, after Marcella telephoned, worrying for fear I'd queered myself. You should have heard the send-off she gave you."

"I did. She telephoned you from my room. I noticed her best talking point, however, was the fact that I'm safely engaged."

"I didn't think Marcella'd sell me out like that. I suppose she gave me away completely then, didn't she?"

(Continued on Page 44)

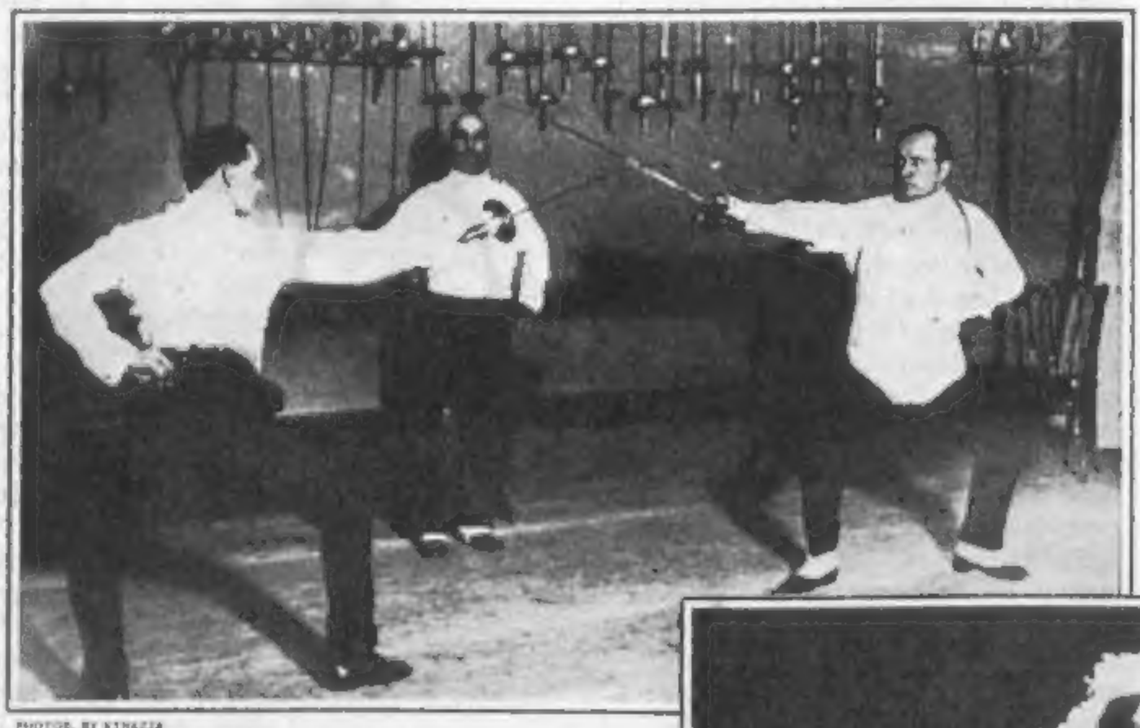
He Took Her for Tiffin to Willowall. They Had It in a Garden Where Peonies Grew Tall as the Tile-Topped Walls

FIVE YEARS OF GOVERNMENT

By BENITO MUSSOLINI

MY REVOLUTIONARY method and the power of the Black Shirts had brought me to a tremendous responsibility of power. My task, as I have pointed out, was neither simple nor easy; it required a large vision, it gathered continually more and more duties.

An existence wholly new began for me. To speak about it makes it necessary for me to abandon the usual form of autobiographic style; I must consider the organic whole of my governmental activity. From now on my life identifies itself almost exclusively with thousands of acts of government. Individuality disappears. Instead the person expresses. I sometimes feel only measures and acts of concrete character; these do not concern a single person; they concern the multitudes, they concern and permeate an entire people. So one's whole life is lost in the whole.



PHOTOS. BY KINAZIA

A Fencing Lesson

Certainly I know that I took the direction of the government when the central power of the state was sinking to the bottom. We had a financial situation that Peano of the Liberal Party had summarized with an astounding figure—six milliards of deficit! Individually the people fed on expedients. Progressive inflation and the printing presses gave to everybody the old illusion of prosperity. It created an unstable delusion of well-being; it excited a fictitious game of interests. All that had to be expiated when faced by the severe Fascist financial policy.

Abroad our political reputation had diminished progressively. We were judged as a nation without order and discipline, unable either to prosper or produce. The chronic infection of disorder had withdrawn from us the sympathies of countries better equipped than we were. Worse yet, it had increased the haughtiness and the contempt of many of our enemies.

Getting Order Out of Chaos

THE Italian school system, in its complex formation, university, middle and lower schools, had turned its energies into purely abstract, theoretical functions; it had withdrawn more and more from a real world, a modern world, and from the fundamental problems of national life; it had been inert as a guide to civil duties. Schools and pulpits should always show to ascending peoples the way.

There still lived in the national mechanism strange and hateful regionalistic political formations; these used to put in discussion, if not in peril, our solidarity. The activities of the government, in terms of services, improvements and appropriations, were guided and effected, not by real natural necessities but to ingratiate this or that population or region. The treasury was tapped by this base policy of politics—electoral strategy.

At the Wheel of His Car

A bureaucracy, already suffering from elephantiasis, increased its distention, generating that spirit of trouble, those characters of instability, of intolerance, of slight love for duty, which are typical in all great accumulations of functionaries, especially when they are not well paid and do not see their moral prestige supported and built up by the authority of the state and by precise and clear definition of individual responsibility.

We still had, in consequence of our generous struggle, the Fascist squadron formations. They might become, in the new conditions of life, a danger threatening public order and legality.

The army and the navy lived apart from the great problems of national life. As a matter of fact, though this is good in many respects, it is not good when they are set aside in an almost humiliated formation. Aviation was in disorder. It was difficult to give it new strength. One must not forget, speaking of aviation, that Nitti had forbidden flight not only to the military planes but also to the private planes. The command was to demobilize aviation and to sell the motors as well as the airplanes. It was a kind of murder prepense of a nation which really did not want to be strangled.

In the meantime in Rome there assembled all the arms and legs of anti-Fascism, and in all its gradations. The political parties, at first dismayed by the revolution of the Black Shirts and my advent to power, began again to revive. They began to take courage to pursue again the general trend of political parties in the equivocal atmosphere of the parliamentary corridors at Montecitorio. The Italian press was, for the greater part, tied to old groups and old political customers. It was necessary to reorganize all civil life without forgetting the organic problem of a watchful force. It was necessary to give order to political economy, to the schools, to our military strength. It was necessary to abolish double functions, to reduce bureaucracy, to improve public services. It was necessary to hold back the corroding and erosion of criticism developed by the remnants of old political parties. I had to fight the external attacks. I had to refine and improve Fascism. I had to divide and floor the enemies. I saw the vision that I must in every respect work to improve and give tonic to all the manners and customs of Italian political life.

It was then indispensable not to neglect the ten millions of Italians emigrated beyond the frontiers. We had to give again faith to the zones on our borders. We had to assist in bringing modern improvements and stimuli to the life of the southern regions and get in touch with all the men of the healthy and strong provinces, wherever they were.

Infinite were then the problems and the worries. I had to decide everything, and I had the firm will to summon all the political postulates that I had enunciated and sustained with pen and paper, in meetings and in my parliamentary speeches. This was not only a problem of strength to last, to endure, to stand erect in any wind, but also, above all, a problem of will.

I abandoned everything that kept me tied to the fortunes of my newspaper; I parted from everything that could have the slightest personal character. I devoted myself wholly, completely, exclusively, to work of reconstruction.

Today there is no change. I want to be a simple, devoted servant of the state; chief of a party, but first, worthy head of a strong government. I abandoned without regret all the superfluous comforts of life. I made only an exception for sports which, while making my body alert and ready, succeed in creating in my complex life of work, healthy and happy intervals. In these six years, with exception of official dinners, I have never passed the threshold of an aristocrat's salon or of a café. I have almost entirely abandoned also the theater, which once took away from me useful hours of evening work.

The Duce at a Formal Reception

I love all sports; I drive, with confidence, a motor car; I have done tours at great speed, amazing not only to my friends, but also to old and experienced drivers. I love the airplane; I have flown numberless times.

Pilot, Chauffeur and Musician

WHEN I was kept busy by the cares of power I needed only a few lessons to obtain a pilot's license. I fell once from a height of fifty meters, but that did not stop my flying. Motors give me a new and great sensation of strength. A horseback ride on a magnificent sorrel is also for me a joyous interruption, and fencing, to which I devote myself, often with remarkable physical advantage, gives me the greatest satisfaction. I ask of my violin nothing more than serene hours of music. The great poets, as Dante, the supreme philosophers, as Plato, I ask of them often hours of poetry, hours of meditation. No other amusement interests me. I do not drink, I do not smoke, and I am not interested in cards or games. I pity those who lose time, money and sometimes all of life itself, in the frenzy of games.

As for the love of the table, I don't appreciate it. I do not feel it. Especially in these last years my meals are sober as those of a pauper. In every hour of my life it is the spiritual element which leads on. Money has no lure for me. The only things for which I aim are those which identify themselves with the greatest objects of life and civilization, with the highest interests and the real and deep aspirations of my country. I am sure of my strength and my faith; for that reason I do not indulge in any concession or any compromise. I leave, without a look over my

shoulder, my foes and those who cannot overtake me. I leave them with their political dreams. I leave them with their strength of oratorical and demagogic exertion.

Italy needed what? An avenger! Her political and spiritual resurrection wanted a worthy interpreter. It was necessary to cauterize the virulent wounds, to have strength and to be able to go against the current. It was necessary to eliminate the evils which threatened to become chronic. It was requisite to curb political dissolution. I had to bring to the blood stream of national life a new serene and powerful lymph of the Italian people.

Voting was reduced to a childish game; it already had humiliated the nation for entire decades. It had created a perilous structure far from the heights of the duties of any new Italy. I faced infinite enemies. I created new ones. I had few illusions about that! The struggle, in my opinion, had to have a complete character; it had to be brought whole and complete on all the diverse fields of action.

The Birth of a New Italy

GIVEN this character of completeness of the whole, I must be able to set it forth in a clear, evident way; it is necessary for me to divide, set forth in subdivisions, the different fields in which my action was demanded and out of which evolved the most significant facts of my governmental life.

Deeds and actions, more than any useless subjective expressions, write my true autobiography from 1922 till 1927.

I never had any parenthesis of uncertainty; fortunately, I never knew those discouragements or those exaltations which often are harmful to the effectiveness of a statesman. I understood that not only my prestige was at stake but the prestige, the name of the country, which I love more than myself, more than anything else.

I was anxious to improve, refine and coördinate the character of the Italians. Let me state what my domestic policies have been, what was charted and what was achieved. From petty discords and quarrels of holiday and Sunday frequency, from the many-colored political partisanships, from peasant strifes, from bloody struggles, from the insincerity and duplicity of the press, from the parliamentary battles and maneuvers, from the vicissitudes of representative lobbies, from hateful and useless debates and snarling talk, we finally climbed up to a solidified nation, to a powerful harmony, dominated, inspired and spiritualized by Fascism. I am not the judge of that. The world is.

After my speech of November 16, 1922, at the Chamber of Deputies, I obtained approval for my declaration. I asked and obtained without difficulty full powers.

I made a decree of amnesty, which created the atmosphere of peace.

I had to solve the problem of our armed Fascist squadrons. I always have had a great influence on my soldiers and on the action squads, which in every part of Italy gave proof of their valor, gallantry and of their passionate faith. But now that Fascism had reached power, these formations, in such a situation, were no longer desirable.

On the other hand, I could not suddenly wipe out or simply direct toward the sporting fields these men who had for me a deep, blind and absolute devotion. In their instinct, in their vibrating intuitions, they were led not only by strength and courage but by a sense of political virtue. And as the perils had not entirely disappeared, it was indispensable to guard the citadel of the Black Shirts' triumph. I decided then to create a voluntary militia for national security and defense. Of course its duties had to be well defined. It must be commanded by seasoned veterans and chiefs who, after having fought the war, had known and experienced the struggles of Fascist resurrection.

I proclaimed that with Fascism at the wheel everything illegal and disorderly had to disappear. The decision to transform the squads of action to voluntary militia for national security undoubtedly was one of political wisdom; it conferred on the régime not only authority but also a great reserve strength.

The organization of the Grand Council—a body exquisitely political—was one of my major aims after my coming to power. I faced the necessity of creating a political organization typically Fascist, which would be outside and above the various old political machinisms dominating and misruling our national life. Every day I needed clear answers to questions arising—a body of reference. In all my complex work as chief of the government, I could not forget that I was also chief of that party that for three years had fought in the squares and streets of Italy, not only to gain power but above all for the supreme task and the supreme necessity of infusing into the nation a new spirit. The Grand Council had to be the propelling element of Fascism, with the hard and delicate task of preparing and transforming into legal acts the work of the Fascist revolution. There were not, and there are not now, heterogeneous elements in the Grand Council, but virile Fascists, ministers, representatives of our largest currents and streams of public opinion, expert knowledge and interests. The Grand Council has always succeeded. I preside over it, and let me add, as a detail, that all the motions and the official reports which have appeared in the papers in concise form have been written by my hand. They are the product of long meditations in which Italian life and the position of Italy in the world have been examined and dissected by the Fascist soul, spirit and faith. The Grand Council, which today I want framed in the legislative institutions of the régime, has rendered in the first five years a magnificent, unparalleled service.

PHOTO, BY STRAZZA

The King With Mussolini

PHOTO, BY A. BADODI, MILAN

The Duce Arriving for the Great Fascist Meeting in Naples a Few Days Before the March on Rome

Too Many Police Forces

ONE of the problems which imposed itself first of all was that of the unification of the police forces. We had the ordinary police, with the different branches of political and judiciary police; the Royal Carabinieri, and, finally, the body of the Royal Guards. This last institution, created by Nitti, was made up of demobilized elements and was a useless organization finding its place somewhere between the Carabinieri and the usual forces of public security. I decided immediately to suppress the Royal Guards. That suppression in the main was not attended by unfortunate incidents. In some cities, as Torino and Milano, there were attempts at resistance and tumults. I gave severe orders. I called into my office or telephoned to the chiefs responsible for certain local situations. I ordered them to fire, if necessary. In six hours everything was calm again. The immediate dissolving of an armed body of forty thousand men cost only four dead and some tens of wounded. The officers were incorporated in some other organizations or took up activities according to their own wishes; the privates reached their districts and homes without further troubles.

Our Italian form of political Masonry, which at first seemed to have adjusted itself to the new conditions, submitting to the advent of Fascism to power, now began warfare against me and against Fascism. In a meeting of the Grand Council I proclaimed the impossibility for Fascisti to be members at the same time of Masonry. As a leader of the ranks of

(Continued on Page 130)

PHOTO, BY STRAZZA

The March on Rome, 1922

THE GOOD BLACK SHEEP

Beverley Turned Slowly. He Drew In His Breath Sharply, for Beside Him Was Standing Mr. Ferguson

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"OLD fellow," said Beverley Witherspoon, "do you recall the time when I was very nearly removed from Harvard University?"

It chanced that Beverley was in a genial, reminiscent mood that afternoon. He reclined in a manner, rendered graceful from long habit, upon the resilient leather upholstery of that New York college club where struggling young men so often congregated to gain a momentary perspective on the vicissitudes of life. It had chanced not more than a day previous that Beverley's connection had been severed with the International Export and Import Company, a firm in which so many of us once sought apprenticeship to higher things. It may have been that Beverley's rather wide experience had rendered him immune from those discouragements so apt to follow in the wake of involuntary disconnection, for, instead of being cast down and self-distrustful, a beautiful tranquillity had settled upon Beverley, the calm of a philosopher and captain of one's soul.

"There's no doubt," said Beverley—"no, not the slightest doubt—that some day, in such progressive surroundings some lucky employer will recognize my undoubted potential capacity and reward it in a proper ratio. So what is the use in working till such a time arrives, when arrive it must? Isn't it far better to sit here in harmless quiet, examining all the interesting busts of animals which Theodore Roosevelt shot, and dream amidst the mild anæsthesia of tobacco smoke? At any rate it's easier."

"But just how," I suggested, "are you going to pay for it?"

"Old fellow," replied Beverley, "why worry about mundane things? You seem to forget that this very minute I have two weeks' pay resting in my right-hand trousers pocket. It's the etiquette, you know, when one leaves work. Don't forget that even the most heartless corporation has its etiquette."

"No," I said, "and I haven't forgotten how much you got a week either."

A twinge of pain clouded Beverley's placid brow. He winced as one sometimes does at an unpleasant memory.

"Let it pass," said Beverley. "Let it pass. It is the fate of youth, under our present economic system, to be wretchedly exploited. Fortunately I've made another advantageous, if temporary, arrangement. Perhaps I'll tell you of it later."

"If you mean anyone else around here has lent you money," I said, "I don't believe it."

Experience generally taught one to be skeptical of Beverley's arrangements. Beverley raised his eyes to the ceiling and sighed, at the same time lighting a gold-tipped cigarette of a species from which even black adversity could not part him.

"Really," said Beverley, "when I look at you and others about me, and see the crabbed ingrowing natures possessed by my contemporaries, I pride myself—no, I cannot use a weaker word—I pride myself on my broader outlook, which allows such spiteful innuendoes to rebound from me as harmlessly as thistledown. Now, in my particular category of standards ——"

"The trouble is," I said, "I haven't got two weeks' pay, if that's what you're getting at, and besides it's a long way to Saturday; and now that I think of it, since you are able to enjoy a life of leisure, didn't you promise two weeks ago that you'd make an effort toward evening our national debt?"

"There," said Beverley with markedly greater haste—"there you go casting a pall of gloom. I was simply going to say that my particular category of standards, though broad, has definite limits."

"Isn't it true," I asked, "that there's a limit to almost anything except infinity?" Beverley sighed, and for a moment I was afraid he was really hurt, for sometimes one forgot that a species of sensitive greatness lurked in the depths of an irritating indifference which he had cultivated some years back.

"There you go," said Beverley—"there you go! Hasn't it ever occurred to you that I helped you out often enough when we were boys together?"

"Oh, yes, of course," I said, seized with a contrition which more than once overcame me when confronted with the broad tolerance of Beverley's personality. "I didn't mean to be unpleasant, but you know as well as I do that you have got the borrowing reputation. Now, I don't want to lecture you ——"

"Don't!" said Beverley. "Don't! If you knew how many people had done it, you'd understand my aversion. As long as you admit I have definite standards, say anything you like. And I have got them! Don't you remember I had them when we were boys together?"

"Yes," I said—"yes, I certainly remember." As always, the genial influence of Beverley was undermining my vitality and sapping my ambition.

"Then sit down," said Beverley—"sit down and relax. It occurs to me that everything happens pleasantly if one just relaxes."

"What I don't see," I said, sinking back more securely in the leather upholstery, "is how you manage to get along. You don't do anything that anybody else does. Confound it! You simply sit around here all the time. You get thrown out of a job and nothing worries you."

"There," said Beverley with a sigh—"there you touch the very essence of my secret of success, because I have standards, my boy—definite standards which I live up to

almost constantly. Yes, it occurs to me sometimes that I shall be a great man some day, just by sitting here and just by having standards."

And then once more, in spite of myself, I was overcome by the magnificence which was Beverley Witherspoon. I allowed myself to sink back with something of that old languor of which age robs us all. Once more I was beneath the benign sway of Beverley's restful presence.

"Yes," I said, "you always manage to get somewhere by doing practically nothing."

"There," said Beverley, "now don't let it bother you. Why is it that my harmless habits always bother everybody? It just reminds me of a time —— Old fellow, do you recall the time when I was very nearly removed from Harvard University?"

"Which time?" I asked.

Beverley sighed again and gazed dreamily at the animals' heads protruding from the wall, as though each one were a milestone in his highly tinted career—a milestone and a definite memory.

"I suppose," said Beverley, "you have a right to be confused. Incidents do have the most distressing way of getting mixed up in ten years. Now let me see—which time was it?"

"Yes," I said, "exactly which time was it?"

Beverley raised a slender hand to his brow and passed the tips of his fingers gently across his high forehead.

"Now let me think," said Beverley. "Don't interrupt; just sit quietly and let me think. Ah, I have it. It had something to do with my not attending classes."

"Oh!" I said vaguely. "For not attending classes?" This particular habit of Beverley's in those bright days seemed so innocuous and constant that I was still confused.

"Yes," said Beverley—"yes, that's it. There was a most unpleasant crisis about my not attending classes; in fact, it occurs to me that there was a time when, if I cut another class, my connection would be permanently severed from Harvard University."

"You must be wrong," I said. "You were always cutting classes." And again, as it so often did on those restful afternoons far from the city's hum, the past was coming back, brighter and more beautiful than the present; when we were all of us free, untrammeled and men of the world, reveling in a calm sophistication which, curiously, had left us, and I could see the past was coming back to Beverley.

"Now let me think," said Beverley. "I know it is confusing. There was a sporting contest mixed up in it. Ah, I have it! It was the year they opened up the Subway from Boston to Harvard Square."

And then it all came back; and once more I was reliving one of those numerous crises in Beverley Witherspoon's career.

II

ONCE again I was back in those antique and distant days before there were dormitories for freshmen along the River Charles, when access to the metropolis of Boston, a gayer place and somehow more like Bagdad than Boston is today, was so far removed from haunts of academic learning that it required definite planning to make an expedition thither. One felt like a graybeard as one looked back to that rustic, antique time. When was it? Ten years, twelve years, or fifteen? It was painful to think how long since the Harvard Yard had seen the last of us.

Yet on that distant afternoon when Beverley confessed that newest crisis in his affairs, it is curious to recollect that the world seemed a boring place, more boring perhaps than it ever would seem again. It seemed there was something about the cloudy atmosphere of an April day in Cambridge, something in the austerity of the buildings and in the grave attributes of earnest learning, which chafed one's ambitious spirit. And how ambitious we all were back in those days! We all of us had longings that April afternoon for something brighter and finer than those staid interests with which we were provided. It was curious, when one thinks back, how often nearly every member in our little group had those longings in autumn, winter and spring.

When Beverley happened that afternoon into our midst, we were reclining in listless attitudes upon the furniture in those apartments we inhabited, situated, one recalls, in a large brick building contiguous to what was vulgarly termed the Gold Coast. One recollects that it was vulgarly and erroneously called so, because, as usual, there was that lack of gold which most of us have continued to experience. As was not uncommon, we were discussing that financial dearth; Eliot Fothergill was speaking of it just before Beverley entered.

"It seems," said Eliot wearily, with that indifference which all of us strove to cultivate, "that only large amounts of money have value. The trouble is that all of us, at this particular time in the month, have small amounts. Nothing creates a spirit of penury like small sums of money."

It was so obvious that few of us bothered to answer: some of us only groaned dully an assent.

"Now, it seems to me," said Eliot, "that I have the germ of an idea "

Some of us moved slowly from our reclining postures. There was one thing about Eliot though he was continually in financial straits, he always had a plenitude of ideas. The only trouble was that Eliot gave forth his ideas and never acted on them.

"Yes," said someone, "you'll have another idea and then run, the way you did with that policeman."

Eliot winced slightly, for which one gave him credit. That particular idea of Eliot's was rankling with some of us still. Eliot had suggested, not so long before, the side-splitting expedient of drawing lots to see who would walk up to a policeman, borrow a match from him and then scratch the match upon the officer's badge. The lot had not fallen to Eliot, and in the ensuing unpleasantness Eliot had disappeared.

"No," said Eliot, "I will not back out. I will take an active part in this idea. It occurs to me that all of us, right now, have small amounts of money. Suppose that one of us could get it all. Under those conditions everything would be pleasant—the one who got it all could take the rest of us to dinner or something of the sort."

Though the idea lacked novelty, it possessed an undeniable appeal, of the sort which so very frequently led one into difficulties.

"If you mean gambling," said someone, "it doesn't go. We're all tired of gambling "

Eliot made a placid gesture of denial.

Continued on Page 90

As He Plunged Through the Traffic a Light of Excitement and of Possible Victory Was in His Eye

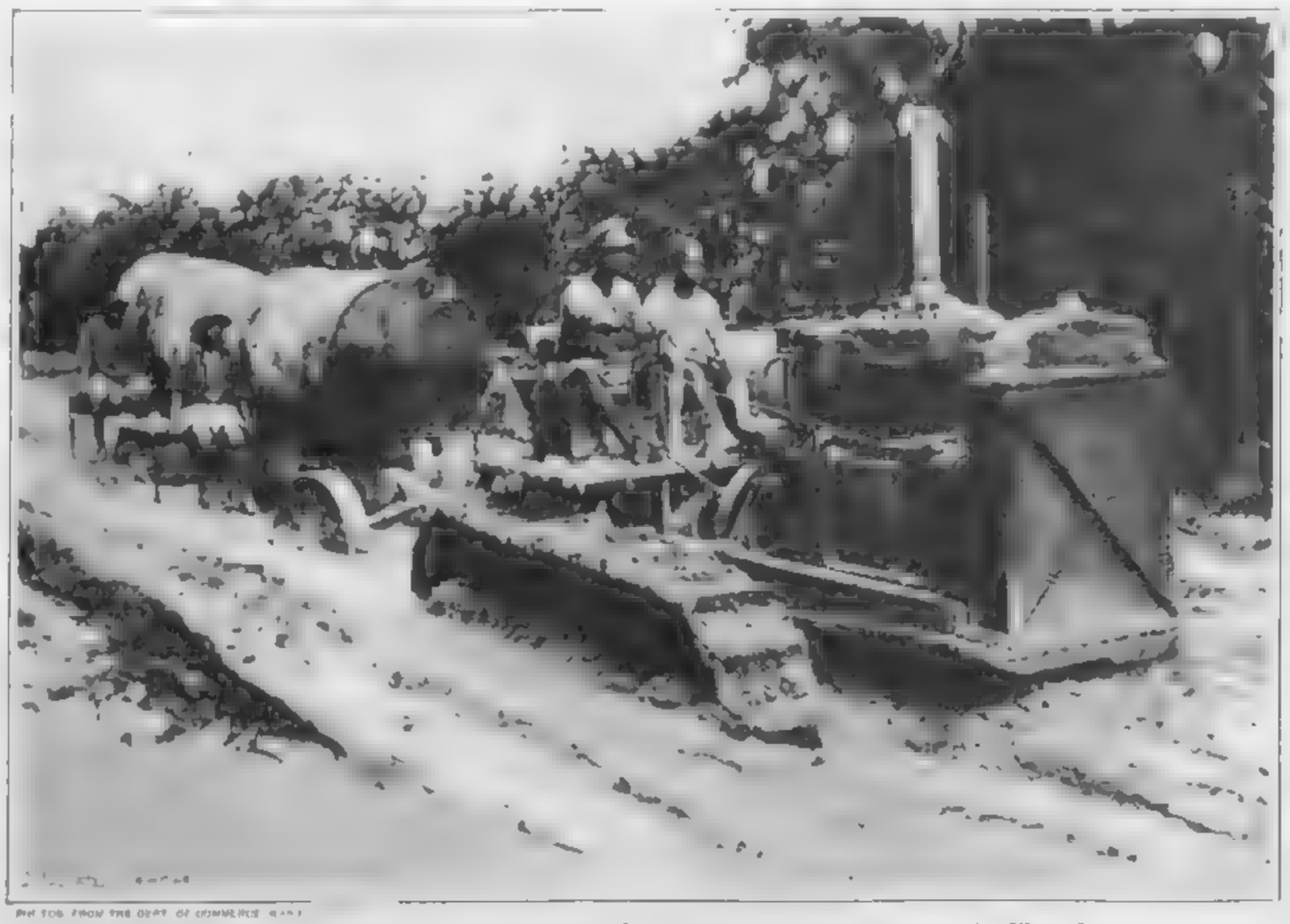
CURIOUS BUSINESS

By Dr. Julius Klein

Director U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce

A TELEPHONE rings peremptorily in the Department of Commerce down at Washington and an anxious voice inquires from somewhere in Ohio, "Do the municipal stockyards of Antioquia pay profits?" Now, at first thought this would seem to be but a fantastic triviality from some hard-pressed ask-me-another addict. It was, however, a bona-fide call for help from a small-town banker who had been asked to take a block of bonds issued by a department of Colombia. They were secured on the returns of the public packing plants, hence the anxiety of our banker friend to know something of their lineage and good repute. Incidentally, his query was answered within twenty-four hours, not through any superpressure on the radio or cable, but simply because this very question had been anticipated some months before it was asked, and preparations were begun for its reply at the time that the American commercial attaché in Colombia was advised that the loan in question would be floated.

But the significant thing in this connection is that a few years ago this query, instead of being so pointed and precise, would have been a hopelessly bewildering one as to whether Antioquia was an ointment or some dread tropical disease, possibly a biblical town, or even a Pullman car!



A Tractor Hauling 17,000 Feet of Mahogany on Four Wagons, in Dunkwa, on the West Coast of Africa

The March of the Ten Thousand

EVERY business day some 10,300 such queries on current commercial problems are left on the doorsteps of the Department of Commerce and its branches throughout the country; in 1921 the average was about 700 a day. Even more impressive than this almost appalling increase in the apparent curiosity of our business community is the unmistakable improvement in the caliber of the questions. Evidently our everyday business man has learned a great deal of geography—among other things—during this postwar decade.

A detailed analysis of this daily avalanche of queries reveals many vital factors in the new day of our commercial and industrial life. It depicts vividly and accurately the trend of our interests in certain overseas markets as against some others. It shows the astonishing increase in the participation in export of small manufacturers who have evidently overcome their old prewar inferiority complex as to foreign selling. It indicates a truly impressive increase in interest in foreign commercial matters on the part of our inland manufacturers; the essential virtues for success in export—courage, persistence and shrewd, factual planning—are evidently no longer regarded as the exclusive perquisites of seaboard merchants.

Above all things the precision and conciseness of these 10,000 daily questions are convincing evidence of the substantial improvement in our business thinking and planning. Clearly, our merchants and manufacturers are no longer content simply with orations about Pan-American fealty, when it comes to satisfying their curiosity as to our southern markets; they need actual facts and are intelligent enough to insist upon them.

They are no longer frightened away from overseas efforts by the tattered prewar bugaboos of "European superiority," "we don't know how to pack," "we can't give sufficiently long credits," "we don't know the languages and customs of the people," and so on.

But before going further, let us have a "march of the ten thousand" and scrutinize them as they pass in review. So, in the words of the circus parade: Hold your horses! Here come the statistics! During the fiscal year 1927–28 the department received about 2,776,000 inquiries on foreign trade matters. The geographic distribution of these was rather interesting.

I suspect that to a large proportion of our citizenry foreign trade and Latin-American trade are more or less synonymous, but the figures of the actual incoming inquiries show 44 per cent calling for data on European trade, whereas 36 per cent indicate an interest in Latin America.

Wooden Shoes and Balloon Tires in the Netherlands

Transpacific trade opportunities inspired about 15 per cent of the requests for information, but a significant feature of the trend of this geographic distribution is the increase in these Far-Eastern inquiries, which are growing much more rapidly than either of the other two groups.

There has been a sharp increase in requests for European data in recent months, though this may, in part, be due to the temporary lull in trade openings in the markets to the south of us. In general, however, throughout the postwar period our Latin-American trade activities have been growing much more gradually than the widespread interest in those countries throughout the United States would lead one to expect.

The largest single commodity group of these queries was that on automotive subjects, which exceeded 236,000 in the fiscal year 1927–28. Second came the inquiries regarding overseas trade opportunities for farm products to the number of 227,000. They were followed closely by those interested in iron and steel exports, with 218,000 requests for assistance.

These are the big three of our export interests; they rank far ahead of such commodity groups as the inquiries on specialties—office appliances, safety razors, sewing machines, cash registers—with 151,000, textile products 129,000, chemicals 126,000, electrical goods 118,000 and lumber 113,000. Trailing behind this secondary group come in succession machinery, minerals, farm implements, leather goods, paper products, rubber merchandise, and shoes.

From Silk to Snake Skins

THE inquiries cover the widest possible range, from the grotesque and fantastic to the most prosaic and normal. They form, as I have said, a vivid indicator of the trend of our business interests and of the truly spectacular increase of our participation in world trade. For one thing, apparently our ever-multiplying industrial diversity necessitates the combing of all quarters of the globe for raw materials of a picturesque and almost inconceivable diversity. The demands are pouring in upon the department to aid in these far-flung searches for contributions to our factories and to our general comfort and well-being. It has been estimated that the ingredients of the average American breakfast have traveled a total of more than 14,000 miles before they have joined forces to give us a start on a perfect day. Even an ordinary radio set represents the culmination of a score of voyages from the opposite sides of the globe in order that the rubber, tungsten, mahogany, silk, long-fibered cotton, and other essentials might be brought together.

Sometimes the daily 10,000 include demands for data as to the whereabouts of much more fantastic ingredients or commodities. The flair for snake-skin shoes, pocketbooks, even hats and coats, makes life unsafe for reptiles in every remote jungle, and the department is being asked to give the names of possible dealers in far-off tropical centers who might supply, not simply the jackets of pythons, but even turtles, lizards and oversized frogs, if there are any. And speaking of the

animal kingdom, we certainly are a pet-loving people: there is a never-ending stream of queries for data on foreign dealers in monkeys, cats, parrots, love birds, even baby elephants. More than one would-be importer of canary birds has been distressed to learn that the Canary Islands do not afford an alternative source of supply for those household companions when the usual Harz Mountain stock is not available.

Then come queries from manufacturers of fraternal charms who are interested in importing camels' teeth—rather a novel association for the ship of the desert.

Now and then an anxious inquirer wishes to buy dried flies from Mexico for the manufacture of paint and of poultry food, or walrus whiskers from Siberia for toothpicks, or dried blood from the Argentine for fertilizer, or skeletons from anywhere for medical schools, or skunk oil, or St. John's bread, or live wasps from Smyrna to be used in fructifying fig blossoms.

An enterprising dealer in hides and skins has discovered that there are 500,000 goats and 1000 camels killed in Mecca during the month that the pilgrimage festivals are at their height; he wants to know what becomes of the skins of these unfortunate victims.

And so it goes. Each one involves a serious issue of no little commercial significance for the inquirer, and each must be answered not only accurately but promptly, for the most highly perishable commodity in the world is commercial intelligence. A bit of information may be worth thousands if it reaches the inquirer this afternoon, but absolutely valueless if it comes to his hands tomorrow morning, after his competitor has already been apprised of the given trade opportunity.

Alarm Clocks Recharged—Five Cents

AN INCREASING number of queries have to deal with the possibilities of disposing of surpluses which are available because of the steadily improving efficiency of our industries, or possibly because of seasonal or abnormal slumps in domestic demand. What became of the old mid-Victorian phonograph horns—those lovely pale blue, oversized morning-glories or radiant crimson-and-gold contraptions? They have long since been supplanted at home by the cabinet or console type of instrument, and surely the manufacturers could not have afforded to make vast bonfires or junk heaps of the antiquated models. They certainly did not. They immediately bombarded the Department of Commerce with requests for facts as to possible overseas markets; and it was not long before careful searching in the newly prospering oil districts of Latin America and rubber plantation areas of the Far East revealed an abundance of extra wages coupled with a not too sensitive and discriminating taste in music. This combination soon provided the desired outlet. Today the outpourings of those glorified horns of plenty are piercing the quiet of jungles and shattering the tin roofs of workmen's barracks in the tropics all around the world.

The same story could be told of our outgrown or discarded radio sets, of countless types and styles of wearing apparel, musical instruments, furniture, and so forth. Cheap automobiles may have driven bicycles nearly off our streets, but by dint of careful, widespread searching, profitable outlets abroad have been found for nearly 54 per cent of our total production and the industry is in better shape than it has been for years.

Unloading an American Locomotive at Hamburg, Germany

One more fad suddenly inflames our collegiate population: Hats are taboo. Our distracted haberdashers promptly called on the Department of Commerce for help and soon a world-wide search reveals that the new Turkish Government has very obligingly abolished the fez and provided a timely market for surplus American headgear. While we are on that subject, an interesting outlet for abandoned derby hats was unearthed as the result of an inquiry which came in not long ago. It appears that some Central American Indians had caught sight of one of these battered "iron helmets" on the scraggly head of a wandering derelict and had been fascinated with its possibilities as a mark of aristocracy. Inquiries through the nearest trading outpost as to sources of further supplies were answered not only readily but with delirious enthusiasm by the owners of dusty stocks in our hat trade. Today no self-respecting aborigine in that section is without one of these indicators of affluence—usually several sizes too small.

And, incidentally, a desperate New England clock manufacturer had been referred to that section as a possible outlet for a surplus of cheap alarm clocks during the post-war depression. These soon found their way into the huts of the natives, chiefly for purposes of music and entertainment; but a final touch was afforded by the trader retaining the keys and assessing a five-cent service charge for each winding!

American Automobiles Parked on the Beach at Montevideo, Uruguay. Of the 28,100 Passenger Cars Registered in Uruguay on January 1, 1928, 90 Per Cent Were of American Manufacture

The surplus problem is perennial; it vexes particularly the manufacturers of seasonal goods, who are among the most constant clients of the department. There was, for example, a successful manufacturer of tennis rackets who was able through increasing efficiency to meet his entire domestic demand with a six-months' operation. Confronted with the quandary as to whether he should shut down during the rest of the year, thereby bringing distress to his pay roll and piling up the unproductive overhead, he sought the aid of the department and, as a result, an extensive export campaign was mapped out in three sport-loving territories down on the other side of the equator where tennis is in full blast while we are on skates and snowshoes. Today over 45 per cent of his output is sold in Australia, Argentina and South Africa.

Prunes and Politics

THERE is a small factory in a Middle Western town which specialized on violently perfumed and colored toilet soaps for the trade of the near-by factory workers during the silk-shirt war boom. Its competitors confidently predicted a collapse as soon as the post-Armistice slump came, but were amazed, when the bottom dropped out of things in 1921, to see that the plant went right along on full time as though nothing had happened. Its executives had had the foresight, through prolonged, systematic queries to the department, to build up two or three substantial outlets in widely scattered markets overseas, so that when the pressure came at home a little added effort in these foreign markets soon took up the slack. By that time they had been well intrenched in Central America and Malaysia; they had learned the tricks of the trade. In their case an inquiry in time saved many an anxious moment with the balance sheet later on.

Sometimes the problem of taking up the slack abroad is not so easy; as, for example, when the department is called upon to find a market overseas for short hair accumulated in barber shops, or for animals discarded from circuses and zoos on account of incompatibility of temperament, or for live edible bullfrogs; though in the latter case an outlet was actually discovered, after long search, in Japan.

More than 67,000 inquiries came to the department during 1927–28 regarding foreign tariff rates and customs procedures. The United States is sometimes held up to the scorn of the world as the archfiend of protective tariffs, but no less than forty countries have revised their tariffs upward since the war, and many of these changes have involved not simply alterations in rates, to which we, of course, can take no exception, but discriminatory devices and trade barriers manifestly unjust to American merchandise.

Here is an example. Prunes are one of the first touches of luxury which find their way to the table of the European worker as his wage scale improves. Consequently the steady rise in living standards in the Old World has been observed with satisfaction by our fruit exporters and farmers. But prunes and politics can be nicely mixed by ingenious European diplomats. In one attractive market our shippers encountered a tariff regulation which assessed an exorbitant rate on all prunes in cartons; surely they must be confectionery, said the grim customs officials of

(Continued on Page 40)

MOTHER ÉGLANTINE

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

PRIVATE DICKMAN had a father who owned a good deal of the city of Los Angeles and, his son said, had paid for some of it. This remote parent used to send his child a thousand dollars every now and then, and an uncle who was a senator periodically addressed the general commanding the division rather nastily on the subject of Johnny's comfort. We did what we could for Johnny. He drove one of the divisional headquarters motor cars when he thought about it, and was pretty obliging, in France, as to obeying orders and all those things. But he bought objects anywhere and his lavishness sometimes damaged the morale of the headquarters troop and detachment. Apparently he had been suckled on a champagne bottle, and he liked to send presents home to his mother in Pasadena. Once a staggering truck arrived in the village of Foulain with a set of rosewood furniture that Private Dickman thought his mother would like. It had chased us across France from the town of Saintes, in the Charente-Inférieure, because Dickman had forgotten to tell the dealer where to ship the stuff, and in the hamlet of Rezé-près-Nantes I had to stop this soldier from acquiring a grandfather clock by force

"You cannot," I said, "take that on the transport!"

"Yeh, but the ape could send it."

"Dickman, he doesn't want to sell it! He's been telling you so for ten minutes!"

"Gosh," said Dickman, shoving his cap down over an ear, "these people are selfish! The whole country's just stinkin' with antiques, and you have to fight for 'em."

It saddened him to think of this selfishness on the part of the French and he went off to Nantes, absently taking his car with him. Several officers of the collapsed staff wanted to be driven around and the general now in charge had taken the other car still left to us. Scott and I had to go across the long bridge into Nantes by tramway and landed in the city with our tempers soiled.

Nantes is a rather involved town, as the Dukes of Brittany had no commissions to help them plan their great port, and the River Loire interferes with much of the place.

"Think you can find this restaurant?" Scott asked.

"Of course," I said immodestly. "I know I can."

"An' you're sure it's worth goin' to when we get there?"

"It is all that every French restaurant's supposed to be. Look at the mistletoe!"

"What's that in French?"

"*Gui.*"

"Well," said Scott grudgingly, "it looks natural. But where's the holly?"

There was no holly displayed on counters and barrows in Nantes on December 24, 1918. Everybody seemed to be buying mistletoe and red roses up a crooked street. Somehow I missed the Christmas holly. A dome of silver sky rose above the gray town. The chilly air was softened by a mist and everything seemed pallid, delicately saddened by this gentle fog that flowed in from the seas. I'm not sure that the Christmas of 1918 was madly gay anywhere, although the frivolous weeklies of Paris offered us ladies dressed for a snowstorm in smiles and with accurately placed huge muffs, trailing sprays of mistletoe and roses on the slick paper of covers, and the American military police were busy the next morning assembling celebrants. However, Nantes was getting ready for the *réveillon*. We passed a window in which five pairs of black corsets, in the full manner of 1890, were wreathed in tinsel and announced as a bargain. Three big yellow-haired fishermen in jerseys solemnly carried a young pig past us—it was butchered and six orange cheeses. You got a sense of many toys passing you in paper parcels, and a jolly soldier with four wound stripes on his blue sleeve was taking a monstrous elephant in pink sugar home to somebody.

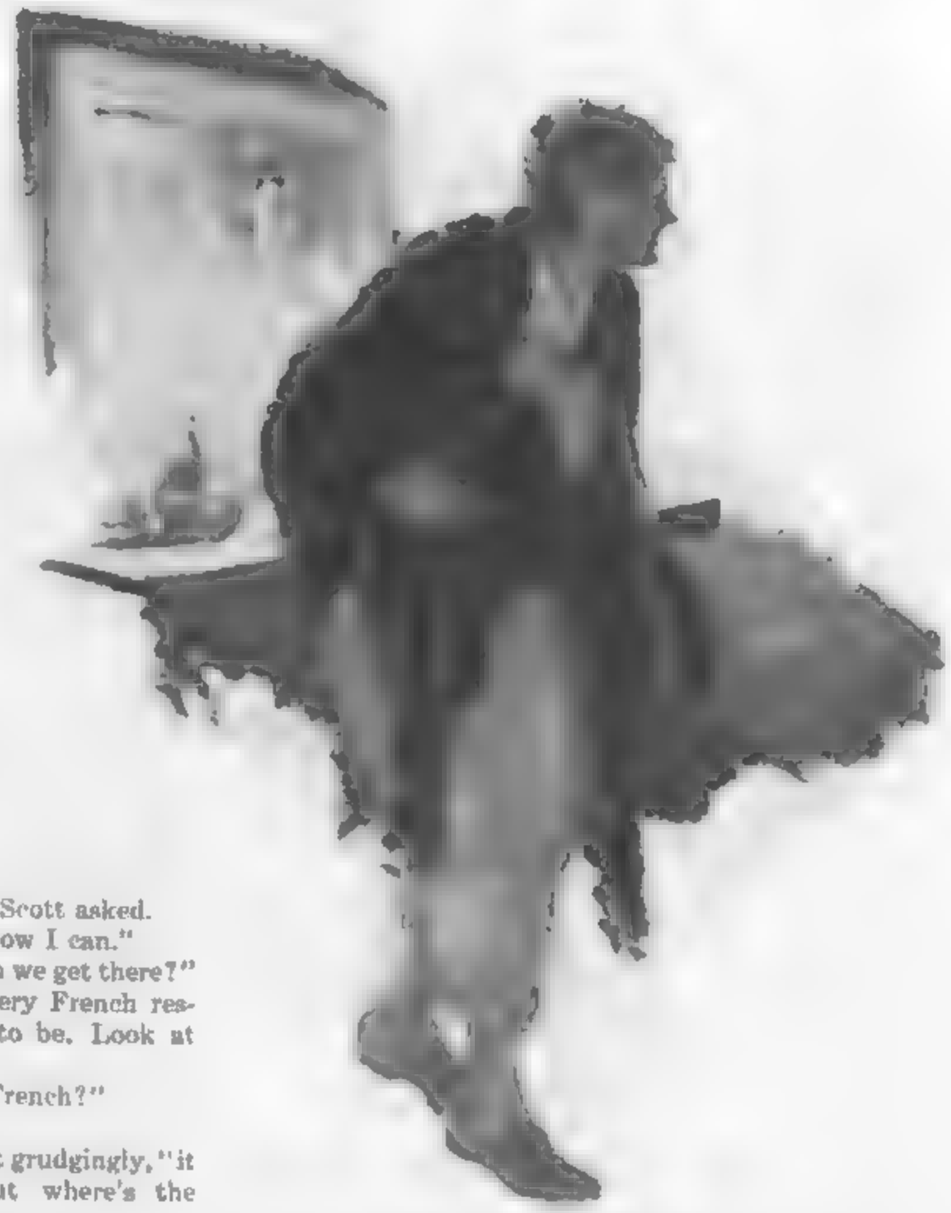
"I suppose," I said, "we ought to come over late tonight. There's to be an outdoor service at the big church. The traditional thing ——"

"I bet you're lost," Scott mentioned.

"—— thing is to have a good barytone sing the Cantique de Noël on the steps of the church at midnight. . . . Rather pretty."

"You're lost for sure," said Scott, as the street we were following just stopped in a wall of handsome gray stone. "Ask somebody. I'm so empty I'd eat boiled catfish."

"I'll have to ask," I apologized. "Guess we took the wrong turn at those steps."



Mother Eglantine Stepped Back, Chastely Covering Her Blue Wool Nightgown With a Shawl. "What Talk is That of the Police, Monsieur?"

A slender woman in black happened to look at us just then—or at Scott, probably. I got my cap off and asked for the Restaurant P. That is all I shall give you for the name of the place. I may get back to Nantes some day and I prefer not to find this eating house trying to mix cocktails for American tourists or sporting an electric sign and an orchestra. So I asked the lady for the Restaurant P.

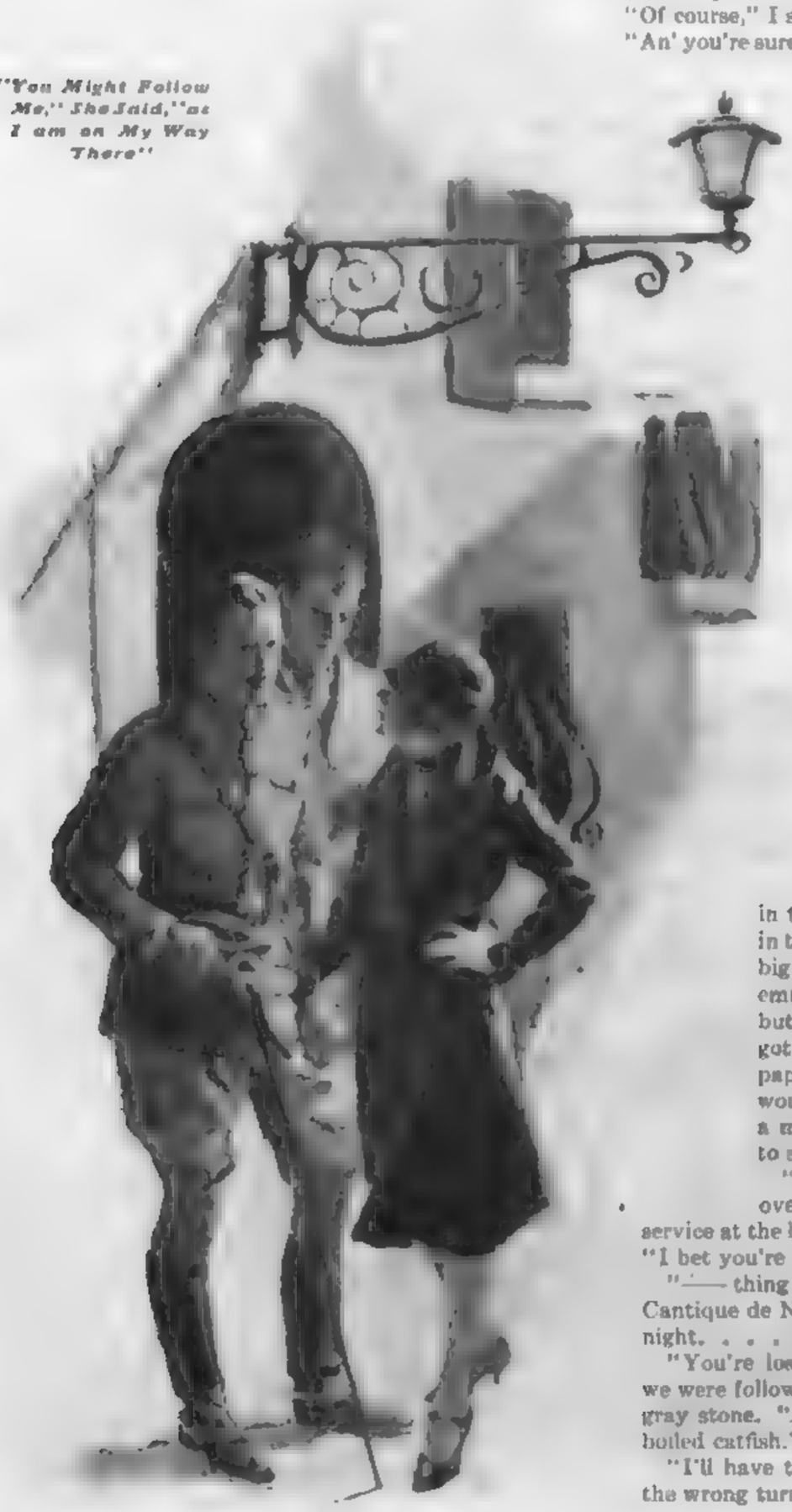
"You might follow me," she said, "as I am on my way there."

She did not smile and she did not, you notice, say that she would guide us there. The silvery chill of her voice put us six feet behind her plain black gown and veil, strolling to the left up an alley and then into a steep little street with fairly smart shops on both sides. The lady's black cane tinkled a steel point on the sidewalk and the black slippers on her feet carried her slowly. She moved, as I began to think about her, with a leisure you don't see so often, in France or anywhere. As she got to the top of the little street, she turned far enough to nod and to say "You see?"

There was my restaurant, twenty yards along this side of the wide avenue. I had not been so very lost, after all. But I had no time to tell Scott that, because two other ladies in uniform screamed and rushed at him, saying, "Why, Scott!" This was one of the difficulties about accompanying Scott in France. Just as I was going to lecture him on a historic church or the French marriage laws or the legends of Brittany, two or three or four American females in uniform would discharge themselves at him and all the news from Memphis, Natchez, Greenville, Biloxi, Tchula and New Orleans would begin to hurtle and drawl and squeal in the air. This pair of uniforms had a load of information. One of them was pretty and the other was enthusiastic, and a captain of the Medical Corps lugging their parcels was Bob Something from Memphis. They'd come down from Savenay to shop for Christmas, and had Scott heard that Sally This had married an Englishman in Paris, and old Miss Fanny That had died in Natchez, and wasn't it too bad about Joe being killed the day before the Armistice? And they had just had their fortunes told, and this woman had ordered the pretty one to change her name to Millicent.

"To what, Mary Lee?"

"Millicent. She says they ought to have named me that anyhow. My first name ought to have nine letters. And



"You Might Follow Me," She Said, "as I am on My Way There"

she says my thirtieth year's just going to be dreadfully important. And she said Monty ought to marry a doctor, 'cause she was born in April."

"I don't know why you ladies," said the captain from Memphis, "would fall for that nonsense just 'cause you're in France. Any old yellow woman on the river could tell you all that stuff with some tea leaves or a pack of cards."

Mary Lee protested, "Why, Bob Something!" And the enthusiastic Monty—she married a lieutenant governor afterward—said that French people would know too much to tell fortunes with tea leaves and that La Mère Églantine was different from a yellow witch. The best people in Nantes made use of her. She had predicted the week the war would stop. Hadn't that French colonel said so at the hospital?

"When you want to believe a thing, you believe it," said the captain. "Go look at this old rapscallion, Scotty. She's smart. Horoscopes and charts and all the works."

"What's the woman call herself?"

"La Mère Églantine. She don't mean she's a horse, either. French for Mother Wild Rose," said the captain, buttoning his raincoat as the first drops hit his freckles. "But if you want to know what I think, I think she's a New Orleans girl. She talks English too good and her French ain't this kind of French."

Rain darted into our eyes. The group exploded in high farewells. Scott got doubly kissed—he had gray eyes with rings of violet in them—and we ran for my restaurant. A lame waiter took our coats inside the door and we were safe from the Breton rain. But the rain made a roof of silver fuzz on a car outside, standing at the curb, and this machine was familiar. I had wondered if I didn't know the olive body before I saw Private Dickman sumptuously eating a regiment of snails at a table against one bronze wall of the dim, narrow room. A waiter was uncorking a second pint of champagne and an alarming head waiter with mustaches was supervising everything.

"I don't like this climate," said Private Dickman, discarding a snail shell. "You can say what you please about Southern California, lieutenant, but it don't rain there eight days in one week."

"Did you happen to ask anybody if you could bring that car over to the city, Dickman?" Scott asked.

"I don't remember," the enlisted man answered. "Better try some snails, captain. This place is famous for 'em—better than Bordeaux."

We had been yawning for a week in the gray village across the river, hoping to be ordered into the mud at St.-Nazaire for embarkation, but Dickman had improved his time in Nantes. He cordially advised us about ordering lunch and wines. I don't think the presence of several generals would have restrained him. He sat on one side of the sedate room and bawled over empty tables at us. An old and most distinguished gentleman, lunching with a lady far down the quiet place, looked at this long transatlantic attentively, and the pale lady, I saw; seemed to be listening to the big lad's raw, genial voice.

This lady excuses me for not remembering much of Dickman's chatter or the stages by which Scott cheered up. He cheered up by way of a soup that had the usual things in it but was more than soup, and an omelet that was not openly different from other omelets, and some chicken done with nameless vegetables and chestnuts. There was also a straw-colored still wine. Anyhow, Scott cheered up. But about this lady. She leaned back on the maroon bench against the bronze wall and talked in a private voice to her distinguished old gentleman. The manager of the Restaurant P swept waiters forward to the table when a course changed, and came solicitously with a bottle, at which the old gentleman gazed through a single eyeglass rimmed in black and accepted with a nod. The lady did not care about her wine or her food. She looked at Dickman sometimes and then went on talking. Her black veils stirred around her. She was pale and much too thin. But there she was.

"Would the head waiter," Scott asked me, in a sidelong whisper, "tell us who that is?"

"Lot of good it'd do you to know, Scotty."

"A friend of mine," he drawled, in the best accent of Mississippi, "carried me out to see the insane asylum in New Orleans once, and there was a lot of fools there, but you're just as bad, and you haven't been locked up yet. . . . I just would like to know what her name is."

Only, I could not ask the head waiter solemnly bringing us cheese and coffee who this lady was. It was an insolence to something afloat in the room. Because she had walked so slowly up the steep street, quite at leisure in Nantes, and because the manager came to her table with a curious tall silver coffeepot, she was someone who had a claim to her privacy. She shut off approaches, even timidly respectful, by a certain movement of her slender hands.

"You were sayin'," Scott said, "that there's a real moss-back aristocracy down in this swamp."

"Yes, when a French novelist wants to bring on a terrific antediluvian he calls him the Vicomte Alain de Kergouac, or some such invention. This is the last stand of the feudal tradition. The Bretons were royalists in 1793. The Revolutionary bosses had to send armies down and massacre them off."

"I like," Scott said into his admirable coffee, "lookin' at blue blood. . . . The old gentleman's her lawyer, or something."

"Possibly. But the waiter's been calling him Mr. Commissioner. He's an official of some kind."

Scott fingered his glass of kirsch. He had forgotten the cotton crop he must buy in next year, down in the Delta, and Greenville and Memphis and the rain outside.

"Ever get crazy to know what two people are talking about? . . . She's a smart woman too. Some kind of trouble."

There was something wrong. All you could guess was that the pale lady was annoyed. An affair had intruded in her affairs. It had no business there, this affair. And the old gentleman thought it astonishing that this nonsense should be allowed to intrude itself in the affairs of madame. We heard nothing. The voices mixed in a murmur, so toned that Private Dickman—he was trying to look past the old gentleman—could not have picked out a word of it. Just once the lady shot two loud syllables. She made the word "*immonde*" a slither of hot silver music in the air.

"'S that?" Scott whispered. "Something's ridiculous—too nauseating for words. I wish that whelp would stop staring at her!"

I do not belong to the Association for Blushing at Americans in Europe, but Dickman was making me doubly furious. He had taken cream with his black coffee, after a perfect cheese, and he was goggling his black eyes at this great lady. She had become a great lady twenty minutes back. I knew it and Scott knew it. He snapped his fingers and Dickman glanced at us.

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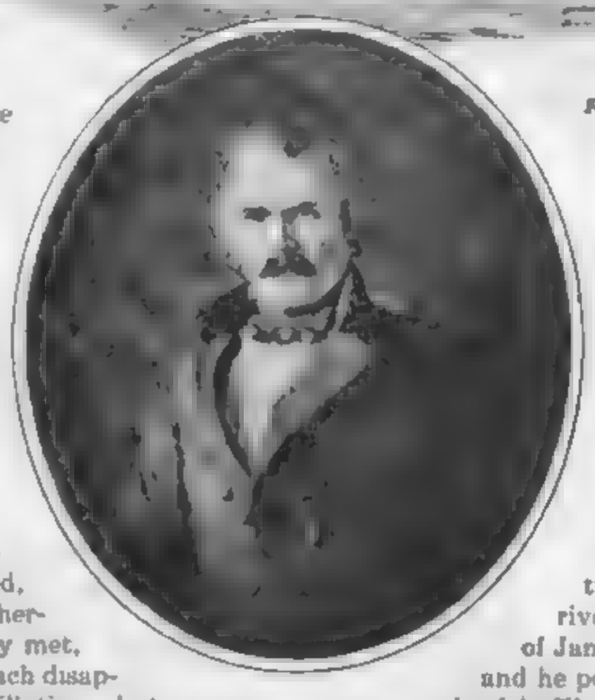
"Get Up," I Said. "Are You Awake? Wake Up!"

SWORDS AND ROSES

Fort Bridger, Utah, in 1857, When Colonel Albert S. Johnston Was in Command of the Utah Expedition. In Oval—Colonel Johnston

THE LONELY STAR

By Joseph Hergesheimer



THERE is no more immediate way to explain Albert Sidney Johnston than to say that, within the interrupted span of his being, his character and attainments were not inferior to those of General Lee. He lived, however, and he died under a lonely and dark star—the sign of an early harassed Texas which ultimately became its symbol in the United States. General Johnston, a rare combination, was both a sensitive and courageous man; a man of reflection and action; his life was continually troubled, broken into fragments without coherence or, to him, promise; he firmly met, as it occurred, each responsibility, each disappointment faintly colored by humiliation; but through long periods of inaction, of isolation, he submerged himself in somber thought. His feelings were singularly warm and human; he was capable, as he was capable of fortitude, of deep attachments. His love, like his public life, lay in shadow; it, too, was overcome very early by death.

He was born in Kentucky, in Washington, Mason County, the February of 1803. His father was a doctor—Dr. John Johnston, an early settler; his grandfather—descended from a Scots family of influence and property—was a native of Salisbury, Connecticut. John was educated at New Haven, he studied medicine in Litchfield, and began its practice in Connecticut. In 1783 he married Mary Stoddard and they had three sons—Josiah, Darius and Orramel. They removed soon after their marriage to Kentucky, and in 1793 Mary Johnston died. The following year Doctor Johnston married Abigail Harris, the daughter of an older settler who had emigrated from Newburyport, Massachusetts. They had six children—John Harris, Lucius, Anna Maria, Clarissa, Albert Sidney and Eliza. Abigail Johnston died after twelve years of marriage and the doctor wedded for the third time, to a Mrs. Byers, but without children. Doctor Johnston was blunt, energetic and independent; he gave all his children a proper education; he labored diligently at his profession, but, redeeming debts for which he had become security, poverty made his old age difficult. Albert Sidney's mother, like a great many pioneer women, was quiet and gentle; she was remembered to have been handsome, with a naturally fine mind; but she died too soon to give her young family the support of her qualities and influence.

Albert Sidney was reared in the hard simplicity that marked the early years of so many contemporary notable men. He went to school to James Grant, a mile and a half from Washington; he did well enough in his classes; better than that at mathematics; his Saturdays he spent hunting in the Kentucky woods and along the Kentucky rivers. The knowledge and resources of James Grant soon failed to satisfy him and he persuaded his father to send him to a school in West Virginia. That turned out to be no improvement upon his earlier instruction; he stayed for only one session and then entered the drug store kept by a Thomas Dume. He entered Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, an institution of learning picturesquely situated at the edge of the Wilderness, and studied diligently, but he left there, too, at the end of his first session. He was restless from a desire to go into the Navy.

The gallantry of the war on the sea with England, the daring of Stephen Decatur at Tripoli, made any civil life to appear unbearably dull. Two of his close friends were awarded warrants as midshipmen, but Albert Sidney's family objected to that especial form of glory; instead it was proposed for him to accompany a married sister who was journeying to Louisiana. He went with her—it was the fall of 1819—to the Parish of Rapides. He visited his brother Josiah there, and Josiah managed to shift his interest from the sea to the land. As a result of that influence he returned to Transylvania University and remained for two years. His preference was still mathematics; he succeeded moderately well in the natural sciences, and, with hard study, became sufficiently acquainted with classic antiquities. His great desire now was to be a soldier; Josiah agreed with that ambition—he had become a member of Congress

General Taylor at Buena Vista

from Louisiana—and he procured an appointment for Albert Sidney to West Point.

He was, there, universally esteemed—Johnston was made sergeant major of cadets and afterward selected by the commandant for the position of adjutant, then the most coveted office in the corps. It was a highly romantic age—the struggles of South American republics for independence, the revolt in Greece against Turkish tyranny, the poetry of Byron and the eloquence of Henry Clay, were all reflected in the feelings and opinions of the young men at West Point. Albert Sidney Johnston was offered commands by the agents of revolutionary governments; they spread before him visions of honor peculiarly hard for him to resist. He did, however, resist them, and when he graduated in 1826 his high rank entitled him to enter the arm of the service he preferred. There was then no cavalry corps, the artillery was stationary on the seaboard, and, since the infantry was in active employment on the frontier, he chose the infantry.

The years immediately following were without incident. He visited his brother Josiah—who had been elevated to the National Senate—at the capital. Josiah was a man of importance; he was at once intimate with Henry Clay and a supporter of the Adams Administration; he enjoyed the cordiality of both political worlds, and Albert Sidney Johnston entered a brilliant and intellectual society—he became familiar with Mr. Clay and Calhoun, Daniel Webster and Benton and Everett and Scott. His manner and appearance were equally agreeable; he was successful at the White House and the Clays' and in a gayer Washington life, but he didn't like society even at its best; he wanted only to return to active service. General Scott went so far as to offer to make him his aide-de-camp, a position that must be followed by swift promotion, but Lieutenant Johnston refused. Although, he said, much gratified to have been mentioned by General Scott, he felt that a life of inactivity in a large city did not accord with his views, that he preferred to be off to the Far West and enter at once upon the duties of his profession. Josiah regretted his decision, but he did nothing to oppose it; Scott for a generation regarded Albert Sidney Johnston with a studied coldness.

He left Washington—it was thirty years before he returned to its self-seeking officialism—and proceeded directly to Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario. The President, John Quincy Adams, signed his commission in April, 1827, attaching him to the Sixth Regiment of infantry, under Brevet Brigadier-General Henry Atkinson. It was a celebrated command, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, nine miles below St. Louis on the Mississippi River, and Lieutenant Johnston reported there with great pleasure. It was an important post, since it allowed a rapid transportation of troops to any position in the West, and in addition it was naturally beautiful—the barracks occupied land rising gradually to an impressive bluff above the river and covered with oak and hickory trees set so far apart that, without underbrush, it was possible to ride on horseback in any direction. It was almost possible to conduct military maneuvers in the shade of the leaves.

The only event of the year 1827 was an expedition against the Winnebago Indians. They had put to death some white settlers, they seemed determined upon war, and a detachment of the Sixth Regiment, accompanied by two companies of the Fifth and men from the Second Regiment, under Major Whistler, forced the Winnebago tribe to deliver the leaders in the late outrages—Red Bird and Le Soleil and two others—to the United States. Back again from that enforcement of justice, Lieutenant Johnston solaced his lonely hours at Jefferson Barracks with airs on the flute.

Santa Anna

In 1828 General Atkinson appointed Johnston adjutant of the regiment. He possessed, Colonel Alexander said, in an extraordinary degree the confidence, esteem and admiration of the whole barracks. During the intervals of military life and playing on the flute, Albert Sidney Johnston had a part in the society, at once innocent and gay, of St. Louis. St. Louis was still largely French in spirit, a place of pretty songs and informal dancing, of herb gardens and holiday cakes; Johnston was familiar with the Gratiots and Chouteaus, the Mullanplays and Bentons; and at a ball at Mr. Chouteau's he met Henrietta, the eldest daughter of Major William Preston. He had fought under Anthony Wayne and later left Virginia to settle in Louisville. Johnston and Henrietta Preston were remarkably alike, they were persistently mistaken for brother and sister; and when, after she returned home, Johnston was sent on recruiting service to Louisville, they soon became engaged.

They were married in January, 1829. The descriptions of her show a woman taller than common, with a full body, a brilliant color, clear hazel eyes and dark hair. Her features were irregular and charming; she had a lovely voice. Their life was simple, happy and uneventful; they lived in plain quarters, with plain and limited furniture, at Jefferson Barracks; a few small pieces of cut glass represented elegance. They occasionally visited Henrietta's mother—the major was dead—in Louisville. In the January of 1831 their first son was born; the tranquillity of their happiness continued until the Black Hawk War. The Sacs and Foxes had two contending war chiefs—Keokuk and Black Hawk; Keokuk was an amiable Indian, but Black Hawk, thirteen years his senior, who had suffered indignities from white aggression, was bitterly hostile to the United States. He refused, when his tribe moved by treaty to the west bank of the Mississippi, to accompany it; he stayed in his village, denied the validity of treaties made with other tribal chiefs; and Governor Reynolds of Illinois called out seven hundred militiamen to repel the invasion of the state. Jefferson Davis, who was absent on furlough in Mississippi, immediately rejoined his company; Albert Sidney Johnston, Eaton and Robert Anderson, all lieutenants, were commissioned colonels on the staff of the governor of Illinois; Abraham Lincoln, who had been a captain in Whiteside's command, reënlisted in a spy company. Black Hawk was overtaken in July—it was 1832—and successfully engaged at Wisconsin Heights. Only one white man and forty Indians were killed; the Indians were pursued until night, when Black Hawk made a gallant stand in order to get his women and children safely across the Mississippi River. He accomplished this and, with his remaining warriors, escaped in canoes in the dark.

While Johnston was away on active duty his eldest daughter, Henrietta Preston, was born; there was a second daughter, and Mrs. Johnston began to be ill. Her condition

The Taking of Monterey

showed no signs of improvement—definite symptoms of tuberculosis developed soon afterward—and she asked her husband to resign from the Army. This, for Albert Sidney Johnston, was an immeasurable calamity; his heart, his entire being, was military, but he agreed at once with his wife's desire. He took her first to New Orleans, then to Red Sulphur Springs, in the vain hope of recovery. At New Orleans he resigned his commission in the Army of the United States; Henrietta Johnston died near Louisville in 1835. He occupied a farm he had bought outside St. Louis and sank into the solitude of melancholy and a deep distress. Josiah, his favorite brother, had been blown to atoms in the explosion of the steamboat Lioness on the Red River. The darkness of Johnston's mind increased until even he saw that his present state must be brought to an end, and he determined to go West again. He planned to establish a colony in the Sioux lands and applied to the Government for support, but it was refused him and he was persuaded by his wife's family to engage himself with business in Louisville.

He was, however, totally unfit for that existence, he had no taste for trade, and an increasing restlessness possessed him. This was his situation, his state of

Continued on Page 105

The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas

A COUPLE O' FRIED EGGS

"One Thing, It Don't Look Like I'm Flat When I Got This On, Does It?" the Whining Kid Said Hopefully

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

YOU wouldn't believe!" the Whining Kid said piteously. "I been workin'!"

"No!" Hustling Jerry exclaimed, properly shocked.

"I ain't kiddin'," the Whining Kid protested earnestly. "I been workin', I tell you—for near two months."

"What kind o' work?" Jerry asked with a trace of suspicion.

"Washin' dishes," the Whining Kid said gloomily.

"Oh!" said Jerry. "Washin' dishes. That ain't so bad."

"Ain't so what?" the Whining Kid wailed. "Did you ever wash dishes?"

"No," Jerry admitted, "I never exactly washed any, but I can imagine ——"

"You can't imagine nothin'," the Whining Kid corrected him. "Not about washin' dishes, you can't! I don't mean just a couple o' dishes. I mean dishes—thousands of 'em! Cups an' saucers an' knives an' spoons an' plates an' glasses—all day long! Listen, did you ever try to wash dried fried egg off a plate? Did you?"

"No," said Jerry. "What's the matter with fried egg?"

"The same thing that's the matter with glue," the Whining Kid said savagely. "If I ever buy me fried eggs again, an' bust the yeller to run all over a plate for some poor sap back in the kitchen to scrub at for hours an' hours, I hope I choke eatin' 'em! I don't know if them eggs in Baltimore's got somethin' in 'em makes 'em stick more'n they do in other towns or what!"

"I never been in Baltimore," Jerry said.

"That's all right," the Whining Kid assured him. "I been there enough for the two of us!"

They were in Jerry's room in New York. It was a little room high up in an old brick house in the Fifties near Eighth Avenue. It was nine o'clock of a winter morning. Hustling Jerry, recently roused from sleep by the Whining Kid's arrival, sat on the edge of the bed in his underwear, smoking a cigarette. Jerry earned his nickname by his deeds, but he did his hustling after nightfall. At this particular time he was working as a steerer for a crap game.

The Whining Kid's racket was touting. He followed the horses. The genesis of his squawk was that circumstances at the end of the fall meet in Bowie had prevented him following the horses when they left there. His clothes were wrinkled and worn. His shoes were down at the heel and shapeless. His linen was dirty and his hat was worth a jeer from an old-clothes man.

"You got money for washin' dishes, didn't you?" Jerry asked.

"You don't think I washed 'em for exercise, do you?" the Whining Kid yapped.

"You worked for two months an' got money for doin' it," Jerry argued, "an' then you come up here an' hit me——"

"Now wait a minute," the Whining Kid begged. "Lemme call this thing off to you the way it come up. The beginning was this: The last day at Bowie I was doin' the best I could an' had me enough copped off for a getaway, see? They were startin' at Jefferson Park in New Orleans on Thanksgivin' an' I was set to blow South an' hustle down there. An' then Hymie Ginsberg gimme a cold one for a good thing an' tossed me overboard. In the sixth race on the last day o' the meet he did that to me!"

"No!" Jerry said incredulously. "He told you a story?"

"A good one!" the Whining Kid said disgustedly. "I never took a chump with a better one myself! One hot horse in the race. The jocks all bettin'. The thing that was goin' to win was nominated an' if they couldn't get him down in front any other way the boys on all the other pigs 'd fall off. A shoo-in. A boat race. You know. Like that."

"An' you went?"

"Why not? Ain't Hymie my pal? Sure I went—for my last thin dime. The thing I bet on never tried. It ran last an' Hymie bet on the winner, gimme the snoot an' blew South that night, leavin' me in Maryland with nothin' but an appetite for a supper I couldn't buy an' a room I hadn't paid for yet. The landlady kep' my suitcase with all my clothes an' things, an' I had to go washin' dishes in Baltimore to keep somethin' for my belt to go 'round."

"What did Hymie cross you for?"

"He can't take a joke," the Whining Kid explained. "I crossed him once last summer up in Saratoga, but I thought he'd forgot all about that."

"What did you cross him for?"

"Just gettin' even," the Whining Kid explained. "Hymie took me for plenty on a boat race at Aqueduct last spring."

"Say!" said Jerry. "Who started this double-crossin' anyhow?"

"I dunno," the Whining Kid admitted almost tearfully. "It's been goin' on that way for years. Wouldn't you think a couple o' good pals like me an' Hymie, both of us in the same racket, would be able to trust each other? Wouldn't you now? But no! We're always cuttin' each other's throats. I dunno how we get that way! I figure we're all washed up an' everything's even an' then—bingo! He cuts me off at the pockets an' throws my pants away. Then we get together again an' everything's lovely; only, after a while I get to thinkin' how he trimmed me an' I figure on gettin' even an'—bam! I put over a fast one on him an' leave him scrapin' the dust out o' the feed box for his breakfast! It ain't right."

"You're a fine pair of crooks!" Jerry exclaimed disgustedly.

"Ain't we," the Whining Kid sighed sorrowfully. "Well, anyway, there I am, an' I wash dishes for nearly two months an' save money. Like any workin' chump! You know, a dollar here an' a dollar there."

"That counts up," Jerry reminded him.

"Sure," the Whining Kid agreed. "All you got to do at that racket is live a thousan' years an' never make any mistakes or get sick or anything, an' you got enough for a swell funeral! Well, I rate myself along at this pace for two months. No whoopee—not even a little one. The way I'm goin' you'd think I was readyin' myself up to be President an' get talked about to school kids. Then I get fired an' when the prices go up on all this long race I been runnin' I'm sixty-two dollars winner."

"It comes slow," Jerry admitted.

"An' goes fast," the Whining Kid completed the story. "Wolf Medley's around Baltimore buckin' the horse stores. There's a clocker in New Orleans wirin' him up good things. The day I get fired Wolf gets one an' lets me aboard—Sunglass in the fourth at the fairgrounds. The clocker says it's in an' he's been right all winter. We go up to McGonnigle's an' find him givin' ten to one. I bet my roll and Sunglass pops down in front by three. I'm alive again! My bet wins me six hundred an' twenty, an' I got a lump o' six eighty-two comin'. There's my fresh front from hat to shoes; my choo-choo nut to New Orleans an' plenty o' scoffin' jack to carry after I get there till I get me a set o' chumps stood up.

"I start over to the cashier to get what Santy Claus brung an' all of a sudden —— Bang! Whiff! Blooie! Smack and zango! Down goes the door an' in comes a whole roomful of John Laws to knock off the joint. They glom everything—coin, slips, bugs, books. All they leave's the paper on the wall—an' the dump ain't papered! I not only don't get paid off my six hundred an' twenty bucks' worth o' gravy, I don't even get back the sixty-two I bet! Them cops don't even so much as lock me up an' give me a bed an' a feed. No! Out into the street with a night stick fannin' me on my way, an' there I am with two months' dishwashin' done an' nothin' to show for it but clean finger nails! That's what a hustler gets for workin'!"

"If you was cleaned out, how'd you get up here to New York?" Jerry asked.

"Hustled my way up," the Whining Kid said. "Paged all the cars I could find in town with New York licenses until I found one with a driver who'd listen to a story."

"An' when he gets you here you wake me up an' tell me a tale," Jerry said bitterly. "I'm wearin' a barrel myself, Kid."

"I got to have somethin'," the Whining Kid insisted.

Jerry inhaled and considered gloomily. Then he grinned and went to the closet. He brought forth a suit of clothes, a topcoat, a derby hat and a pair of shoes, and spread them on the bed.

"There you are, Kid," he said, chuckling. "If you got to have somethin', have those."

The Whining Kid's taste ran to high colors and gaudy patterns, but even he shrank from the prospect of wearing these garments on the street. The derby was a startlingly light gray with a plaid band. The suit was the color of extra-pale raspberry ice. The topcoat was a black-and-white check, and the said checks were at least two inches square. The collar of this topcoat was of black velvet, and the buttons, each the size of a silver dollar, were of white bone. The shoes were of patent leather with white kid tops and shiny black buttons.

"Eddie Levy went blooie in a crap game a couple o' months ago an' hocked this stuff with me for a fin," Jerry explained. "He used it when he was doin' the straight man with the Two Dancing Donovans. He's out on the Coast now in pictures an' I'll never get any fin back. You an' Eddie are both half-pint-size people, so the stuff ought to fit pretty good. That's my contribution to your comeback, Kid. Take it or leave it. It's all you'll get."

The Whining Kid picked up the derby and tried it on.

"It fits pretty good," he said, eying himself in the glass.

He stripped himself then and donned the rest of the outfit.

"Don't you think it looks kind o' noticeable?" he asked anxiously, posing before the glass.

"It's nothin' for a guy hidin' out to wear down Broadway," Jerry admitted, giggling.

"One thing, it don't look like I'm flat when I got this on, does it?" the Whining Kid said hopefully. "I mean, you wouldn't think a guy that was broke would wear this sort o' stuff, would you?"

"I wouldn't think any guy would wear it off the stage, whether he was busted or not," Jerry said frankly.

"Ain't you got a clean shirt an' collar?" the Whining Kid inquired. "This one o' mine looks dirtier than ever since I put these clothes on."

"I got six new clean shirts an' I'm goin' to keep 'em!" Jerry said firmly. "If you want that trick suit, wear it. If you don't, put on your old one an' wear that. Whatever you're going to do, do it an' be on your way, 'cause I'm goin' to sleep some more an' I don't shut any eyes while you're in the room."

"Aw," the Whining Kid said in an injured tone, "you don't think I'd take anything, do you?"

"Nothin' you couldn't lift, Kid," Jerry said. "But whooee, what you can lift for your size when nobody's lookin'! What's the dope? You goin' to wear that tailor's brainstorm or get back into them banana peddler's rags you just wriggled out of?"

"I'll wear this stuff," the Kid said dubiously. "I wish I had a clean shirt."

"I wish you get your wish," Jerry said. "'By, Kid. Don't fiddle with that door knob when you get outside, 'cause it won't come off an' nobody'd buy it if you did get it unscrewed, so save yourself trouble. 'By!"

"If I ever get a chance at Hymie Ginsberg!" the Whining Kid muttered as he departed, per instructions. "If I don't cut the soles off his shoes an' make him walk home on hot cinders!"

The rest of the Whining Kid's day was a mixture of good luck and humiliation. In a Forty-sixth Street whisper-low he managed a two-dollar touch from a handbook operator. This accounted for a dollar-and-seventeen-cent clean shirt, collar attached, at a sale on Eighth Avenue, a filling feed of Irish stew and coffee in a lunch room patronized by truck drivers, and two packages of cigarettes. Thus fortified, he returned to the House that Volstead Built and hung around conspicuously until two out-of-town buyers on a bat began buying him drinks and then carried him along to laugh at until they melted and were shipped to their hotel in a taxi. The Whining Kid managed to pinch off a ten-dollar loan from one of them during the course of the whoopee. After his patrons collapsed, the Kid did a turn in the Astor lobby, trying to make a touch from various racketeer acquaintances. He got no money, but a trainer, wintering his string at Belmont Park, slipped him a wired tip on a horse in the sixth at the New Orleans Fairgrounds. The Whining Kid scurried across to a cigar store on Sixth Avenue in the upper Forties and bet his ten, with a handbook man he disliked, at six to one. His horse popped down in front and the Whining Kid was seventy dollars and one vaudeville make-up on top. When the Crescent Limited rolled south that night, leaving the snowy streets of New York behind and heading toward the winter fogs of the bayou country, the Whining Kid was aboard, tucked in an upper berth. In a pocket of Eddie Levy's trick suit was a ticket stub that called for one passage to New Orleans, where the horses were running, and two dollars and seventy-eight cents, out of which the Whining Kid must needs maintain himself for thirty-six hours and finance his new start in life when he arrived in the Louisiana metropolis.

A Limp Old Cap Was Pulled Down Over His Eyes. Hymie Was Disguised. That Was the Idea

"If I can just get a chance at Hymie Ginsberg," he muttered drowsily as the hum and sway of the train lulled him, "I'll burn his bank roll an' swallow the smoke. If I can just frame that hustler once more, they can rule me off all tracks an' I'll wash dishes for the rest of my life an' act happy while I'm doin' it."

On the second morning following this fervent pledge of vengeance the Whining Kid walked into the Horseman's Café near the fairgrounds track in New Orleans. A few trainers and exercise boys were there at a late breakfast. Alone at a table in a corner one race-track habitué sat with the customary morning equipment of his tribe: A cigarette, a pencil, a cup of coffee and a racing form.

The Whining Kid recognized him—Chet Hawkins. An inveterate horse player

(Continued on Page 123)

The Whining Kid Got Down on All Fours and Barked. "Louder," Hymie Demanded

PLAIN PEOPLE

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

We Hid Along the River Bank Until They Came Down to Drink, and Then Knocked One Over

V

WITHIN a year after entering the printing office at Bethany I was compelled to set two columns of brevier every day. Old printers familiar with hand composition will recognize this as a fair day's work for a man. If in the evening I had failed to complete my two columns, I got a whipping and was compelled to finish the work before going to bed.

And how sleepy and rebellious I became, with the town boys playing outside! I was always able to hear them, and frequently they wanted to get in, but Jim objected. He insisted on my getting through, and often assisted me. Once I went to sleep while resting and he completed my task rather than disturb me. The only light I had for night work was supplied by tallow candles, and the melting wax ran down into the boxes. I was always having trouble with the big "e" box, where I usually placed two.

On the two press days of the week Jim and I took turn about inking the forms with a hand roller we had helped to make of glue and molasses, and cast in a brass mold. Father worked the press and was forever grumbling because we did not properly distribute the ink before rolling the forms. Mr. Martin had been very neat with his press work, but we boys were careless, and gave up the troublesome frisket that he had used.

At rare intervals we were sent to school, but worked in the morning until schooltime and after school until we knocked off for supper, as the men said in that day. On Saturday we worked full hours, from seven in the morning until six at night, with an hour off for dinner. In all my days as a journeyman, that was the rule. In the winter months we always started preparation for work before daylight and finished after nightfall. The seven or eight hour day, with agitation for further reduction, is comparatively recent.

Bethany was supplied with mail by stage from Chillicothe, on the railroad, and twice a week, at night, we gathered in the lower hall at the courthouse for the distribution of mail containing war news. Letters and papers were handed out to those in waiting, and these were often read aloud.

We thus heard of the battles of that time and of the assassination of Lincoln. Somehow I remember we were specially interested in the battle at Pittsburg Landing, as the company formed at Fairview took part there. I also recall the oration delivered at the Campbellite church to commemorate the assassination of Lincoln. Jonas J. Clark, judge of the district court, happened to be in town, and was speaker. I can only remember of his effort that he began: "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," and that it was a very impressive occasion.

One night, in the courthouse, some rebel boys annoyed Jim and he cut one of them slightly with his famous barlow knife, for which he was summoned before the grand jury, but nothing further came of it.

I remember a railroad excitement, when we all went to a certain place and the first shovelful of dirt was thrown; but when the railroad came, many years after my time, it did not go anywhere near the place we dedicated. Father started a coal mine in the same way and I assisted in driving the horse—our old buggy horse—around and around attached to the hoisting apparatus. I can recall but one miner, and he boarded at our house. I think both the railroad and the coal mine were newspaper enterprises father thought up to keep something going on, for on the railroad only one shovelful of dirt was thrown and the coal shaft was abandoned after forty feet.

Finally we sold the newspaper and engaged in storekeeping, occupying the building where we had formerly operated the printing office. Sometimes I clerked in the store and sometimes I worked for the new owner of the newspaper.

Once I went into the country and worked on a farm. I can only recall of this experience that the farmer had a daughter named Viola, about fourteen years old, who gave me my first impression that there is something finer and better about women. There was a lazy boy in the family called Robert, and his sister was always gently managing him, to prevent collisions with his father. How Robert and I hated to get up in the morning! But Viola managed us so adroitly and kindly that I have never forgotten her. Once a rainstorm came up suddenly. I recall her busily collecting in her apron a lot of little chickens that had been almost drowned and reviving them in the oven of the cookstove. Everyone in the family seemed to worship her. I have not seen or heard of her since, but still revere her memory.

Always we were unhappy at home, and my collisions with father more numerous and humiliating. I have long had a feeling that my recollections of him may be unfair; that I can have no dependable opinion now as to what sort of man he was more than sixty years ago. When I went with him on the early preaching trips, I fell asleep as soon as he began to talk and slept through the sermon and the shouting. When ready for my assistance, he aroused me, so I am not now able to rate him fairly as a preacher. As my relations with him as a child were not pleasant, possibly my recollections of him are not just in other respects. If he could tell his side of the story, how would I fare? I often wonder.

I was much interested in a letter lately received from J. W. Johnson, now in his eighty-seventh year, who knew father in the Fairview days. Writing from Olathe, Kansas, Mr. Johnson says:

> I often attended the camp meetings on Sugar Creek. Your father was a great evangelist and singer, and for that reason attracted very large gatherings.

Mr. Johnson, of whom I have no knowledge save this letter, clerked in a store at Bancroft, a small trading point where the Fairview people often went. In the latter days of the Sugar Creek meetings, Mr. Johnson must have been in his twenty-third year. I asked Mr. Johnson for further information, but he did not answer my letter, except to say he would think over the old days and try to oblige me later.

My impression has always been that father was a popular man while living in Fairview, but did not get along well with the people at Bethany, because he was an Abolitionist and Methodist—both unpopular doctrines in town. It is probably true he was the largest and most successful farmer in the Fairview neighborhood, and that he built the church in which he later preached without pay for his services, but beyond this my recollections of him may not be accurate.

I never had affection for him, but a good deal of respect, as he was very capable, and a leader. If I do him injustice in considering him long after his death, my own sons may avenge him.

MY MOST vivid recollection of Bethany is an occurrence at our house one evening after supper—a family council called by father, although I had not heard of it until it began in our front room.

Father said there had been talk about him and that it came from the family, therefore he wanted to inquire into it. Sarah Jane, who had lately become a school-teacher, was present, and I thought he particularly referred to her. She promptly accepted the challenge and was the only one who fought back.

The talk, it developed, referred to father and Aunt Lu. I had always thought she rather brightened our house and helped the family, as she was capable, good-looking and agreeable. I had observed she was with father a good deal, but did not think it unusual, as she was related to us. Occasionally he arranged a Methodist celebration and he and Aunt Lu sang together. After we moved to town, and Aunt Lu came, he had given up taking me with him on his trips because of my voice. Once he had a parade, and as the town had no band, the music was made by father and Aunt Lu marching in front, singing out of the same book. I remember thinking at the time that the townspeople were laughing, but otherwise the incident did not attract my attention. Frequently father went back to his old appointments at Fairview, and Aunt Lu went along, but he was going on a religious mission and I thought nothing of it.

It seems others did—Sarah Jane, for one, for she boldly defied him and said things I thought would cause the heavens to fall.

Mother sat quietly in a corner, the most perfect picture of woe I had ever seen.

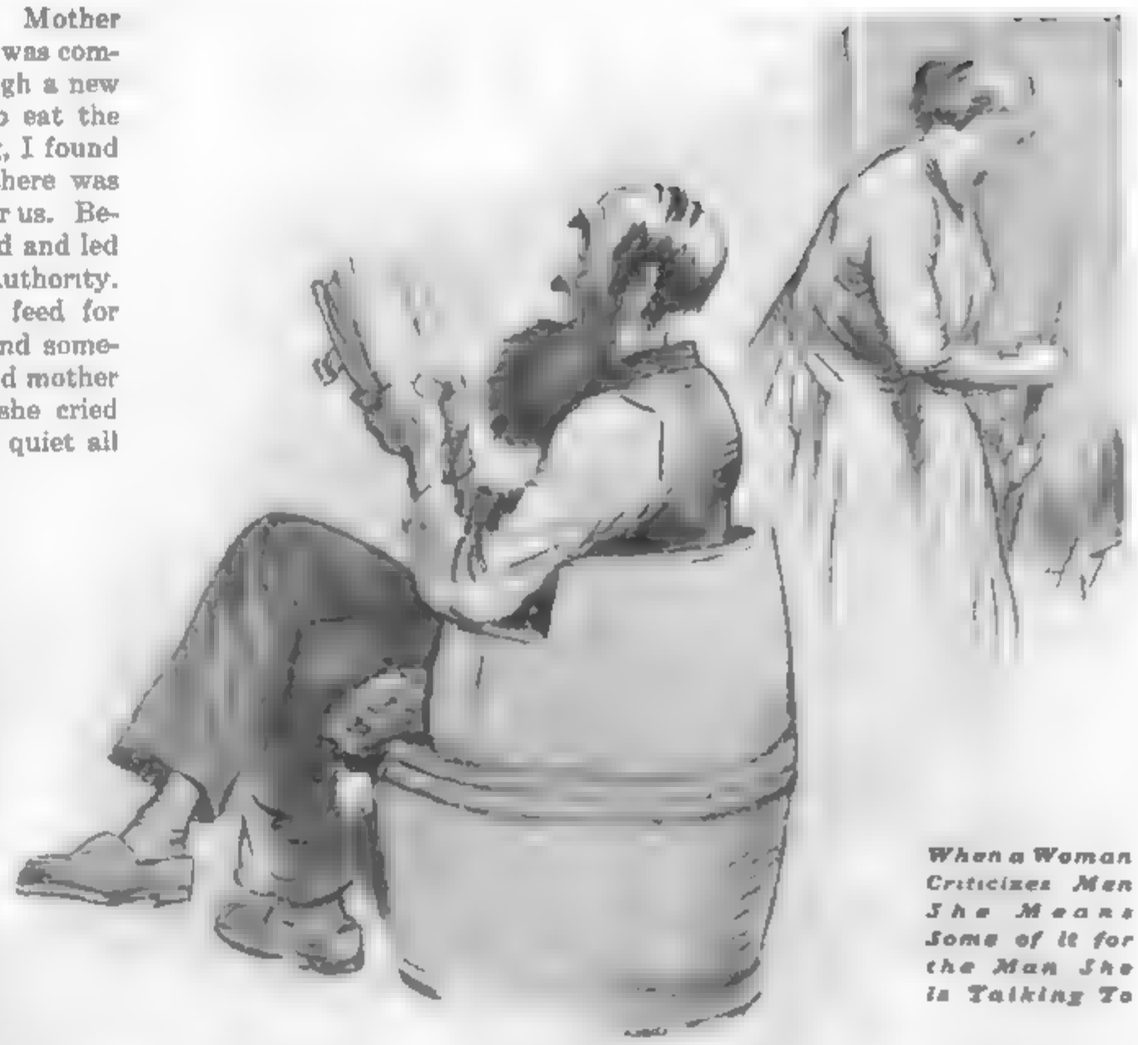
I began to realize her unhappiness that night, but had more appreciation of it after growing up. Of the pale, tired, unhappy women I knew in my childhood, none could compare with my own mother.

Presently father walked angrily out of the house and we all sat in silence. Sarah Jane soon went over to stay all night with a neighbor girl, and went back to her school next day. Mother went to bed, as did Aunt Lu, and Jim and I went uptown, where we soon encountered father, arguing angrily with a man named McCurry, a member of his church. Somehow I thought father had appealed to McCurry for sympathy and that McCurry had said that since the subject was brought up, he believed father had acted unwisely about Aunt Lu. This was entirely conjecture, but I have always had that notion.

A day or two later it was announced I was to take mother for a visit to her parents, who had moved to a county to the south. I had never been there and the journey was a considerable one. I was to drive the family horse to a buggy and we would be compelled to spend a night on the way. That trip is another incident very vivid in my memory now. I had not before been given so much responsibility, and visions of approaching manhood began appearing in my mind for the first time. Mother was as helpless as a child, and I was compelled to inquire the way through a new country. When it was time to eat the luncheon we had brought along, I found a suitable place—one where there was water for the horse and shade for us. Before this trip I had been directed and led in everything; here I was in authority. While I was getting out the feed for the horse, mother held him, and somehow the lines became twisted and mother hurt her hand so much that she cried out with pain. She had been quiet all day, and her burdens were so great that this caused me to cry, too, and taking the horse, I whipped him, still blubbering and calling him an old fool. I had been whipped heretofore; now I was whipping and correcting. I think this was the happiest day I ever spent with my mother, and constantly showed her attention and affection, which she seemed to appreciate, although very sad. She had scarcely spoken during the morning, which caused me to be as attentive to her as I could. I had always loved her, and now I thought was the time to show it.

I had been told to find the home of Joel Fair for the night. He had once lived in our neighborhood in the country and we knew him well. Indeed, he was one of the few I remember who had accompanied us on the trip from Indiana. The day we started, there was difficulty with the loose horses and cattle, and our first camp was only a few miles away, in Joel Fair's pasture. He came to inquire where we were going, and being informed, concluded to accompany us; when we moved on next morning he was one of the party. What disposition he made of his farm I never knew.

To this day I am grateful to Joel Fair and members of his family for the welcome they gave us. We were now nearing the end of our journey, and they gave us news of grandmother and her family. During the evening, thinking



When a Woman Criticizes Men She Means Some of It for the Man She Is Talking To

they would remark the quietness of mother and thus get a suggestion of our family trouble, I tried to do the talking for both of us. I think I talked enough that night for our entire family, if not for the town of Bethany, and my talk went pretty well. We were town people and the Fairs rather looked up to us, I thought, on that account. Probably they didn't, but town people always have that notion when in the country.

I was always so fond of the girls that I wonder it did not occur to me I was much like father. There was a girl in the Fair family named Anna, of about my age. I was violently in love with her in five minutes and acting smart for her benefit. There wasn't a girl in town better looking than Anna Fair, and I took up the entire evening acting

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At First They Wanted to be Noisy, But Joe Managed Them So Well That They Soon Quieted Down

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

"You Got Some Flowers for You, Norah," He Said. "Shall I Send Them Up to the Stage by an Usher at the End of the First Act, or What?"

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XII

THE Duke found himself seated on Frances Widdecomb's right. Susie Corbin, on Professor Widdecomb's right, was at the extreme opposite corner of the table; and the young professor of history from Boston, Cabot Lawrence, to whom the Duke had taken a dislike the night he had met Susie at Pauline's, was on her right. Frances Widdecomb was an excessively positive woman who would try to understand why she was not popular with men and who would never suspect the real reason. She proceeded to explain to the Duke the unfortunate handicap that modern intellectual women like herself suffered.

"Men simply cannot face the idea of a woman who is their superior in intellect," Mrs. Widdecomb said. "The average man is so unsure of himself that he is only happy when he is flattered. If an intellectual woman wishes to please a man, her first step is to conceal the fact that she has brains and the next that she has a strong and vigorous body. I have sometimes wondered if what men call love is anything more than the feeling of superiority that a pretty girl engenders by appearing to be simple-minded and underweight."

"I never thought of that before," the Duke said earnestly as he watched Susie Corbin's bright head. He loved those level brows, those deep-set eyes; and as she turned her head, he saw, in profile, how round her chin was, how lovely the line of her throat. Her nose turned up ever so slightly, giving a youthful insouciant accent to her face. As the Duke watched, she and Professor Widdecomb laughed over some remark the Duke could not hear. The Duke thought her laugh was utterly charming. When she laughed her whole face lighted up with happiness and her eyes had gay little lights in them and you wanted to laugh with her.

"The only way a woman who has brains can get on with men," Frances Widdecomb continued forcefully, "is to pretend she hasn't any. And a pretension of stupidity never has the solidly convincing quality of the real thing."

"Never," the Duke agreed.

"And how can there ever be any progress, biologically speaking, as long as men prefer the stupid and frivolous woman to the wise and responsible one?"

"There can't," the Duke admitted, too absorbed in observing Susie's every gesture while yessing Mrs. Widdecomb to realize that he was eating an alligator pear filled with forbidden dressing. It made him happy just to look at Susie Corbin.

But he was suddenly shocked out of his complacency. He caught, out of the conversation at the other end of the table, the words "prize fighter." The next moment everybody at the table leaned forward to listen to Professor Widdecomb's account of his experience in meeting a prize fighter and his manager in the smoking compartment of a Pullman on his way back from the annual spring meeting of sociologists in New York.

"They reminded me," Widdecomb said, "that when we speak of our civilization we are speaking of something that simply doesn't exist for a considerable percentage of our population. These men were no more civilized than the barbarian hordes who destroyed Rome. Of course the manager was a cut above the fighter. But the manager was tough enough. I talked to them for two hours and then the fighter went to sleep and I talked to the manager alone for a couple of hours. I couldn't discover that they were afflicted by more than a trace of moral feeling.

"They both spoke a language compounded of words that polite society has long since discarded.

"The fighter had a prognathous jaw and a receding forehead, to begin with, and his naturally ugly countenance had been altered for the worse by the practice of his profession. He had cauliflower ears and a nose that had been broken and smashed out on his face and he had a dozen scars where he had been cut. And his hands!"

The Duke hastily dropped his own hands out of sight. His only professional marks were a slight ridge across the back of his left hand and an enlarged knuckle on his right. He had got both injuries in the last rounds of his fight with Harlem Tommy. Once, as Tommy had rushed him, head down, the Duke had been careless enough to drive his straight left against the hard top of Tommy's head, snapping two bones in the back of his hand. The enlarged knuckle was a permanent record of the blow that had put Harlem Tommy out. The Duke had put everything he had into that right and it had struck flush on the button. When the swelling didn't go down they had taken X rays and discovered that one knuckle was broken into several pieces. A clever surgeon had grafted bone into the knuckle, making it stronger than it had been before, but also larger.

"This man's hands," Widdecomb explained, "were gnarled and broken to the last degree. His manager told me that he had hit a ring post with them several times by mistake."

The Duke restrained an impulse to smile. No man who knew his trade went around hitting ring posts by mistake.

"The next morning when we got to Chicago," Widdecomb continued, "these two offered to share a taxicab with me from the Illinois Central over to the North Western. We were taking the same train out of Chicago. The moment we got into the cab the fighter opened a newspaper and hid behind it. I asked why. The manager said, 'Oh, he bumped a guy off here in Chi last summer and he's afraid somebody'll spot him.' I said, 'Afraid of the police?' He said, 'No! The police are all right. What he's worried about is the other bird's gang. If they catch him they'll take him for a ride.' That's their expression for taking a man out to some lonely spot in the country and shooting him."

Professor Widdecomb's audience gasped.

"I told them I had never seen a prize fight in my life and that I wanted to see one. The manager said, 'Buddy, if you want to see a good fight, you want to come down here

to Chi a coupla months from now and see Duke Wellington and Honeyboy Kerrigan!'"

The Duke did not start, but he could feel his ears getting pink.

Professor Gardiner spoke up: "I've never seen a prize fight, either, Widdecomb. Why don't we go down to this one?"

"You're on," Widdecomb replied. "Anybody else?"

"I think it's disgusting," Frances Widdecomb said. "The idea of wanting to see two men mauling each other for a prize!"

"I don't intend to make a practice of going to prize fights," Widdecomb said, "but I feel that my duty as a sociologist demands that I see one prize fight. And that reminds me—has anybody here ever seen a prize fight?"

The Duke steadied himself. "Yes," he said gravely, while everybody turned to look at him, "I have."

Widdecomb leaned forward eagerly. "Have you ever seen the champion—Duke Wellington—fight?"

"No," the Duke said. "No, I never had a chance to see him fight."

"According to this pair I met on the train," Widdecomb said, "Wellington is one of the great boxers of all time, and what they call a sweet socker besides. And the one they call Honeyboy Kerrigan is what they described as a tough baby."

"That's a strange nickname for a prize fighter," Susie Corbin said. "Honeyboy!"

"Isn't it!" Widdecomb cried. "But apparently such terms of endearment are the rule rather than the exception in the profession. The manager kept saying of Duke Wellington, 'He's a sweetheart, that boy—a sweetheart.' I asked him just what he meant and he replied, 'Buddy, that boy has got a punch in both hands—he's got a lalapaloosa of a right and on top of that he's got the greatest left hand I ever saw.' I said, 'Then you take it for granted he will win?' He said, 'I don't take nothin' for granted. This Honeyboy Kerrigan is rough and tough and fast and a hitter. If anybody in the entire world can beat Wellington he can. He can give it and he can take it, that boy. Nobody knows whether the champion can take it or not. He's so clever he's never had to. Most fighters just can't hit him at all. But this Honeyboy will hit him. . . . No, buddy, don't you bet on that fight. I wouldn't bet a thin dime either way."

Eventually the discussion ended; eventually Frances Widdecomb gave the signal to rise and the Duke could breathe again, knowing that not one of these people had the faintest suspicion of him. He joined Susie Corbin in the living room and after a few minutes he got a chance to speak to her alone.

"I called you up several times while I was in Chicago," he said.

"Oh, did you really?" she said innocently. "I'm sorry I wasn't in."

Evidently she had taken it for granted that Pauline would not tell him anything.

"Am I ever going to see you?" the Duke asked.

"I'm doing a thesis," she replied. "I've renounced everything until it's finished—no more dances, no more dates with mysterious strangers."

"When will your thesis be done?"

"I'm afraid it will take nearly six weeks more. Of course when it's done I'm going to celebrate."

The Duke had an idea—one of those ideas that had been floating around in the back of his mind without quite becoming articulate until now.

"I'm giving a party in about six weeks on the fifteenth of May for Norah McCune. Will you come?"

"Oh," she said, "do you know her? I'd love to meet her. Of course I'll come. And you must come to my party. When I finish my thesis I'm giving a party at Smitty's. Do you know Smitty's?"

The Duke shook his head.

"Smitty's is a combination of hot-dog stand for truck drivers and dance hall for anybody that wants to dance, about twenty miles out on the road to Minneapolis. Smitty has a marvelous automatic piano—the kind that plays when you drop a nickel in a slot. And if you know him you can get Italian moon and real beer. I'm going to get absolutely pie-eyed."

The Duke swallowed hard.

"I hope you aren't serious."

"But I'm absolutely serious. I've never been drunk, and just for once I'm going to see what it's like."

"I've tried it," the Duke said, "and I can assure you it isn't worth it."

"But don't you think it's an experience everybody ought to have at least once?"

The Duke looked at her. She was so young and so sweet and so lovely.

"I can't bear the idea of your getting drunk," he said.

They looked into each other's eyes, and the same tension that had come between them in the moment when she had broken the date with him came again.

"Perhaps I won't," she said, and turned to greet Cabot Lawrence.

The Duke managed to escape before ten o'clock and get into the Benham with Barney before Barney blew his horn.

He treasured that moment when Susie Corbin had softened and said maybe she wouldn't get drunk all the way home. But he knew that it was only for a moment that she had yielded. Barney dropped him in front of the house as usual and started around the corner to put the car up. The Duke ran lightly up the stairs to the second floor. Something—he did not know what—warned him. Something made him slip out of his overcoat before he reached the stairhead.

A big man, half a head taller than the Duke, stood in the doorway of the Duke's study. He did a thing that in his experience had always worked—that will work nineteen times out of twenty. He aimed a big right-hand swing at the Duke's head. How was he to know that in many years nobody had ever hit the Duke's head with anything so slow as an overhand right? How was he to know that he was trying something that couldn't be done?

The Duke stepped inside that swing and sank his right to the wrist in the big man's mid section. The big man shuddered like a tree that is about to fall. The Duke uppercut with his right—drove his right up against the jaw with all his weight behind it. The big man sat down, his eyes glazed.

The detective who had been rifling the Duke's desk put up his hands in what he imagined to be a fighting posture and rushed the Duke. But nobody had ever told him how well the Duke liked to have them come to him; and nobody had ever told him that when you put your hands up to fight you must never, never let your left actually cross your right and cover it. He learned this simple lesson now.

The Duke reached out with his left and for the merest fraction of a second he pinned the man's two hands, one against the other—the fraction of a second that it took to bring his right straight through to the point of the jaw. The man shot backward halfway across the room under the impact, knocking the Duke's typewriter off its table and landing on his back against the Duke's desk.

The Duke stepped into the room—stepped happily into the room, for he had never liked detectives and it was a pleasure to be free, for once, to exercise his art without

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They Looked Into Each Other's Eyes, and the Same Tension That Had Come Between Them in the Moment When She Had Broken the Date With Him Came Again

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 25, 1928

Nine Years Going Begging

THE richest and the least-worked mine of health, happiness and potential wealth lies in the field of preventive medicine. The achievements of modern medicine during the past thirty or forty years may be fairly called stupendous; and yet so much remains to be done for the organized conservation of health and life and physical well-being that the battles of the future press harder for attention than the victories of the past.

Elderly medical men have seen hospital gangrene reduced from a scourge to a curiosity; puerperal fever so controlled as to have become as much a scandal as a tragedy. Yellow fever, thanks to the heroism of the Army doctors and their assistants, has been almost rooted out. Tuberculosis has been bereft of much of its old terror. Diphtheria, the dread menace of childhood, is in full retreat and would have long ago been routed except for ignorance and prejudice. Smallpox still appears where it is invited, but enlightened vaccination laws have everywhere proved their effectiveness. Insulin, the great Canadian contribution to the medical armory, prolongs the life of diabetics. Serum and vaccine therapy, which have not yet reached their high peak of performance, are doing an inestimable service in staving off scarlet fever, typhoid, influenza, tetanus and epidemic meningitis. Advanced treatment of the diseases of childhood is forestalling grave after-effects, once common, such as impaired hearts and irreparable loss of sight and hearing. Blindness of infectious origin in newborn babes has become so easily preventable that its occurrence has almost the force of an indictment against the attending physician. Early removal of adenoid tissue, diseased teeth and tonsils is known to be an almost certain preventive of a long train of serious disorders. The preventive, as well as the curative powers, of the expert employment of ultra-violet rays whether derived from sunlight or from artificial sources, are rapidly being brought into action.

The result of these and of other advances is that during the past generation nine years have been added to the span of human life. This long series of medical triumphs, glorious as it is, loses much of its glamour when we reflect that if we gave our doctors full swing they could add another nine years almost immediately. It is a lamentable fact that the rear guard of medical practice is still ten years behind the van of medical science. In most large cities, and in many small ones, medical and surgical service of the highest order is readily obtainable. Some parts of the country are blessed with admirable boards of health which have effective supporting legislation behind them. Municipal and rural sanitation is of the most enlightened character, and work among school children is rearing a race of sturdy young Americans free from all avoidable handicaps and disabilities.

Unhappily, there are still larger areas in which no such bright picture exists. Thriving cities might be named which are years behind the times in the fundamentals of sanitation. Polluted water supplies are not uncommon. Open drains are still to be seen and modern sewage systems are conspicuous only by their absence. Old-fashioned outhouses are perennial sources of infection; impure and often dirty milk supplies threaten the lives of infants. Undrained swamps breed mosquitoes, and neglected filth brings disease-bearing flies. In the aggregate there must be hundreds of thousands of square miles of rural territory which lack well-equipped physicians, proper facilities for the diagnosis of disease, modern hospitals and qualified nurses.

There are communities in the South and Southwest where the most modern practice has been adopted; but there are still others in which conditions are utterly at variance with the high level of prosperity and intelligence characteristic of the nation as a whole. There are no public channels into which the South can more wisely pour liberal appropriations of its new-found wealth than those which lead to health, comfort and the prevention of disease. No one knows this better than the medical men of the South. Parts of the North and Northwest are equally behind. Nothing is too good for them in the way of tangibles. They have costly roads, motors, radios, musical instruments and all the amenities of modern American life. It is right that they should have them; but it is not to their credit if they neglect such intangibles as health and education.

Preventive medicine should begin in the home. It should start with the habit of having periodical medical examinations, two or three times a year for young, old and middle-aged, annually for those in their twenties and thirties. Every young mother should have authoritative knowledge of the milk and water supplies that come into her home. She might very well read one of the excellent health magazines published for nonmedical readers. She should have first-hand acquaintance with the sanitary conditions of the schools her children attend. The habit of reporting to local officials every menace to health observed would keep them on tiptoe, for it would be evidence of popular interest in their work.

Good housekeepers and good mothers are natural health officers. They can do a world of good by familiarizing themselves with the health work done in the public schools and seeing that it is adequate in scope and thoroughness. Their husbands can preach the extension of preventive work and use their influence to secure suitable appropriations for state and local activities. Newspaper editors have at their command an inexhaustible supply of important material bearing upon local sanitary conditions and the character of public-health measures. Progressive young doctors will meet them halfway and assist right-thinking reporters in turning out copy which is constructive rather than sensational, and which will be worth while because it will secure definite results.

Nationwide effort along these lines would substantially hasten the day when the doctors can hand us the nine additional years of life that are waiting for us but which we have not the intelligence or the imagination to grasp. Much fatal heart trouble is preventable. A large proportion of cancer cases are surgically curable if initial symptoms are instantly reported to competent medical men. Much of the deafness and blindness of later life is readily avoidable. Many a case of ulceration of the digestive tract would yield to treatment if the sufferer would consult a good specialist instead of seeking temporary relief from the bicarbonate-of-soda bottle. The young matron is already learning that she and her expected baby will have a better chance of life and health in a hospital than in a private home. Young children are clay in the hands of the skilled pediatrist and more often than not he can build up a puny weakling into a sturdy child. Blood pressure can be kept down and hardening of the arteries deferred.

If these things are worth while preventive medicine is worth while, for it keeps disease out of the system when it can and checks its first inroads when it must. With nine extra years of life going begging, such matters are worth thinking about and worth doing something about.

The Challenge of Wild Life

IN FEW of its forms does animal life attract and appeal to man more than in the game birds. Yet to maintain them in face of an ever-increasing army of hunters and of a constant extension of industrial operations is a difficult undertaking. During the season of 1925–26 hunting licenses were issued by forty-four states to the number of five million one hundred and fifty thousand, and of the total army of hunters at least one and a quarter millions are wild-fowl shooters.

Although automobiles and good roads make almost every hunting section accessible, it is the belief of the United States Biological Survey that "game appears to be holding its own in most parts of the country and to be on the increase in some." A serious problem, however, is presented with regard to wild fowl, the feeding grounds of which are menaced by drainage operations, by lack of rainfall in certain places and by diseases. Yet spring shooting has been reduced to a minimum, as has also the wholesale slaughter of game for market.

Two birds, the wood duck and the swan, are said to be coming back; and, as most people know, there has been an increase in certain mammals, such as the buffalo and the beaver. But confining our attention to birds, it is clear, as the Biological Survey says, that "space in which the birds may live must be assured, their food supply safeguarded and increased, sufficient refuges established, propagation measures utilized and adequate protection afforded." By treaty with Great Britain, the United States is pledged to protect the useful species of birds that migrate between this country and Canada. Much has been accomplished concerning the length of hunting seasons, bag limits and methods of capture.

But not enough has been done in this country to provide the nesting, feeding and resting areas, without which legal restrictions upon killing will ultimately be of little avail. This is not to deny the many additions made in recent years to game refuges. There is a very real zeal to conserve game and other forms of wild life. But the truth is that the bureau of the Federal Government which looks after the interstate and international aspects of wild life is taxing to the utmost its limited resources to maintain without improvement the seventy-six areas already within its care. It is unable even to investigate numerous proposed reservations, many of which are, without doubt, suitable.

There are those who think that with the passage of a few more generations the desire to kill wild animals will disappear. It is true, of course, that such killing was necessary in pioneer days for food and safety, and is now only rarely so. But other factors enter the situation. Killing may be necessary at times to keep down surpluses which would otherwise starve. If Nature does not curb undue increase, there are scientists who believe that the hand of man must do so.

But however public opinion forms in later years about this perhaps disputed point, there is no question that hunting will go on for a long time to come. To procure the funds for adequate refuges and their supervision, and for other work of protection and regulation, seems to be the immediate problem. The payer of Federal taxes is rightly demanding reductions as soon as possible, and the Government has a thousand other needs for money. Perhaps wealthy individuals can see their way clear to doing something to maintain the enormous economic as well as aesthetic values of wild-animal life. If not, there is no reason why the millions of hunters should not pay more than the present meager license fees for the privilege of shooting wild game.

OWNERS AND VOTERS

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

FIVE hundred and twenty-nine big corporations are owned by 2,799,438 common stockholders and 951,555 preferred stockholders with voting rights. No doubt at least 5,000,000 persons own stock in big business. The number grows steadily. It will not be very long before a majority of the stock of a great part of the larger corporations is scattered among millions of owners. Ownership of big business and management of it no longer go together. The gap between them widens yearly.

Twenty years ago a handful of men who might have gathered in one small room at No. 26 Broadway owned so much Standard Oil stock that for all practical purposes they were the company. Nobody could possibly have held any sort of job in that vast area of the petroleum industry against their will. The other day John D. Rockefeller, Jr., chief surviving representative of the old group, tried unsuccessfully to force the resignation of the chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. That well illustrates the diffusion of ownership that has been going on of late years and is continuing with increased momentum.

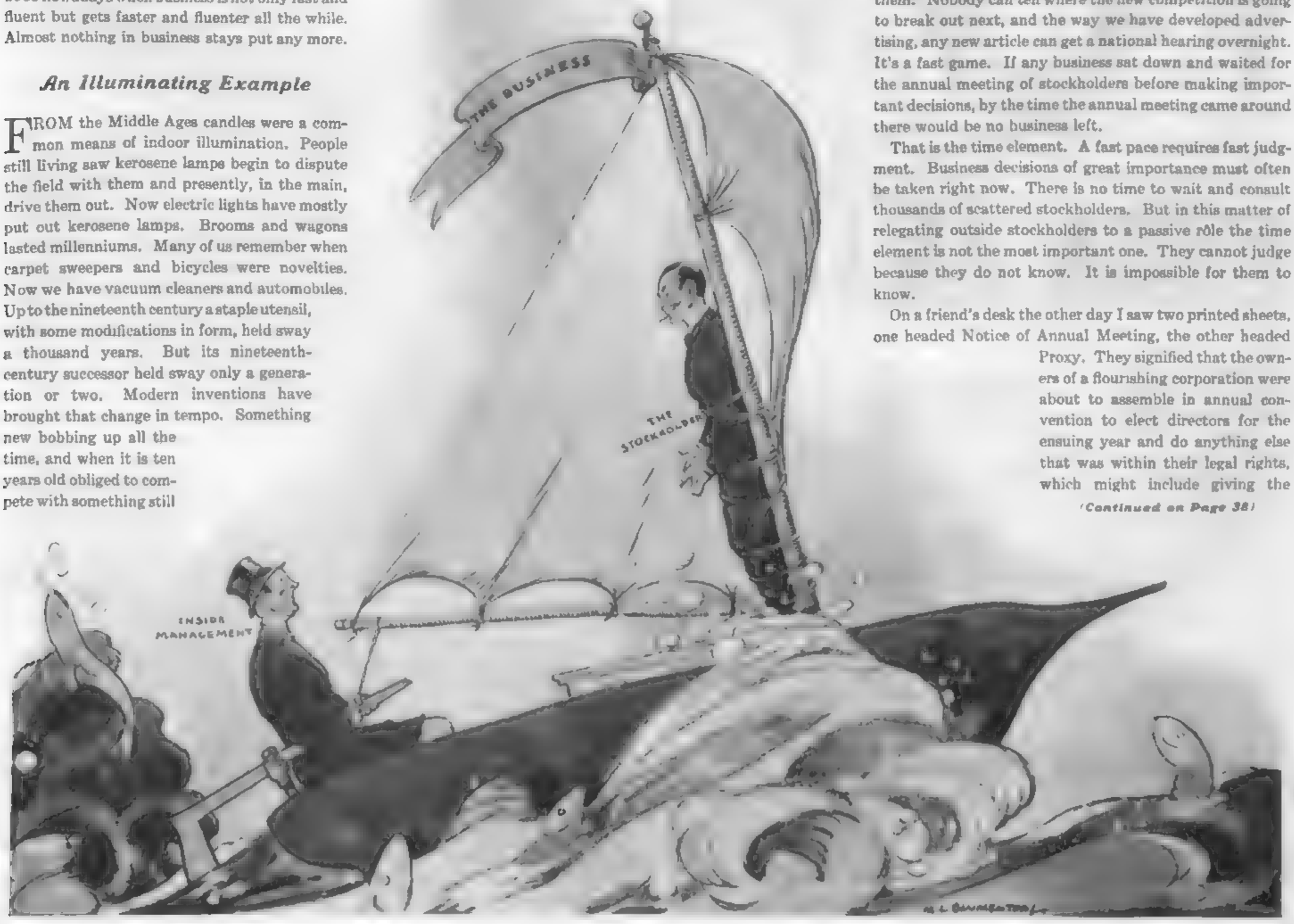
This naturally brings up the question of a new relation between ownership and management, since the two no longer go together. Diffusion of ownership is sometimes called democracy in industry, but that is misleading. Political democracy implies that questions of first-rate importance must be decided by the vote of all those directly interested. But successful business will always be a dictatorship of the able. It cannot be anything else and succeed. The outside stockholders' vote will be in the main only a perfunctory gesture. This must be so nowadays when business is not only fast and fluent but gets faster and fluenter all the while. Almost nothing in business stays put any more.

An Illuminating Example

FROM the Middle Ages candles were a common means of indoor illumination. People still living saw kerosene lamps begin to dispute the field with them and presently, in the main, drive them out. Now electric lights have mostly put out kerosene lamps. Brooms and wagons lasted millenniums. Many of us remember when carpet sweepers and bicycles were novelties. Now we have vacuum cleaners and automobiles. Up to the nineteenth century a staple utensil, with some modifications in form, held sway a thousand years. But its nineteenth-century successor held sway only a generation or two. Modern inventions have brought that change in tempo. Something new bobbing up all the time, and when it is ten years old obliged to compete with something still newer, as the new talking machine competes with still newer radio. Automobiles as articles of common use are hardly twenty-five years old; but the biggest manufacturer of them recently found that people no longer wanted the kind of car he was making, and so had to equip his factories all over to make a newer kind. Sails held their field for ages, but the coal-burning steamship that supplanted them in our own time is already facing the competition of the oil-burner.

The thing moves faster all the time, and modern inventions have changed the incidence of competition. Thirty years ago, in the most palmy days of trust-making and trust-busting, competition was mainly inside a given industry; your competitor was a man who sold the same article that you sold; the main fight, for example, was between two cotton mills. Now along comes a new thing, artificial silk, and knocks the wind out of both old competitors.

But Everybody Buys Common Stock With Full Knowledge That He is Mostly Lashing Himself and His Money to the Mast and Handing the Tiller Over to the Insiders



The most dangerous competition comes from outside—from a new article which seeks to supplant the article that you and your competitors inside the industry are selling. If you built a modest house in the country twenty-five years ago the competitive question was as to which of two lumber mills would sell the shingles. Now the first competitive question is as to whether you will use shingles or a composition article.

No doubt that is the main reason why people nowadays are so little interested in the trust problem, which exercised them mightily back in the days when Mr. Bryan was running for President. There is a substitute for almost everything; or if no substitute is actually in sight at the moment, put the price of the thing high enough and a substitute will be invented, for to put up the price is to offer a premium for a substitute. War scarcity put a great premium on the invention of substitutes in Germany. I read the other day that synthetic rubber had finally been achieved. If they haven't got it now they will get it in time. When they can make freight-car wheels out of paper and cloth out of glass, they can, roughly speaking, make anything out of anything. As a pretty general proposition, if you choke off inside competition and put the price high enough, outside competition will spring up.

New and Stronger Competition

THE new competition is not between plants in the same industry, but between rival industries—which, no doubt, often intensifies competition inside the industry, for if there are fewer orders, there will be a harder fight for them. Nobody can tell where the new competition is going to break out next, and the way we have developed advertising, any new article can get a national hearing overnight. It's a fast game. If any business sat down and waited for the annual meeting of stockholders before making important decisions, by the time the annual meeting came around there would be no business left.

That is the time element. A fast pace requires fast judgment. Business decisions of great importance must often be taken right now. There is no time to wait and consult thousands of scattered stockholders. But in this matter of relegating outside stockholders to a passive rôle the time element is not the most important one. They cannot judge because they do not know. It is impossible for them to know.

On a friend's desk the other day I saw two printed sheets, one headed Notice of Annual Meeting, the other headed Proxy. They signified that the owners of a flourishing corporation were about to assemble in annual convention to elect directors for the ensuing year and do anything else that was within their legal rights, which might include giving the

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Man: "Poor Fish!" Fish: "Poor Fish!"

The Psylent Helper

A PSYCHOLOGY student from Media
For knowledge grew greedier and greedier;
When he clamored for Freud,
The professor, annoyed,
Said "Look in the new Psychlopedia!"

—*C. R. S.*

More or Less Legal

PETER PIPER took his troubles to a firm of legal scholars:
Viz., to wit, that Hiram Hawkins owed him ninety-seven dollars
And aforesaid Hiram Hawkins would not pay him what was due him;
Which the legal experts pondered and pronounced "We'll have to sue him."
So they sued him; yet this Hiram wasn't noticeably flustered,
But responded through a lawyer who was keen as English mustard
And as lively as a cricket, though as portly as a porpoise,
Who invoked the Constitution and the Right of Habeas Corpus

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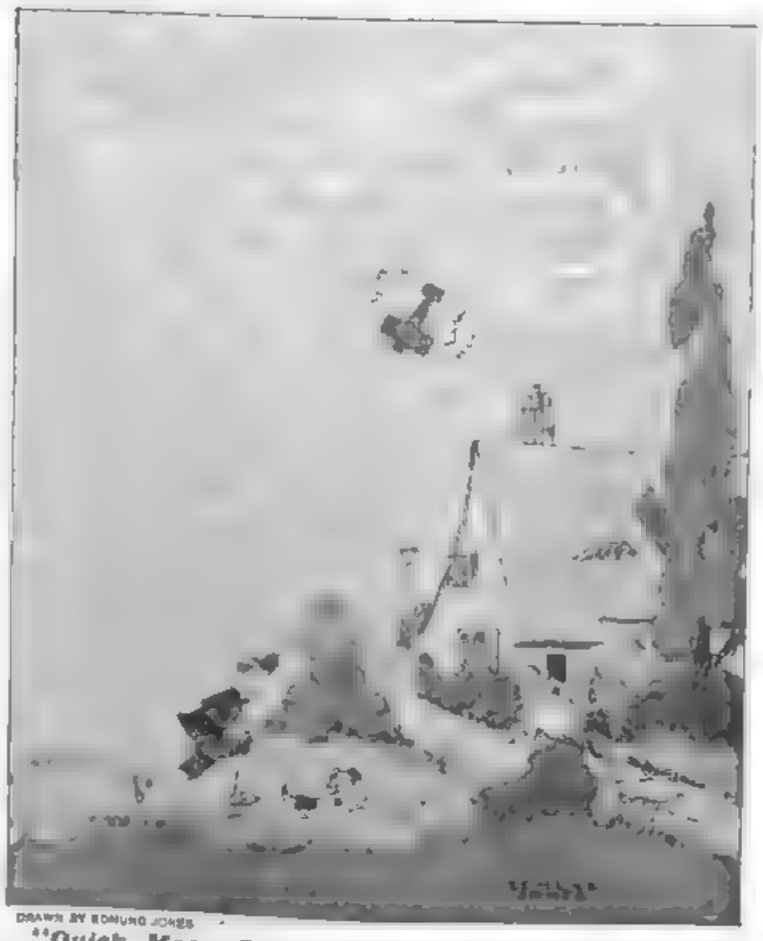

"Quick, Mom! Pop's Coming Home Drunk Again!"

The Lady Who Went to the Movies for Pleasure

A Farm Problem the Platform Makers Overlooked

Muriel: "Leonard! I Told You Not to Start Counting Those Sheep!"

Though Feeling Exceptionally Well, Jones Pays a Friendly Visit to His Doctor. But the Doctor Insisted on Giving Him a Friendly Physical Examination

SOUP

and the woman who tried

ONCE UPON a time—and it may have been yesterday—there was a woman who said to herself: "I wonder whether I am wise, after all, never to have tried these condensed soups you can buy at the store."

This woman always had insisted on making her soups at home. She and her family are so very fond of good soup. She would not think of serving any but the best soup. She prided herself on the deliciousness of the soups she made. She is a wonderful housekeeper—a wife and mother who always provides the most delightful and healthful meals. It was only natural for her to hesitate about buying soups made outside the home, for she *took it for granted* that they could not be as good as her own.

BUT THEN she tried. She noticed that her most careful friends always served Campbell's Soups. So she decided to "see for herself". And now she realizes how much useless bother and expense she gave herself in making soups in her kitchen. For in Campbell's Soups she discovered just the delicious quality and flavor she demanded.

The moral of this for every doubting housewife is: Try Campbell's Soups before you make up your mind about them. See if your experience is not the same as that of thousands and thousands of other exacting housewives. See if you are not missing a real chance to cut down your work and still have the finest soups for your family.

Adding an equal quantity of water. Bringing to a boil. Simmering a few minutes. Then the soup is all ready for your table—savory, tempting and delightful. The strictly high quality of Campbell's Soups has given them such tremendous popularity. But the ease and convenience of their service is not overlooked by the housewives of America, who are the quickest in the world to take advantage of every real help in better home management.

NO HOME kitchen can have all the facilities for fine soup-making possessed by the great, spotless Campbell's kitchens. Here skilled French chefs devote their lives to the blending of delicious soups. Is it any wonder that their soups are so eagerly welcomed on the proudest tables?

And Campbell's Soups—there are twenty-one, all listed on the label—offer you a variety in selection that is most welcome. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

I'm Rollicking Rollo, the Flash,
To race me, it surely is rash,
For I and my steed
Are lightning for speed
When Campbell's thrill me for the dash!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SWAG

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

"You're Lyin' When You Say You Got This Kid Cold," Bill Said While George Stared Straight Into His Eyes. "You Know You're Lyin'"

XI

I NEVER realized what a great thing the motion pictures are until I started out to explain just what happened in that room where George and me sat and waited. Pictures could show you everything just as I saw it, and that is necessary. Anything less than that falls short of the mark.

All the time I lay there on the bed, gagged and handcuffed, my mind ran a riot of ideas. All the time George sat there waiting to meet whatever came, he seemed as calm and as cool as a railroad announcer when you are in a hurry to find out what track your train is leaving on.

Minutes seemed like hours; they trailed slowly by until time became as nothing and everything just hung kind of suspended in the world until something came along to make a break. My nutty ideas kept coming; they crowded my mind until I was dead sure I was going crazy. But I guess they were a good thing. They probably kept me sane. And just as is always the way at a time like that, when things did break, they did it in a very ordinary way. My mind was so filled with things I had been through that I expected to see dragons creep in from the cracks in the wall and maybe strange men with faces not human come along and stab poor George with horned forks that spit fire from their tines. It was nothing like that.

Instead of that, both George and me heard the front door of the store below slam shut. It slammed just as it did a hundred times every day, but that time it seemed to have a voice, and the voice seemed to warn us to stand by for something terrible. George stood up like electricity had shocked him. I felt my tongue trying to get out in spite of the gag. Why is it that some people always try to stick their tongues out? I never knew before that I did. Some people even do it when they are just writing a letter.

But George was up now and standing over near the wall where the passage door was. That meant that when the door to my room was opened he would be partially behind it. I could see what he figured. When the man he was expecting came into the room, he would see me on the bed. Then, naturally enough, he would stop in surprise. Right at that second George would kick the room door shut and be in great position to take this man from behind.

All that flashed through my mind in the seconds that passed between the slamming of the door below and the sounding of the footsteps on the stairs leading to my room. Looking back, I think it very funny that I didn't try to identify those steps. I didn't listen for some familiar sound in them. I didn't seem to care who was coming. I guess I thought that whatever or whoever it was, it was not just a human man.

But the steps came closer and closer, and finally the door knob rattled. Afterward, George told me that my eyes stuck out farther than the end of my nose as I waited for that door to open. But it was not waiting for the door to open that had me twitching, it was wondering what would happen when it did open.

Then it opened. Maybe because I wouldn't have been surprised if a pink alligator had crept in, I wasn't surprised when Bill Nigel stood there. He stepped through the door. "Hello, John ——" he said, then bit off his own words and let surprise wreathe his face at the condition he found me in. It seemed never to occur to him that whoever had done me up was still there in the room. "What the hell!" he began again. Then George had his say. With his foot he slammed the door shut behind Bill. Bill jumped a foot and whirled around to face the detective. I could see only George's face; Bill was back to me.

"'Evenin', Bill," George drawled in his best sneering voice. The words never meant a thing, because as he spoke them he had his big gun trained dead on Bill's chest.

I saw Bill's shoulders heave. When he spoke his voice sounded sharper than usual, and kind of thinner.

"More theatricals?" he asked.

"I hope so," George said steadily. "I'd just love to blow you full o' holes."

"Bunk!" said Bill. "What's the big idea?"

"I ain't out in the sticks yet!" George said. "That was where you tipped your mitt, Bill. That little talk with Dennis queered you plenty."

"Yeah?" Bill asked. He was steadying himself a lot. His voice was softer and surer, like it always was. "You will be out there, George. You're just breedin' a large scab on your own nose."

"Mebbe Dennis is a better friend to me than he is to you," George said. "Mebbe it was Dennis who slipped me the dope that nailed you an' Belser cold on that silk deal, an' sent me in here to get the silk out o' the other buildin', then come through your very sleek tunnel an' grab off this fresh kid on the bed."

"Mebbe it was," Bill said. He tried mighty hard to keep his voice steady, but it was different. There was a change in it that I could see. Bill was worried—badly worried. "You're certainly gettin' mighty smart! I suppose you got a machine planted here to get all I say too. You can go to hell! Pinch me if you like. I'll tell my story under oath an' hear yours the same way." That seemed pretty sleek and confident to me. I had to hand it to Bill.

"That does me out of a chance to take a pot shot at you," George said. "I could as easy kill you as not. But sit down, you an' me are goin' to have a nice talk tonight, Bill."

"If you want me to talk you'll take me on some definite charge," Bill growled.

"I won't take you on anythin' but one charge, you rat!" George answered. "An' I'll decide what that charge is, savvy? You'll do exactly as I tell you to do. I've got the kid here cold an' I'm out to get you the same way. Whatever you say to me will be used, see? Used to send you as far as I can. So don't forget that."

"You got a swell imagination if you can imagine me sayin' anything to the likes of you, you cheap cop!"

"Sure, I'm a cheap cop. But I'll be that when you're dead an' gone! Now sit down on that chair there. You'll answer some questions for me, Bill. Sit down there an' keep your hands full on your knees or I swear to high heaven I'll sink you just with the weight of lead alone!"

There was no mistake about George meaning what he said. I guess Bill saw that. He was wise enough to play for time, and he went to the chair and sat down. He knew enough, too, to put his hands exactly where George ordered. I noticed that he never moved them until the final break came. That position put Bill right opposite me, and George bolted the door to my room on the inside, then walked over and sat down on the bed beside me.

I saw that Bill was watching George right close, but at the same time, keeping a good steady eye on me. He seemed to be studying things generally and me in particular. I didn't care for that a whole lot. I realized that back of the friendly feeling I had always felt for Bill, there was a fear that was coming to life now.

There they sat, Bill with his hands on his knees, the fingers pointing down his shins toward his feet and spread far apart. George, on the bed beside me, his elbows on his knees and that big gun pointing steadily at Bill's chest. Now and then Bill's fingers would wiggle up and down like the wing of an injured bird. Sometimes his shoulders would twitch just the least little bit. But mostly it was still—still and tight, if you can understand that. Their voices were always low until the very end, then it was Bill who raised his.

"You're lyin' when you say you got this kid cold," Bill said while George stared straight into his eyes. "You know you're lyin'. The kid has played the game with you. Look at his gag! If he had even tried to get it off, it would be wet and wrinkled from the way his mouth and jaw worked. It's dry—bone-dry. You're tryin' to frame me, Taylor."

Honest, when I heard that my bones shivered so that little wrinkles ran down the bedclothes from my body. George just grinned.

"Want me to turn him loose, eh? Fine chance!"

Then they sat there again. Bill kept wetting his lips with his tongue; his fingers kept fluttering. George just

(Continued on Page 28)

Look for the NEW BRAND!
It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
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To identify the slices . . .

When the dealer does the cutting
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Now this new brand is on every slice of Premium Ham or Bacon

The smallest piece of Premium Ham or Bacon carries this new brand.

Thousands of women have written us of their difficulty. They have not always been perfectly certain of actually getting Premium Ham or Bacon.

With bacon in the carton, the *whole* slab, or a *whole* ham, identification has been easy. The plainly marked carton, the familiar parchment wrapper, make mistakes impossible.

But when the whole piece is cut, there has often been doubt. That is why this new marking has been devised. Now, down the entire length, the word "Swift" is branded in dots in a rich brown that suggests broiled ham and bacon.

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Now even the smallest slice can be identified. Each one carries some fragment of the name that women trust for rich flavor, for perfect curing.

The old familiar brands are on the whole piece, too—the blue tag on the ham, the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers. But the next time you have Premium Ham or Bacon sliced at market, look for this *new* brand. *Swift*. Be sure you're getting what you ask for.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 26)

sat and looked and held the gun. Somebody had to speak. It was Bill who did it again.

"Whatever you think you've got on me," he said, "spill it. I ain't fightin' back, George. I ain't resistin' arrest. I ain't got a kick in the world. If you want to make a collar for some sort of a job you think I'm in, here I am. I'll go along peaceable enough. Take me. That's the law. I ain't even askin' a warrant!"

George grinned. "I don't want to collar you, Bill. That's the last thing in the world I want."

"Well, what's the idea, then?"

"I want to kill you! I want you to try some rough stuff. I've got you dead to rights, Bill, an' I hate your guts. That's all. Dennis hates you too! We planned all this since you called him on the telephone. With you outa the way, who can talk?"

Bill got very white. I could see from what George had told me that he was stalling Bill; and I could see that he was getting away with it. Maybe, I thought, that was why George had gagged me. He was afraid I might talk without meaning to talk. Pretty wise guy, this George.

"Bunk!" Bill snapped. George just grunted and sat there. Minutes went by. The sounds of the street came in again and I could even hear them both breathing. George steady and even, Bill short and jerky and kind of rattling in the throat.

"Well," Bill said at last, "why don't you do something? If you want to bump me off, why don't you do it?" His lips were working hard and his face was white and wore that tired look I had seen after he took Byra to the theater.

"I'm havin' too good a time just thinkin' about it all, Bill." George was certainly hard-boiled. He sounded absolutely on the level with this talk. "I hate your guts; I told you that, an' I mean it. You don't know why. I won't tell you. But I'm thinkin' about that too. I'm thinkin' that all you smart crooks come to the same end. You double-cross the wrong guy sooner or later—that's what you did. Stole from the wrong guy—that's why I hate you. I'm doin' this for him."

Bill was squirming. His head turned and his eyes darted around the room.

"Sit still," George snapped at him.

The barrel of the gun came up a bit. Bill kind of sank into himself and sat very still. All but his fingers; they were really like birds and they seemed like they were trying to fly away from his knees.

It is funny how just a few words will change the whole world. Knowing what I knew about George, I could see right through his bluff. He was just sweating Bill. He was making believe about a lot of things and all the time he kept Bill waiting, playing with him like our tabby cat used to play with a field mouse out in the barn.

Bill was bound to break under the strain George threw on him—and George knew that. So he filled Bill's straining mind with a lot of thoughts that didn't make any difference anyway, and then, when he got Bill talking, Bill was off his guard on the things George wanted to learn. I was glad I was gagged.

"I never double-crossed nobody," Bill muttered.

"What do you do when you rob some chump? Is that treatin' him like a man? What did you do when you dragged that guy in your store to get a peek at his tie pin, then bought it from Cally Dolan before Cally even stole it? Is that double-crossin', or is that sending a gent a weddin' present?"

"I ain't testifyin'," Bill said.

"I told you before I hope you never git a chance to testify!" George argued. Then he sat still again and I felt the blood pounding through the veins in my temples, and my hands, with the handcuffs gripping them, were so wet I thought they would drip. Waiting can be the worst thing in all the whole wide world.

"If you're going to do anything, do it!" Bill said after a long time. "Don't sit there like an idiot an' just look at me!"

His voice was raised a little. It kind of quivered. George's lip jerked up under his nostril and he shifted one foot a tiny bit. Otherwise he paid no attention.

"Hear me?" Bill demanded. "Let me tell you this: I may be sweatin' a bit now, but you'll sweat plenty for every drop you drag out of me! This is against the law, understand? You got no right to ——"

"I don't give a damn for the law," George answered, all soft and gentle.

"But you ain't got any right to—I got a right to a lawyer." Bill was beginning to crack.

"So had the guy with the stick pin. So has everybody who pawned stuff with old Uncle Isaac and got swindled in auction sales afterward; so have the owners of marked junk; so have the people who lost their automobiles; so have the diamond owners you robbed. Everybody's got a right to a lawyer, Bill! But how you goin' to get one?"

"You got to prove I stole things," Bill charged. "That is a job for the courts, not for you."

"I can't," George admitted. "Neither can the courts. That's the big trouble. You'd have been in jail three years ago if we had a chance to convict a smart fence. The fence laws are the rottenest in the world—you know that. That's why you're a fence."

It was all said quietly. George knew his stuff. Bill was pretty good too.

He said: "When you take a man to the courts your job is done. That's all they ask of you. There ain't any reason for all this stuff between us, George. We've had our misunderstandings, but they can be patched up. So far as my end goes, I'm willing. We can be friends—good friends—and do each other good instead of harm. I'm sorry I lost my head down in the store."

He Admits That There Was Once Another Man, in England, Years and Years Ago, Whose Stuff Was as Good as His Own

"I hate your guts," George grunted. That was a great expression of his, and among cops and the underworld it means more than anything else you can say. It means that you are enemies and never can be anything else.

"Then do whatever you want," Bill snarled. "My turn'll come all in good time. But do it. Whatever your game is, pull it off. Deal the hand. It won't be the first one I've played."

"I hated you more than ever when you started after that innocent kid downstairs. I ain't got any idea what you've put up to her, but I hate you for that," George said.

"You lie like the devil!" Bill snarled again, his face set and his jaw hard as concrete. "I never did a thing, but—but—damn it all, man, don't say a thing like that. I love that girl!"

George sneered again. The gun in his hand bobbed.

"You're a liar," he said simply. "You never loved anythin' on earth but Bill Nigel."

I pretended to make a try at getting the cuffs off my hands and the gag off my face. George spoke to me without turning his head or taking his eyes off Bill.

"Lay still," he said. I lay still.

I think George decided then that Bill was well enough cooked to serve. He began the nicest little trick I ever hope to see pulled off.

He said: "You know, Bill, all crooks are suckers. They don't even know the simplest things on earth. You are a crook an' you are simple—a simple nit-wit! A ball player has to play ball to live; a fighter has got to fight; a mailman has got to deliver mail; a preacher has got to preach—whatever your racket is, you've got to work it, see? Just as soon as anybody quits their own racket, that means somethin'. You're a crook, an' when you don't steal, that means somethin'. You didn't have brains enough to stick to normal, Bill. You showed by stoppin' work that somethin' was wrong with the works, see?"

"What you talkin' about?" Bill demanded.

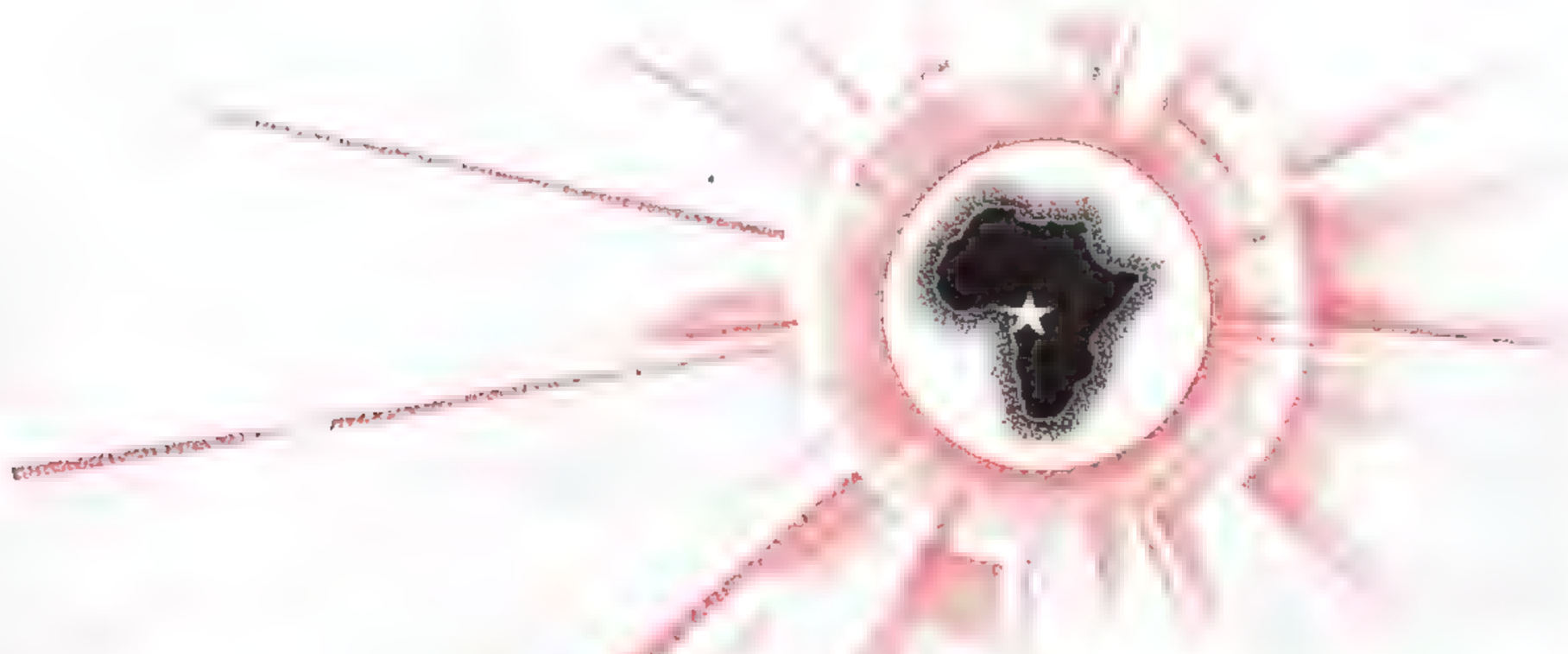
"The murder o' the pawnbroker," George said in the same quiet voice. "That's it—the murder. You done it, Bill. You killed the old guy an' I'm goin' to kill you fer doin' it. I'll burn you in the chair or I'll shoot you in two right here—that's for you to decide by your actions."

"You're crazy as a lunatic!" Bill shouted, his hands jerking upward in spite of himself. "I never ——"

"Put them hands back!" George said, and Bill did it quick as scat. "You bumped the old guy! I know you did! I got the proof too. You proved it yourself. Listen! On the day of that killin' you were the only man in the place that knew about these passages in the walls and through to the other buildin'—the only one. Red was gatherin' junk. Cally Dolan was on a plant for diamonds. Smitty was at Coney Island all day with a broad. The only ones in the know about this place that were here was you an' the old guy. Since that day not a single crooked trick has been pulled except a little marked junk that you already had bought

(Continued on Page 70)

Then They Came In With a Stretcher, and the Doctor in the White Coat Went Over and Leaned Over Bill



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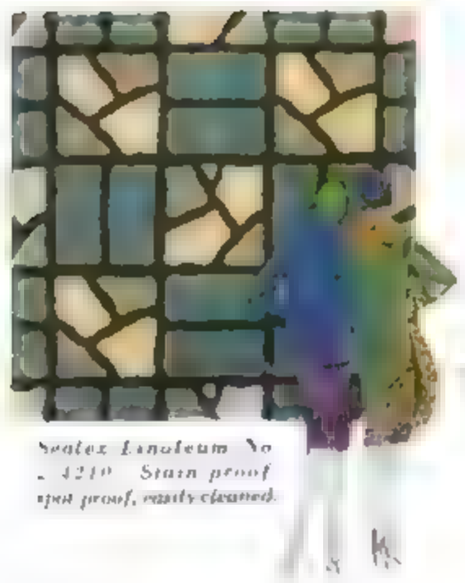
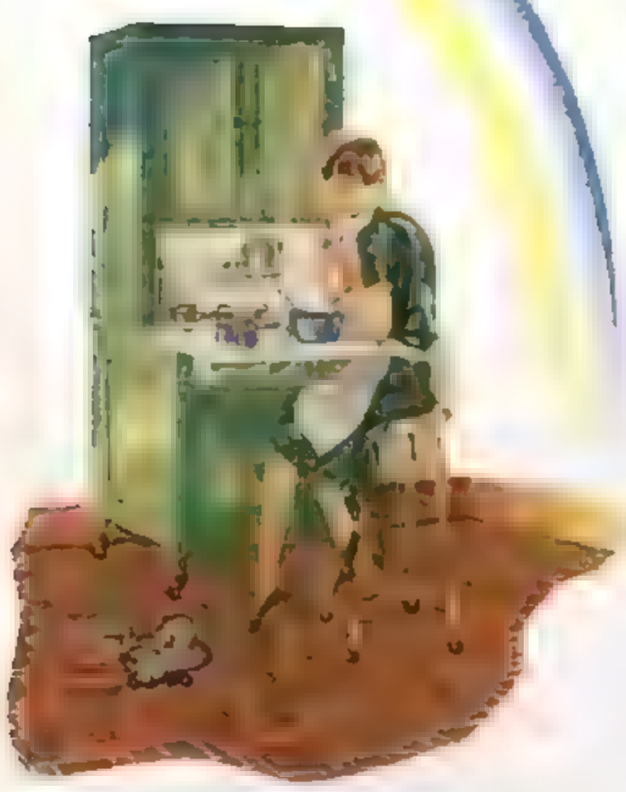
(At right) "Granada" — a Kurnean Marbled pattern in contrasting squares of ebony black and richcreamed cream. Sealex Linoleum No. 31



Sealex Linoleum No. 4210. Stain proof, spot proof, easily cleaned.

New Floor Effects

to harmonize with other beautiful things in the home



Hot fruit juices will not stain Sealex Linoleums. Pattern No. 1173/2.

THE brightness, the life, of these colorful times are strikingly reflected in the furnishings of the modern home. Walls, draperies and furniture—all have been touched with the universal vogue for color.

Even old-style, bare, cheerless floors are giving way, in the modern home, to smart, comfortable floors of resilient linoleums in fascinating, cheery colors—colors which harmonize perfectly with the many other beautiful things.

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Beany Escapes a Felon's Cell and is Punished by an Outraged Parent

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MONDAY, Sept. 6, 186—Beany has lost his gob and if it hadent been for Beanys father being a poluseman and driving horses for old Mager Blake i gess Beany wood have got into jale. father sed he desirved it. father sed he put a lot of peeple in jepperdy of their lifes. i asted father what that ment and he sed that Beany had neerly killed sum peeple by playing a trick on them.

this is the way it was. Beany has been wirking for Mager Blake, the man that keeps the Swampscott hotel rite oposite our house. Beany wirks in the stable only he dont rub down the horses or shovel manure or shake up bedding or wash buggys or cleen harnisses. sumtimes he greeses the wheels but not often.

but Beany dresses up good with his cuffs pulled down and a cleen coller and a blew neckty and his boots shined up and when sum of the gests of the hotel wants a horse to ride or to drive the hosler hiches the horse into the buggy or brownell or carryall or demmocrat wagon but mostly into a buggy with red wheels and a red carrige mat and a whipp with a blew ribbon on it tide in a beau gnot. and Beany taiks a fether duster and dusts the buggy and then if the horse is hiched into a carriage he drives the horse to the hotel and gets out and holds the horse until the peeple get in and he hands them the runes and bows and sumtimes they give him ten cents and sumtimes 25 cents and sumtames nothing. and if it is a saddle horse Beany rides him to the front of the hotel.

well the truble with Beany is that he always wants to do funny things. he has lost his gob as organ blower for the Unitarial chirch moar than 40 times for letting the wind out with a squork when the quire is singing lo a voice from heven whitch maiks the peeple laff and the quire mad enuf to tare Beany lim from lim. or elce Beany is peeping out from behine the organ and maiking faces or mimicking the minister. then after chirch old Chipper Burley xpels Beany forever for maiking a mock of religiun. but he always taiks him back again becaus evrybody likes Beany and he wood be missed auful as there is always sum fun in the chirch when Beany is there.

why onct the peeple in the chirch voated whether they wood keep a new minister or Beany and Beany beat the minister 2 to 1. i have rote about that in my book.

well this time Beany did sumthing pretty tuff. a few days ago there was a horseback party to ride over to Captain George Moltons farm to get sum sweet cider. all the dandys and their girls was going. John Gardner and Dan Ranlett and Johnny Gibson the high school teecher and doctor Pray and a feller from Boston whitch all the Exeter fellers dident like becaus he gnew how to do evrything better than they did and all the Exeter girls was after him.

well eech feller hired 2 horses, 1 for his girl and 1 for himself. but the Boston feller only hired 1 horse and dident invite enny girl becaus he sed he dident want to maik all the other girls mad and dident want to stir up truble in a pieceful town. you wood think a feller from Boston wood know moar than that woodent you. but he dident know enny better and all the girls was mad and all the fellers two.

so this was the beginning of Beanys downfall. father sed it was the ferst step in crime that made Beany a fellon. i thougt a fellon was a kind of bile on a fellers thum, but father sed it was wirse becaus he sed when a feller maid a attemp on sumbodys life he was a fellon. i am sorry for Beany but it was auful funny and father sed it accomplised the desired end and sent the feller back to Boston where he belonged. well as i was saying this is the way it was. 2 of the fellers whitch was going to ride come to Beany and sed they wood give him a doller if he wood do sumthing to get the Boston feller threw off his horse. so Beany thougt it over and desided to put a horse chestnut bur under the saddle so when the feller gumped on it wood prik the horse and maik him kick up.

so Beany found out that the Boston feller had hired the weezle mare of Mager and he hunted up the birr with the longest prikers in his box of horse chestnuts. evry feller has a box of horse chestnuts. we use them to plug at fellers and to cure warts and roumaticks but mostly to hich them together in long strings and throw them over telligraf wires. but we always keep sum of the birrs to put down fellers backs and sumtimes in fellers seets. they dont fall over like bent pins but you can see them eezier so we dont use them mutch. but if a feller does set on them he gets priked in 8 or 10 places to onct and hollers feerful

well Beany found a good one with long prikers and when they brougt out the horses and put on the saddles Beany got a chanct while he was dusting off the saddle to slip the birr under the saddle blanket way back so it woodent prik the horse until the feller set down on the saddle.

most of the fellers come down and got on the horses at the stable and led their girls horse up in front of the hotel where the girls was wating in long riding dresses and hats with fethers and riding whipps. then the girl of eech feller put her foot in his hand and he lifted her onto her horse and arraigned the stirrup and gave her the ranes and

(Continued on Page 88)

He Sed He Wood Persecute Mager and Haul Him Into Coart

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SLAVES AND SERFS

"Smile, and be More Polite, Act as if You Were Really Glad to See Them"

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

SINCE the thing occurred, I must confess, I have been thankful, positively thankful, that our country is not in the League of Nations; and before this —— Well, if there is a more internationally minded woman in our club—no, I will go farther and say in our whole city or state—than I, I'd just like to see her. Often and often Wilbur has said, to me, "Alberta, you have the true international mind." And husbands do not flatter.

I have always held firmly to the phrase "We must think, we must feel internationally." I hold to it still, in principle. I believe it is the right, the broad and brotherly attitude. But we have got to be practical; we have got to recognize facts when they come and stick themselves under our very noses and shout into our very ears. When I say shout, I mean shout too. So, no matter how internationally we may feel and think, there are occasions on which it is more than difficult, even impossible, to put it into practice. That is why I know that Mrs. Romanay Jones was in the right. And yet I am thankful that our country is not in the League of Nations, because it would not be pleasant to have the affair taken up before all the other countries; and I am sure the baron is the sort of man to pretend he is all soothed down while over here, but when he got back home and thought it over he might easily decide to carry his anger and his annoyance and display them before every nation in the league, and it would not look well; it would be mortifying and awkward to have our city and our club's names blazoned about in that way.

But I repeat, Mrs. Romanay Jones was in the right. She is a very able woman and she has been president of our club ever since she started it. She is accustomed to starting and heading every important movement in the city. Ever since Caleb Romanay Jones died and left her the gas works and the electric-light plant and the trolley system and quantities of gilt-edged real estate she has been very prominent. Her house is the largest and most suitable for entertaining, and she is executive both in manner and appearance, being one of those large handsome women with a good carrying voice. Wilbur sometimes calls her the loud speaker, but that is only his fun, and he is careful not to say it where she can hear it. I think our city is very lucky to have a woman of wealth and ability who likes to do things and is always getting up something and putting it through, and not calling on other people to do the dirty work, but hiring secretaries and clerks and paying them well, so that there is never any fear as to whether the final proceeds will cover the expenses.

Here is a list of the organizations in which Mrs. Romanay Jones plays the lead: Newton City Hospital, Newton City Orphans' Home, Newton City Home for the Aged of Both Sexes, the Handicraft Guild, Polyhymnia Musical Union, Song-in-the-Home Club, Art Center, Newton City Improvement League, the W. C. T. U., the Public Library, the Plant-More-Trees Club, Playground Association, Mothers' Club, Women's City Club, the Y. W. C. A., Women's College Club, Original Coolidge Club, Women's Republican Club, the Cultural Encouragement Club and the Women's Political Education Club. I may have left out some of the minor organizations, but these are the most important. And it is the last, the W. P. E. C., which was the background for the events I shall relate. Wilbur says "battleground" not "background" is the word I want, and he is right.

When we of the W. P. E. C. heard that the distinguished writer and lecturer, Baron Holtzapfel, was planning a lecture tour in this country, we felt we must secure him for our annual banquet. Even if he does come from one of the more obscure of the Balkan countries, he himself is an international figure of enormous prominence and prestige. Besides, he speaks English very well. We did not want to repeat the blunder we made when we got Madame Katushka, the Russian lady who was supposed to know all about the pernicious and shameful—though convenient—laws about divorce of the new régime in Russia, and when she arrived she had lost her interpreter somewhere on the train, and she could speak nothing but Russian. I, personally, in spite of my neuritis, spent the entire day scouring the mill district for a Russian who could take the place of the lost interpreter, and couldn't find anything but Poles and Hungariana, which are not the same; and frankly, we had a dreadful time, and we never heard one intelligent word about the divorce laws. Wilbur has never got done teasing me about it.

Mrs. Romanay Jones was the one who first mentioned having the baron, and we all felt it was a wonderful idea. His fee was rather high, but we set that matter right by adding twenty-five cents to the price of each banquet ticket, and so we were certain of no deficit. The annual banquets of the W. P. E. C. are events in our city, and we have a huge crowd. We take the ballroom and banquet room of our largest hotel and fill them with tables for the dinner, then have the tables moved out and the chairs put close together in the ballroom and have the speeches; usually two or three lesser lights—preliminary bouts, Wilbur calls them—and then one really distinguished man—or woman—whom we pay. The earlier speakers do not get paid; they

(Continued on Page 37)

The car illustrated is the Two-door Sedan, $925; spare tire extra. Other models, at correspondingly low prices, are: Standard Coupe, $925; Sport Coupe, $995; Phaeton, $995; Roadster, $995; Four-door Sedan, $1025; Landau, $1085. All prices quoted f. o. b. Lansing

ANNOUNCING FIVE NEW DE LUXE MODELS

Now the Fine Car of Low Price has been made even more luxurious, with an even wider choice of body types, by the addition of five new De Luxe models. All come complete with six wire wheels, six tires and tubes, folding trunk rack, leather boots on all four springs, and chrome-plated headlamps. Spare wheels are carried in fender wells and securely locked. Models available are De Luxe Landau (illustrated at left), De Luxe Four-Door Sedan, De Luxe Sport Coupe, De Luxe Roadster and De Luxe Phaeton. Prices are only slightly higher than standard models.

There's only one conclusion

IT MUST BE GOOD

When a car wins success as quickly as this new Oldsmobile, there is only one conclusion—*it must be good!*

And the facts confirm this judgment.

Its magnificent new bodies by Fisher reveal the surpassing beauty and craftsmanship for which Fisher is world-famous.

Its great 55-h. p. engine provides high-compression performance without special fuels.

Its silenced chassis embodies every principle of fine-car design. Its complete equipment shows exceptional care for owner satisfaction.

Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, easy-acting positive four-wheel brakes, radiator shutters, bumpers front and rear, gasoline gauge and temperature gauge on the dash—in fact everything that contributes to comfort, convenience and easy riding—are included in its low price.

When you consider these facts, it is not surprising that critics pronounce this new Oldsmobile *"Two years ahead!"*

Thousands of motorists acclaim it *"The Fine Car of Low Price"*. Owners grow more and more enthusiastic with each mile of driving. Sales have leaped to a new high point. Even with increased factory facilities it is difficult to keep production abreast of demand!

So the evidence rolls up—until your own good judgment tells you . . .

"I must see this Oldsmobile. I must drive it myself. There's no denying, *it must be good!*"

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

$925

f. o. b. Lansing
Spare Tire Extra

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Carefree · · but scuffing your money away

Send them to school on Soles they can't wear out

Higher than ever go the prices for sturdy shoes. Hard as ever is the rough and tumble wear that youngsters give to shoes. Between high costs and hard wear there's tragedy ahead for the family pocketbook.

Save money, save worry, save shoes, by putting those eager feet on Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

There's nothing like Wingfoots for wear. Goodyear *guarantees* them to outwear any other sole.

Waterproof, they protect the health of the boy and the life of the shoe. They make any good shoe a better shoe.

Do not confuse Goodyear Wingfoot Soles with any other soles. Do not let anyone tell you anything else is "like" Wingfoot Soles. Insist on them for any service where you want extra wear.

The material in the new Goodyear Wingfoot Tan Sole, for example, is scientifically different, different in wearing quality, different in usefulness.

It is tough enough for the toughest service, and good-looking enough for company best. It will not mar any floors.

This is the sole that Goodyear developed to be the peerless walking mate of the famous Goodyear Wingfoot Heel.

It is the peak of Goodyear's experience in making more than 30,000,000 pairs of soles.

Since its recent introduction, more than 200,000 pairs of Goodyear Wingfoot Tan Soles have gone into all kinds of service. *Not one pair of them has ever come back!*

You can get these *guaranteed* soles on new shoes made by America's leading shoe manufacturers or have them put on by your favorite shoe repairman. On any shoes, they give a new standard of service, a new measure of foot comfort, and a real protection for your pocket. Try a pair!

When Goodyear started out to make a perfect shoe sole, Goodyear became a shoemaker. Built and equipped a model shoe factory and shoe repair shop. Put one of the shoe industry's skilled experts in charge and under his supervision made and tested and re-tested 10,000 soles, of all materials, to get this guaranteed longer-wearing sole.

Guaranteed To Outwear Any Other Sole

GOODYEAR

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WINGFOOT SOLES

(Continued from Page 33)

are glad enough to appear before us for nothing but the publicity it gives them. It is no small honor to be asked to speak at the annual banquet of the W. P. E. C.

You see, we are accustomed to doing the banquet with a great deal of style. It is preceded by a reception, which gives everyone a chance to meet the chief speaker, and that is held in the foyer outside the ballroom. Both the foyer and the ballroom are decorated in an unusual and artistic way, and there are flowers on each table, and place cards, sometimes hand-painted by a protégée of Mrs. Romanay Jones—a nice girl named Alice Kearny who is working her way through art school and wants to earn what she can. This year, though, Alice Kearny had won a foreign scholarship and gone to Paris, so we simply had the place cards printed in four colors and gold, with the club emblem—a woman's hand grasping a ballot box—on the cover. Ribbons in the club colors—baby blue and rose—tied the pages together, and the motto was at the foot of every page. I am in charge of getting up the program, and I wanted to impress the motto on everybody present, because it so well expresses our international feeling: After All There is But One Race—Humanity. I selected that motto myself when our club was founded, after a long search through Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, and Mrs. Romanay Jones approved it at once. It is from George Moore, but I do not put his name to it on the program, because some of our members do not approve of the moral tone of his writings—Wilbur says I mean the absence of moral tone. But it is the same thing.

At the speakers' table we always have elaborate floral decorations, but not too high, as the audience likes to watch the prominent people eating. They always hope that something diverting will happen—like the time the waiter spilled the caviar on the bald head of one of the speakers, or the time old Senator Peppergrass, who doesn't see very well, ate his lobster mayonnaise with a soup spoon. Mrs. Romanay Jones sits in the exact center, the chief speaker at her right and one of the others on her left. She always wears a beautiful new evening gown, and a wide sash in the club colors from her right shoulder down to the left side of her waist, which makes a striking effect. And how she does preside! I tell Wilbur that many a veteran statesman might well take lessons from Amy Romanay Jones, and though Wilbur pretends to scoff, he agrees with me in his heart.

The public library stocked up with several copies of Baron Holtzapfel's more important books, and all of us in the W. P. E. C. who had not read them hastened to do so. They were quite extraordinary in some of their views, and as they were about women's status in the political life of the nations, and what the baron thought about it, they were interesting; though most of us felt that he was subversive and medieval when he advocated polygamy by law after a war which had decimated the male inhabitants. That, we felt, was going too far. And, indeed, his observations as to women in political life seemed to be that women didn't count, never had counted and never would count for much, except to further the continuance of the race. He called women slaves and serfs, created to be man's vassals and playthings. Some of our members felt that a man with such views ought not to be permitted to address an advanced club like ours, especially when his fee was so frightfully high; but Mrs. Romanay Jones pointed out that we must hear both sides of every question, and also it was our duty to show the baron just how important and efficient and intelligent American womanhood can be.

"He will never be able to write about us as nothing but mothers," she said, "after he has been here." And truer words were never spoken.

We were all very busy preparing for the banquet, and we had meetings twice a week with Mrs. Romanay Jones to report progress and see if she had any new ideas for us. Everything was running beautifully, and the city papers had never given us so much fine publicity. The subscription to the banquet was overwhelmingly large. Every woman who was going had ordered a new dress, so the shops and dressmakers were pleased; and the floral decorations promised to be more effective than ever, as the son of our leading florist was designing them, and he is a young man just come into the business and simply seething with artistic energy. As for the menu, it was the best the hotel had ever planned for us, and no advance in price! Melon, strained gumbo, sole Mornay, filet mignon béarnaise with asparagus tips, a green salad, baked Alaska and coffee. Bonbons and nuts and rolls and butter, of course.

Mrs. Romanay Jones was to entertain the baron in her palatial home. She always does entertain the lions. Owing to her many public activities, her house is largely run by her two daughters, Eleanor and Genevieve, who have inherited their mother's cleverness along with her good looks. They are both as smart as tacks, and extremely attractive; and when I hear talk about how wild and silly the younger generation is, I always point with pride to the two Jones girls as examples of the younger generation in our town. They are, maybe, a trifle flippant in their remarks at times, but youth must have its fling; and if you had ever heard either of them breaking in a new butler of the haughtiest and stiffest and most awe-compelling sort, you would know that their flippancy and their good looks had not spoiled their capabilities.

It was only a few days before the banquet, and we were having a very important last meeting, when I saw that something had occurred to ruffle Mrs. Romanay Jones. No one else seemed to notice it, but I observed that slight palpitation of her left nostril which always means she is agitated. I thought it best to stay a while after the other chairwomen of committees had left, on the chance of being some help and comfort to one whom I so much honor and respect.

And sure enough, when she saw I was the last, she said to me:

"Don't go for a minute. I've something to show you."

She took a letter from her desk—we were in the library—and handed it to me.

"Read that," she said, "and give me your reaction."

It was a communication, typed, single-spaced, two pages, from Baron Holtzapfel's manager, which began abruptly thus:

"Baron Holtzapfel directs that the following suggestions be carefully considered."

It was the most extraordinary document I have ever read. Mrs. Romanay Jones came and looked over my shoulder.

(Continued on Page 99)

"What are Women? Creatures Without Souls, Without Brains, Without Strength, With No Place in the Universe Save as Men Will's"

OWNERS AND VOTERS

(Continued from Page 23)

company's plants away or selling them for Russian bonds. My friend is one of those owners. If he did not wish to attend the meeting in person he might, by signing the proxy blank, designate another person to represent him there and vote in his name on any proposal that came up. I noticed that he glanced at the two sheets and threw them both in the wastebasket.

Six years ago he bought, as an investment, two hundred shares of the company's common stock because he knew its record - which anyone can look up. It is a tolerably long record and notable for steady earning power, solid growth and conservative management. It is not among the giants, but if you were seeking an investment in common stock any experienced judge would say, on the record, that this looked pretty good.

The company's business consists in manufacturing and selling heating apparatus. Like practically all other industrials, that is a highly specialized, technical business, and my friend knows just as much about it as the man in the moon. It's all he can do to remember how the drafts on his own furnace operate. What advice could he give about the management of such a business? What is there for him to vote on? He gets a handsome annual report at the end of the year. Looking it over he finds that the management has done thus and so in the past twelve months. It has opened a branch office here. It has built an addition to plant there. It has made some changes in models. It is making some new arrangements for exports. It has borrowed some money, and so forth.

Suppose each one of those propositions had been submitted to him for a vote before action was taken. You might as well have handed him a page out of a Chinese almanac and asked him to vote whether it's February or August. In order to form an intelligent opinion upon them a man must know the heating-apparatus business from the inside. As to ninety-nine out of a hundred decisions that the management is called upon to make during the year, it is only the men on the inside knowing the technic of the business and in intimate day-to-day touch with it who can judge intelligently. And the most important part of the management of any business consists in meeting actual concrete problems as they arise day by day rather than in laying down general principles at the beginning of the year. If the details are not right no general principles will work out right.

The Men Who Know How

Mostly it is impossible for outside stockholders to vote intelligently on questions of management because it is impossible for them to know. By outside stockholders I do not mean necessarily small stockholders, but all those, large or small, who hold the stock as an investment without having a special, close-up knowledge of the business. Although ownership is steadily passing into the hands of outsiders, as a rule they can only register approval or disapproval of something that has already been done.

The company, of course, belongs to the stockholders. They are the owners. Subject to the restrictions imposed by law and to the mortgage rights of the bondholders, they can do what they please with the business. Generally the time for them to express their will is at the annual stockholders' meeting. But if you should look in at the annual meeting of any of the companies that have many stockholders, you would find only a handful of them present, and if you sat through the proceedings you would readily understand why there were no more.

Usually when anything worth listening to occurs at an annual meeting, it is because there is a fight on for control of the company, or a quarrel among what may be termed inside stockholders, and not because outside stockholders are taking a hand in the direction of affairs. With rare exceptions, too, when the annual meeting adjourns, stockholders have nothing more to say for a year. Until the next annual meeting the company is in the hands of the directors whom they have elected.

Generally speaking, the outside stockholder has got to leave management of the company to insiders. That is inherent in the situation. It will be so, world without end, and since buncombe is always harmful, we ought to get that point straight in our heads. If you don't know the telephone business yourself and invest your money in it, you've got to leave the management to men who do know the business. If they judge wrongly you are out of luck, but outsiders, ignorant of the business, cannot judge for them. Such businesses as I have in mind are all very specialized, highly technical affairs. Insiders may sometimes fail, but outsiders would fail all the while. Management must be left to insiders.

A Fragile Crutch

An outside stockholder ought to look over his company's reports, note the market quotations for the stock, read what news or gossip the financial page of the newspaper contains about it. If he concludes the concern isn't doing as well as it should, his first recourse is to sell his stock. That is the commonest expedient. The other expedient is to possess his soul in patience until a better management comes in; but only in the rarest cases will his vote have anything to do with bringing in the better management. If he is an outsider he doesn't know for whom to vote.

Once in a while, under aggressive leadership, outside stockholders will combine to oust an unsatisfactory management. That does not often happen, and when it does happen, the unsatisfactory management will already have done damage to the company. And usually the better management, if it comes at all, will come without intervention by outside stockholders. A management may learn by its own mistakes and become better. In every company that I ever heard of there is a bunch of inside stock owned by directors or others who do know the business. It may very often be less than a majority of all stock, but it is generally the real repository of corporate power, and its interest lies in finding efficient management. If it cannot correct bad management, the company will finally get in a condition where its creditors will order a housecleaning. There is plenty of criticism of banker management; but if you had a list of all the companies that bankers, representing the creditors, have pulled out of the slough and started off on the highway to dividends under new management, it would make an imposing show. In short, business enterprises that have any real life in them display the same unreasonable tendency that individuals do to overcome their diseases and recover health. The outside stockholder should not be too easily discouraged, even though his voting power is but the frailest reed to lean upon.

All the same, it is well for managements to bear in mind that stockholders may combine and throw them out—just as it is a good thing for any man to keep in mind that he may lose his job. For that reason, issuance of nonvoting stock should always be discouraged. But everybody buys common stock, or should buy it, with full knowledge that he is mostly lashing himself and his money to the mast and handing the tiller over to the insiders. If the management goes wrong, his investment will go wrong for the time being, at least. There is no possible remedy for that.

The most popular remedy is publicity—frequent, complete and candid reports to the stockholders. That is first-rate as far as it goes, but it would be a capital error to assume that it can go very far. Any report must deal mainly with things that have already been done—finished transactions. If the transactions were injudicious the income account will show it in loss of earnings; but that isn't much satisfaction. More important than that, the best balance sheet in the world can deal only with concrete, objective things, and usually the most important things about a company are its intangibles—management and goodwill—which cannot be expressed by arithmetic.

To know, for example, how much a company's plant cost is not to know very much about the company.

No matter how good your plant is, if it loses its trade, earnings stop. And in any competitive business, trade belongs pretty much among the intangibles. It is a matter of management and goodwill much more than it is a matter of real estate, buildings and machinery. If the management judges wrongly, earnings will go wrong. Generally outside stockholders, not knowing the business intimately, cannot possibly participate in the judgments as they are made. All they can judge is the results after the judgments have been put into effect. In short, they can look at earnings and dividends, and if those are not satisfactory they can sell their stock, or sit down and wait for better weather.

There are a few canalized, monopolistic businesses, railroads being the most important example. They are circumscribed by law to the one activity of hauling goods and persons at fixed rates, and they have strong protections against competition. No competitor can cut rates and no competitor can build into their territory except with the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission. As long as people in the territory use a railroad at all, they must use the existing plant. To a very important extent trade is permanently tied to the plant. In that case the plant, of course, is very important; the tangibles are very important. So the uniform system of accounting and reporting imposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission is very important. But railroads are exceptional.

At the Helm

Formerly—and not so very long ago, either—they were the chief medium of investment. If anybody had surplus money to put into stocks or bonds, he would probably turn first to the railroad list. But nowadays railroads, as mediums for investment, are far down the line. Last year more than $7,000,000,000 of stocks and bonds, issued for new capital, were floated in the United States, but only about 7 per cent of them were issued by railroads. Public utilities took up three times as much new capital as railroads did. They also are somewhat canalized and protected against competition, but not so much protected as the railroads. Motorbusses have already ruined some interurban trolley lines, for example. Gas and electricity often compete. Water-power electric current often has to figure against steam-power current. And when you get out into a free competitive field, your balance sheet, dealing only with the tangibles, doesn't go very far in disclosing the most important things about the company, for those things are intangible.

The outside stockholder bulks larger every year. Many companies—notably in the public-utility line—have taken particular pains of late years to distribute their stock among customers, or to the investing public generally. In response to that, outsiders have bought millions of shares. Investment trusts have become so important that the New York legislature is bringing them under supervision. Usually such trusts take an outsider's money and distribute it among the shares of several companies. Instead of all the eggs in one basket, they put each egg in several baskets. Big blocks of inside stock have been bought by Wall Street houses and ownership of them distributed among many comparatively small holders.

The big company that is owned by a small group of men, or a majority of whose stock is owned by a small group, is the exception. But any big company that succeeds is run, in practical effect, by a very small group—usually by an even smaller group than the roster indicates. If it is a really big company it will have fifteen or more directors—all, presumably, men whose advice is valuable on certain questions. But the executive committee of five—often largely dominated by three or one—does most of the steering.

The management of competitive businesses tends almost irresistibly to a dictatorship of the able. The pull is all in the direction of finding a man who can do the job, turning it over to him and letting him have his way about it.

Who Shies at Dividends?

If you consider the immense amount of property and earning power whose management is practically intrusted to small groups of men I think you will be struck with surprise and admiration at how well and faithfully those men do it.

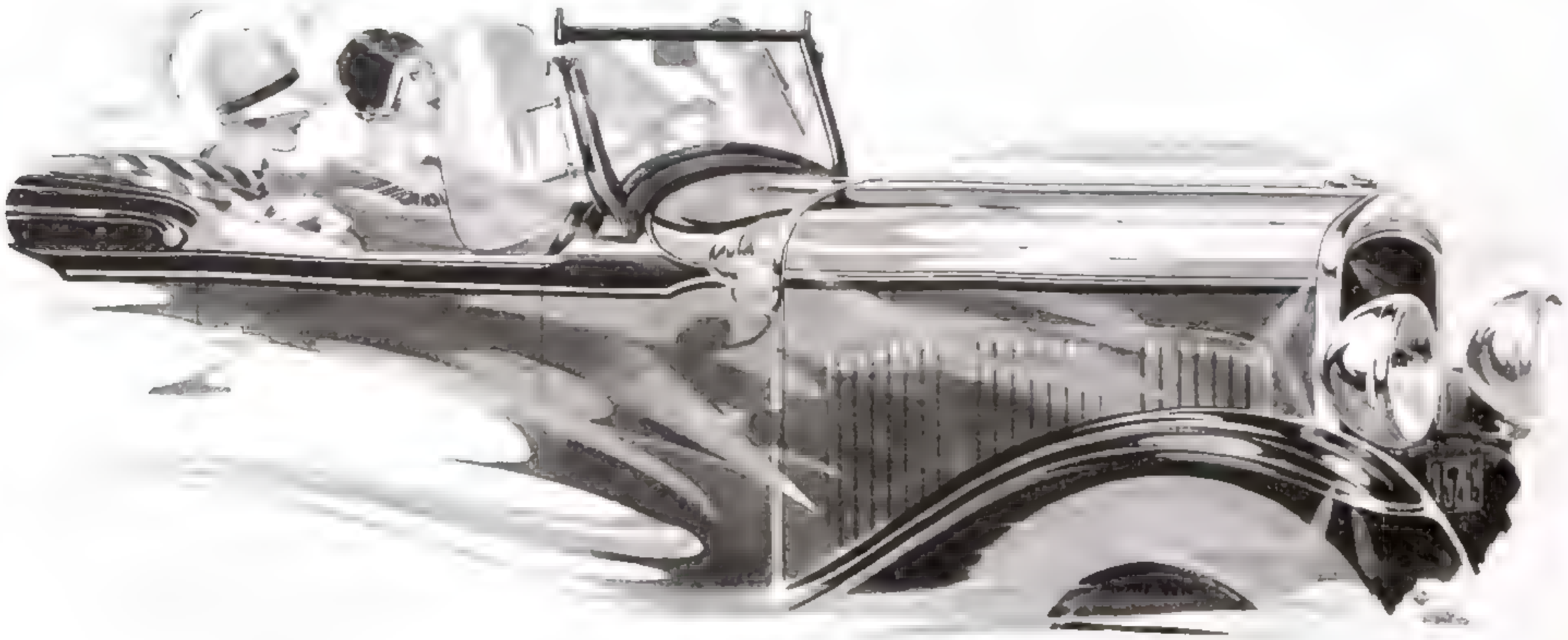
With, say, ten billion dollars of investment money accumulating every year it is reasonable to suppose that more and more of it will go into common stocks and that ownership of corporations will become more and more widely scattered. That ought to have some important results. In fact, it is having some important results now. Twenty-five years ago nearly everybody was pointing with alarm to big corporations and big fortunes. Corporations and fortunes are much bigger now than they were then, but in looking over current literature it strikes me that very few people are much excited about it. There is a different attitude toward large accumulations of capital.

One reason, no doubt, is that people aren't as scared of monopoly as they were a generation ago. Corporations have got bigger, but since the World War, prices have gone down. Automobiles have been a big-corporation industry and a big-profit industry, but many people know by experience that in spite of a rise in wages and cost of materials, they can buy a much better automobile for $1000 now than they could have bought for $2000 twenty years ago. They are not afraid of big figures.

But there is another reason. Hardly more than twenty years ago, driving an automobile in the country, I got sour looks from half the people I passed on the road—and for a very good reason. They were driving horses, and many country-bred horses would still shy at an automobile. Decidedly, automobiles were not popular in rural districts. All that has changed simply because farmers themselves now own automobiles. No stockholder ever shied at an extra dividend from his own company. Diffusion of ownership brings a different attitude toward corporations.

Formerly ownership and management, in the main, went together. Majority owners were the managers. But with the growth of corporate capital and the steady diffusion of stocks, big-business management becomes more like a profession. Already many very big businesses are practically run by men who are not very rich. They do not owe their positions to possession of wealth, still less to possession of political pull. In a free field they rose by ability. The most important thing for the country, and the best assurance for the outside stockholder, is to keep the field free. Probably the time is not a great way off when outside stockholders will own the greater part of the country's big businesses. Their voting power is only a second-line defense—something to fall back on after suffering a reverse at the front. The front must be left to the management. The freer the field for ability, the fewer arbitrary restrictions and the less political interference, the better the management will be.

DE SOTO SIX



BENEFITS FROM A PRICELESS HERITAGE-

the leadership in quality and value which is everywhere synonymous with the name Chrysler. In addition, the De Soto Six brings new style and beauty to the field of low-priced sixes, and a kind of performance that its field has never before known.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

THAT OTHER JOB

"AS A MATTER of fact," said the company official, "in this age of open-handed business, of interchange of ideas through trade organizations, trade magazines and the like, all business enterprises are pretty much alike.

"Although you would think of a corporation as being something highly complex, yet its methods of internal operation, the environment with which it surrounds its employes, its policy toward its personnel—all these characteristics are amazingly like the parallel characteristics of another corporation a half mile or a half continent away.

"You'll find the same similarity, too, among smaller concerns—especially concerns in similar lines.

"And so, when you hear a man say that he's leaving his old job to go to a better concern, you're justified if you doubt him. More money? Yes, that frequently is the real reason. Perhaps he thinks, too, that besides providing more money right at the start, the new job will present a better opportunity. And possibly, with certain reservations of which he is not yet aware, that is true. But the reservations—well, unfortunately, they are something that he doesn't consider until the time has come to regret."

I had asked this company official to tell me something about this business of men leaving their jobs to make other connections. The subject was one in which he happened, right then, to be especially interested. His own men—some of his best ones—were leaving him.

His concern was big and well established. Behind it was nearly a half century of growth, of honorable dealing that had created for it a tremendous asset of good will. In its line of industry, a number of its smaller competitors had merged and waxed ambitious and, needing trained men, had set out to raid the ranks of the big independent.

"Yes," I said, encouraging the executive to talk, "and when a man comes to you and tells you he's leaving, what do you do? He's going with no complaints, no hard feelings—just to take another job that offers more money. What do you say to him?"

The executive spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "Very often," he explained, "there isn't very much that I can say, for what can be said to him has been said already by my subordinates. I don't like to lecture him, or argue with him, or even seem to reason with him, for I fear he'd feel that I was invading his personal affairs. And so generally I just shake hands with him and wish him luck—and mean it."

"But," I pursued, "suppose you did talk to him. What would you say?"

"If I were to go into the matter deeply, I'd ask him to compare two pictures, two situations. Here is this concern—old, highly respected, well known everywhere. Behind him, as long as he remains with us, is all the prestige and power of the whole organization. Within the organization, he himself is well known and highly regarded. Here he has proved his ability. We know he's capable. We admire him and respect him and like him. If, in the solution of some of the problems that confront him in his work, he needs help, we rally around him. Outside, in another concern, where is he? I'll tell you. I'll describe the situation and draw the facts from a number of specific instances.

"A man leaves us for another concern. To that other concern he is something of a prize package. They know his reputation; they know what he has accomplished for us. Convinced that his experience and training will be valuable to them, they have offered him a proposition. Very likely, there has been some dickering. Secure in his position—for the initiative has been not his but theirs—he has boosted the ante. Finally the figure has reached a point twenty-five hundred dollars or so a year more than we are paying him. Then he lays the matter before us.

"Among ourselves, we talk it over. We don't want to lose him either, and in this respect we are no different from all other concerns; neither do we like to be forced. Perhaps we offer some sort of compromise—an increase, say, of the same amount as he is being offered, but spread out over a year, or a year and a half."

When Pay Day Comes

"But he sticks to his guns. As far as he's concerned, it's all, right now, or nothing. And so, let's say, we surrender, and he leaves.

"All right, here's what happens to him: He goes into this other concern a stranger, an unknown quantity. Comparatively, he's a high-priced man, an imported star. He enters the organization over the heads of other men who have been working up from the bottom; and with human nature what it is, he encounters resentment and hostility and jealousy. Beneath him are men who would like to see him fail.

"In his old job he had a team, and a willing team, around him. Here he must buck the line, single-handed and alone. In his old job, when he needed help, he got it. Here he daren't even ask for help, for he has come not to take but to give. Here his job is not to learn but to teach. Here he cannot go along with the rest; he must lead.

"Well, as one of our men expressed it who left us and then came back, 'there must be a pay day'—a day of reckoning. With any concern, anywhere on earth, high income must be balanced by high production. His new employers are paying him not for the reputation he acquired on his old job but for what he can do for them. In six months, or maybe a year, they'll want to know what's wrong, why he isn't producing what they expected. And right there, very often, is the beginning of the end."

Was the executive prejudiced? Possibly so. Of course, the fact is that not every man hangs himself, figuratively, who leaves one job for another. Very often it happens that because of unique conditions, perhaps because of office politics, or because of the absence of opportunity in some specific specialized line of work, a man is wise to leave one job and take another.

I know two men—one an illustrator and the other a photo retoucher—who worked side by side in the art department of a manufacturing concern. Each was ambitious, each was a serious student of art, and each wanted enough money to indulge in their common hobby—painting real art for pure art's sake.

They resigned their jobs and set up a commercial studio of their own. Both were capable and well liked. From the start, patronage was brisk, but not too brisk to prohibit their painting for fun. Today one of them is pointing toward New York and a career as a big-league illustrator. The other exhibits rather heady canvases in very arty exhibitions and wins prizes. Both are perfectly happy. And their respective incomes, from the purely commercial side of their work, have jumped from around $4500 a year to better than $10,000.

I know an advertising man who entered the advertising department of a corporation and then, thanks to the failure of the advertising manager to recognize real ability, straightway was poked off into a corner and forgotten. For three months he endured oblivion, and then, because there was iron in him, he walked into the office of his superior, spoke two words, "I'm quitting," and strode out. Today he's having a royal time—and drawing about three times as much money as the corporation paid him—as advance man and press agent for a big circus.

I know another man—an employe of another corporation—who for at least ten years has been an assistant to the treasurer. He seems wholly contented. Obviously, he's wrapped up in his work. For twenty-four hours of the day, either actually or vicariously, he's at the office. Mostly, his talk is all shop—what he said to the assistant secretary when the secretary's department tried to usurp one of the sacred functions of the department of the treasurer, or how he told the assistant to the president where to get off, when that be spatted person took it upon himself to issue an executive order. Some day, if and when the treasurer dies, this acquaintance of mine may be promoted to the treasurership—although I doubt it. Meanwhile, what he needs, and what I should like to see happen to him, is an explosion.

Right Up the Ladder

On the other hand, I know a man who started with a little manufacturing concern as timekeeper. Literally, he burned the midnight oil, for there was many an occasion when, on the night before pay day, the electricity in the plant having been turned off, he totaled his pay-roll summary and cast up his coin sheet by the light of the night watchman's lantern. But the men, even the pieceworkers—all of whom seem to be born with grievances—liked him. There were in him certain charming qualities of joyousness and buoyancy. In addition to his capacity for work—or perhaps I ought to say in spite of it—he had what is called personality.

He rose to the bookkeepership. As bookkeeper he came into contact with the little company's little staff of salesmen. Instantly, they, too, liked him. Almost on sight, they called him by his first name.

From the salesmen he learned something about selling. "I'd like to try it myself," he said. "All right," said the boss, "go ahead." He sold. He sent in orders. The ease with which he acquired them looked ridiculous. But he knew his product. From rough castings to the japanning room, he had seen it made in the factory. He made friends. And all the time he worked.

He became known in the trade and to competitors. The competitors offered him jobs. He thanked them, but grinned and said, "No, I guess I'll string along with my old firm. You see, they've treated me mighty white."

And so he has strung along. He has stuck to the concern that, as he would put it, has raised him from a pup. Today his company is a unit in a big corporation. He himself is the unit sales manager, besides discharging many of the duties of unit general manager. And a year or so ago he confided to me that he had been offered and was then considering the job of general sales manager for the whole trust.

Does business reward merit? Does business remember its men? Despite a few scattered instances of exception, the weight of evidence indicates that business does both.

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

CURIOUS BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 11)

that country, else why should they come in such de luxe containers? But the real reason behind this classification was the intention to favor the competing fruit from a neighbor and political ally whose product was shipped in boxes, barrels or sacks. After patient persuasion, however, on the part of the American commercial attaché, prunes were classed as prunes, no matter what type of container was used.

One of the largest groups of inquiries received by the department is inspired by just such difficulties encountered by American exporters with foreign trade barriers. This does not apply to legitimate tariff rates, but to the deliberatedly vexatious interpretations of customs duties, the application of discriminatory rulings against American commodities, and similar distortions of trade regulations to accomplish ulterior purposes.

Here is a typical example: A certain foreign country wishes to favor the cheese produced by one of its neighbors as against our own. They cannot, however, use the names of individual countries in such frank discriminatory phrases in their tariff schedule, so they resort to the somewhat childish device of giving a special favor to that "cheese made from the milk of red-haired cows pastured at an elevation of over 3000 feet during three months of the year"—which is just another way of saying "Swiss cheese."

The other day a well-known American engraving company asked the help of the department on a problem which illustrates the characteristic subtleties of these indirect discriminations against our wares. A South American country wished to have a new batch of currency engraved; the specifications for the contract stipulated "paper exactly like that used in United States Government bills." Now, this looked at first like a graceful compliment to us, but as a matter of fact that qualification was inserted by a crafty European competitor who knew that it was against our laws for any American company to be in possession of paper of that description. Consequently if the clause had been allowed to stand all American competition would have been very neatly eliminated. But hasty and emphatic representations by the American commercial attaché at the request of the American concern resulted in a prompt readjustment of the specifications on a fair, even-break basis, and the business was secured for the United States.

Still another interesting example: Canned soup has become more or less of a national institution with us and several well-known companies have spread its savory gospel in all parts of the world. But in one very attractive market, a leading line—namely, chicken soup—encountered a formidable barrier and the department was immediately bombarded with earnest calls for help from the interested concerns. It appears that the pure-food laws of that country require certificates of ante and post mortem examinations of the canned birds to be issued by an official of our Government. But our meat-inspection laws do not apply to poultry. Long, weary months of negotiations failed to bridge that gap, so the delights of chicken soup were withheld from our foreign friends. Finally the American commercial attaché, collaborating with the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture, secured a waiver of the ante-mortem examination and a special system of company inspection was evolved which

(Continued on Page 42)

Uniformly Efficient *wherever you go!*

GENUINE CHEVROLET PARTS

One of the most important factors in the ever-growing preference for Chevrolet has been the economical, satisfactory service available to Chevrolet owners everywhere.

No matter where you live or where you choose to drive, you are always within easy reach of one of Chevrolet's 10,000 authorized service stations. And whether in the city or the smallest hamlet—you will find them staffed by mechanics trained in Chevrolet service schools . . . equipped with special tools designed by Chevrolet engineers . . . and using only genuine Chevrolet parts for replacement purposes.

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CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

(Continued from Page 40)

was satisfactory to the foreign officials. The results have been that the American companies have already built up a tidy six-figure trade in that market and one more delectable item has been added to pantry shelves in foreign parts.

In fact, our foodstuffs seem to be more or less chronically vulnerable as they venture into various markets abroad, judging from the numerous queries received from harassed exporters. A pet trick of our competitors seems to be to discover some ingredient or container peculiar to the rival American product and then insert in the customs regulations or the pure-food laws of the given foreign market an especially high tariff rate or intricate restriction expressly designed to hamper the entry of the given American commodity. The officials of one European country, for instance, have been persuaded that California sardines are not sardines at all, but an animal of a different type, in spite of the fact that only an ichthyologist could tell the difference; but the outraged American exporter does observe a very formidable difference in the tariff rate, which is three times as high on the California creature.

Looking for the Best Markets

A recent instance was that certain of our canned products were required, in one market, to be protected by having the cans lacquered on the inside. Cohorts of outraged American packers backed by grim phalanxes of their scientists, armed with batteries of test tubes, microscopes and biological tomes, all marched on the department to register their protests that the lacquer is a totally unnecessary precaution, stipulated simply to embarrass our traders and favor those nearer the market, who can, therefore, use glass jars. After prolonged negotiations with the appropriate authorities and many solemn interchanges of technical formulæ, the problem is solved in favor of the American type of can and a very important market is opened up for our foodstuffs.

But the range of inquiries often descends from the sublime heights of elaborate economic investigations to more or less picturesque, even fantastic details. One anxious manufacturer inquires as to the best markets abroad for glass eyes, the location of their greatest per capita consumption, with variations as to color for each market. Another wants to know the size of the feet of the various peoples of Latin America and the percentage of population there who go barefooted.

Then there is the anxious expert of an accident-insurance company who wants statistics on the number of arms broken as a result of cranking automobiles in different parts of the world—rather a difficult assignment. A patent-medicine export manager wants to know "the best climates for rheumatism"—"best," presumably, from his point of view! One of our leading manufacturers of mortician supplies requires help as to the burial practices of all parts of the world, which brings down upon his head an avalanche of literature on the religions of all lands.

And so the variety goes, with a never-ending series of changes through each of the daily 10,000

Problems of translating trade-marks and popular sales slogans recur constantly. A well-known seedless-raisin company encounters difficulties in China, because the native characters for "seedless" are the same as those indicating "son-less," which, of course, to the Chinese head of the family is an unthinkable mark of humiliation and disaster.

Local predilections for certain colors are giving our exporters of wearing apparel and of household equipment constant difficulty, but they are quite ready students of ethnology, even though they may not recognize that forbidding term. One of our most successful exporters of cotton cloth knows all about the tabooed color schemes and designs of aboriginal tribes throughout tropical America.

A leading Pennsylvania linoleum manufacturer ousted his British competitor in an attractive South American market within a few months' time by the simple device of securing the help of the Department of Commerce in having the designs of popular native fabrics properly duplicated in his own floor covering.

Our exporters of underwear and garters to certain Far-Eastern markets have been informed that it is quite feasible to cultivate a trade in these indispensables for outside decorative purposes, provided, of course, that their color schemes are sufficiently gaudy.

Another constant theme in the incoming inquiries is the search for factors affecting the buying power of our potential overseas customers. Analyses of this world-wide problem have revealed some rather interesting conclusions. Business probabilities in Colombia, for example, can often be roughly estimated several months in advance by the height of the Magdalena River, which is the main artery of traffic into that extensive republic. When the water is low, coffee cannot be brought out, and, consequently, within a few months Colombian exchange rates are likely to lag. This impairs buying power and thus cuts in on our trade prospects.

Similarly in the great rice areas of Southeastern Asia the abundance of rainfall and the height of various main rivers determine the size of the rice crops and, therefore, the availability of spare cash for overseas importations after the harvest.

Everyone interested in the trade of India realizes the importance of observing the monsoons or seasonal rainstorms, which so completely determine the productivity of the land. All of these elements can be matched by similar situations here at home; they are, of course, carefully checked by the foreign staffs of our Government, and trade prospects are reviewed from week to week as new elements enter in.

The postwar transformation of living conditions and general standards of comfort, the complete abandonment of many old prewar commodities and trade practices have brought about a world-wide demand for the latest and the best. This has been more and more taken to be synonymous with American merchandise, and our exporters have been prompt in capitalizing their resultant opportunities.

The universality of the American film has started a regular prairie fire of enthusiasm for American specialties. We have seen the results in the steadily mounting figures in our exports of bathing suits, office appliances, ready-made clothing, automobiles, automatic vendors, electric refrigerators, and countless other every-day necessities in the United States.

Where One Pair of Pants is Plenty

The South American business man sees a film of a Wall Street magnate in the midst of batteries of adding machines, calculators, newfangled filing devices and duplicating apparatus, and he immediately resolves to surround himself with the same scenery of opulence, even though he may not qualify in other respects. Hence, one more query added to the department's daily 10,000.

Occasionally our American specialties run into unexpected snags. A foreign governmental tobacco monopoly discovers that the pernicious Yankee chewing-gum habit tends to curtail the consumption of certain tobacco revenue producers and promptly decrees that no gum shall be sold in cigar stores or other places where it might compete with the governmental monopoly. Our automatic cigarette lighters bring unexpected woes and even consternation to the ancient match monopolies of various governments and, as a result, all sorts of taxing devices and other restrictions are placed upon the former.

Even the well-established practice of our clothing dealers in selling two-trouser suits meets with the unexpected protest of at least one Far-Eastern buyer that "the two trousers may be all right for frigid America, but they are entirely too warm and uncomfortable for tropical latitudes."

The ancient and still persistent problem of the best types of packing bobs up every day in the inquiry avalanche, but the old legend of our inefficiency in that respect has been completely obliterated since the war. And no wonder; certainly no nation ever had such a supremely unique opportunity to learn the lessons of the best and most economical packing as we did during our struggle with the prodigious task of feeding and clothing two million men across the Atlantic. The results of that lesson are evident today in the packing rooms of almost every factory in the land.

The Well-Traveled Oil Can

Sometimes we carry our superefficiency in this regard a bit too far, as did one hosiery exporter who insisted upon using his de luxe, individual cartons for a shipment to Mexico, in spite of the warning that the socks be done up in solid wads packed in a barrel. Such outrageous treatment of his superior merchandise seemed to him little short of sacrilege, but he did not realize that his Mexican client knew exactly what he was talking about when he made the original request. When the bewildered American shipper inquired of the Department of Commerce as to the grounds for the resultant protest from his Mexican client, the answer was simply that the Mexican tariff is levied upon the gross weight of the merchandise and its immediate container, and his Mexican customer, therefore, quite rightly protested against his being compelled to pay tariff on sundry pounds of cardboard at the rate fixed for silk fabric.

Incidentally, the answer to the container problem is sometimes the final determinant of success in developing a given trade. For example, we dominate the flour trade of the Amazon as against our Argentine competitors, because our flour comes in barrels, which are very useful for other purposes, as compared with Argentine sacks, which do not survive the humidity of equatorial Brazil. Every traveler can report instances of the amazing utility of the American oil can, which serves as cooking utensil, water carrier, and even building material, throughout the world. Indeed, tin in many cases makes three different trips to our shores: First, as the bulk raw material; second, as a returning secondhand oil can used as a conveyor of vegetable oil from Asia; and, thirdly, as toys from Japan made out of these same cans flattened out as scrap and exported across the Pacific.

And so the problems continue to mount each day—by no means as indicators of any anxiety or alarm on the part of the steadily increasing numbers of our merchants and manufacturers who are discovering the possibilities of overseas trading, but rather as an evidence of their awakening appreciation of those opportunities. Our business men of today need more information than their predecessors a decade or two ago, because modern business is infinitely more complicated, not simply by the multitude of specialized fields which have grown up since the war but also by the enormous improvements in communications and transportation which have made relationships much more intimate among once isolated trade centers throughout the world.

The mileage of our telephone cables has increased in the last dozen years from 22,000,000 to 60,000,000—an incredible expansion of the nervous system of our business life which may be taken as just one example of the tremendous stimulus to the desire for information and the means of its gratification

The magic of the radio, the astonishing achievements of aviation, the complete transformation of marine engineering, the vast spread of electrification—all have made it both necessary and possible for the business world to command an array of timely precise facts.

The business man of today can no longer exist in self-satisfied isolation, even if he wanted to. He must know what is going on in his trade not simply locally but in far-flung parts of the world, if he hopes to survive. He must be prepared for repercussions upon his business from remote areas which were entirely beyond his comprehension or interest a decade ago.

Our foreign trade before the war was made up largely of self-selling staples—cotton, tobacco, cereals, meat—a passive commerce requiring relatively little sales information on our part. So far as manufactured exports were concerned, 90 per cent of them were then in the hands of fifteen or twenty large companies which had the resources and the world-wide organizations to procure their own trade data.

Today, on the other hand, we have, in the first place, a multitude of small manufacturers and dealers prosperously engaged in export, which would be an impossible field for them unless they had at their disposal the widespread, impartial, fact-finding services of governmental agencies. These small or moderately sized establishments are now the backbone of our overseas trade.

But there are obvious perils which must be avoided in the development of such an official information agency. In the first place, it must not become paternalistic. Nothing could be more disastrous to its ultimate efficacy than to have it degenerate into a permanent crutch upon which inefficient, chronically feeble enterprises might continue to wabble along at public expense. It must be confined strictly to facts of a sort not obtainable from private agencies and must emphatically not undertake direct sales service, advisory functions and similar responsibilities, which can and ought to be borne by private individuals or companies.

Means to Profits

Another peril which must be constantly guarded against is the tendency to become regulatory, to devise rules of trade procedure and conduct, and some measures for their enforcement. In other words, there must be the most rigid adherence to the ultimate purpose of providing simply the charts for the navigation of our business crafts—to indicate the harbors, channels and shoals, and to set up the lights along the way, but to leave the decisions of navigation entirely to the individuals in business.

It cannot be too emphatically stressed that brevity is an indispensable virtue of all such trade reporting. The average business man is impatient of profound doctrinaire theses and impressive monographs. As a rule he does not care for the last digit of academic finality or for trigonometric curves of hair-line precision. If he waits upon such microscopic details, the business in question will long since have been seized by some competitor.

What he does expect from government service of this type is, first of all, reasonably accurate data presented in useful form and, above all things, in time to be of practical value. As I have said before, there are few things in the business world today whose value is more fleeting than commercial intelligence. The business man wants facts to an end, and the end is profits. He is not interested in collecting specimens for a mercantile museum.

After all, the most reassuring feature of this whole situation is the evident widespread realization, on the part of our commercial executives, of the necessity for their familiarity with such facts and the best means of using them. All of us have suffered through interminable after-dinner orations on the glories of our foreign commerce, our merchant marine, our tremendous manufacturing energies, our vast domestic market, and so on, but these torrents of emotionalism and patrioteering will carry us nowhere and indeed will do nothing but disturb the smooth currents of our business progress unless they are properly appraised by an intelligent use of facts. With these in his hands, we may well trust the initiative, energy and acumen of the American business man to chart his course and safely reach his destination.

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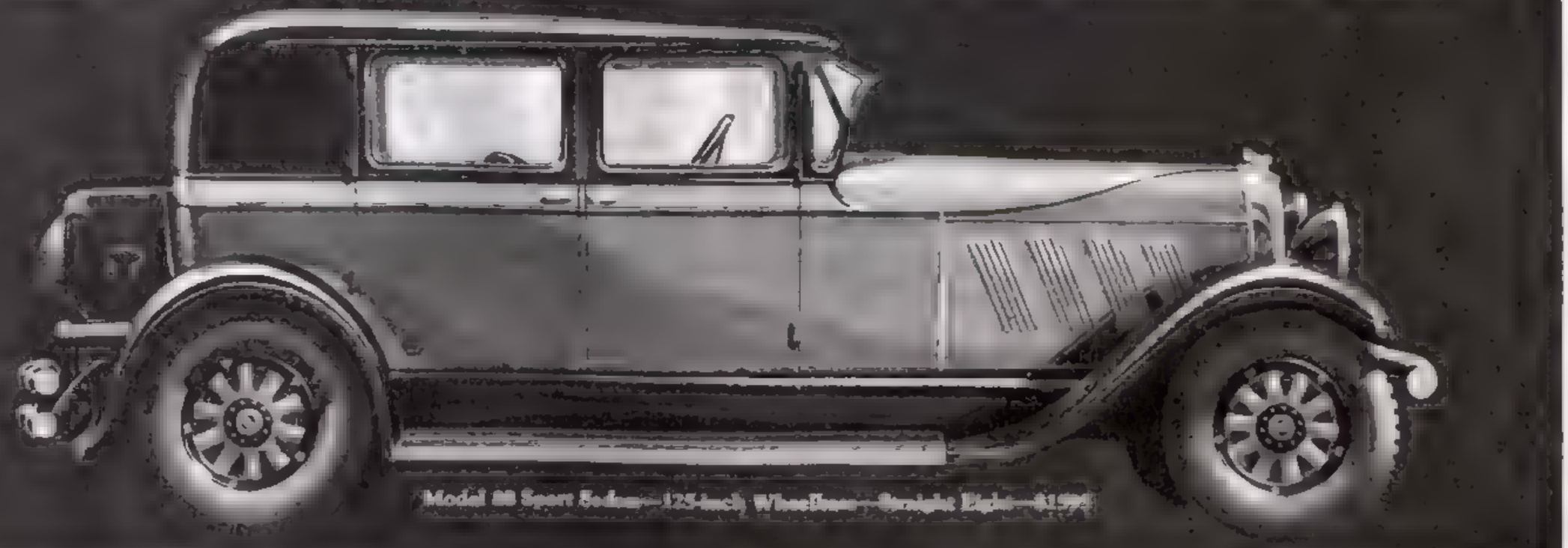

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 5)

"Oh, not completely, I think. She merely explained that you're irresistible to women and terribly gun-shy. It makes me wonder why you're here. I'm extremely susceptible."

"Unfortunately, I don't seem to feel I'm in any danger. And I don't flatter myself that the lovely travelers want to marry me. It's Pekin they fall for. They want to marry Pekin. I'm just the permanent proxy. Now, why should you look like that?"

"Because your elbow is in the butter."

"Oh! Well, that's better than that you should doubt my sincerity." He dabbed at his elbow with the huge napkin and ordered orange juice, dry toast and coffee. "You see, I'm supersensitive because of my unexemplary reputation with you."

"Oh, I saw at once that Miss Emily and Miss Martha had led me to expect too much."

"I improve," he said, pinker again. "This safety-first look is one of my best assets. I must have impressed the old girls unduly when I was sixteen. They visited mother on their way from Boston to uplift heathen California. They had some money, I remember. What kind of school did they sink it in?"

"An academy for children under sixteen. Evidently you did impress them. It's a splendid school. Very superior teachers."

"I realized that the moment I saw you, and that your subject is French clothes and how to wear them."

He could have said nothing sweeter. She was opening her lips to tell him so, when Philip Bancroft came into the dining room. Until that instant Mary had believed unquestioningly that she expected to marry Professor Arnold Matthews and his three little girls. The belief left her like a flying bird. Mr. Perkins sat with his back to the doorway and did not see the newcomer. But the other two men greeted him affectionately and he went to their table. Mary forgot, entirely, Mr. Perkins. Finally he recalled her gently to his presence.

"Now, why couldn't you have looked like that when I came in?"

"Because I've nothing against you. That was a look of intended vengeance. That man and I came over on the same steamer and he never even saw me. Do you know who he is?"

Henry, twisting stoutly in his chair, did know. "Why, that's Philip Bancroft. He's an engineer. I've thought he was a chap of some discernment. Were you disguised on the boat?"

"No. But—but I am now." Impulsively she surrendered to the honest surprise in his blue eyes. He was so comfortable, so human, so pink and perspiring. "Until this morning, Mr. Perkins ——"

"Oh, do extend me the privilege of being Hank."

"Until this morning, Hank—dear Hank—I've looked just exactly the way you expected I would when you got my note. Every garment I had was navy blue or serviceable gray. Mrs. Van Dame did me entirely over—for your sake. She said the only place you'd want to take me would be to the first train back to Shanghai. She said you knew about the jewels, so you may as well know all of it." She gave him the facts abstractly, her eyes on the sunburned Roman profile of the tall, tanned, serious-seeming man who was now standing at the table of his friends, about to leave. "Of course," she said—"of course, Mrs. Van Dame didn't dream I'd tell you, and I didn't either, but—well, I have."

"Yes, so you have. Another touching tribute to my safe appearance. But I'm grateful to Marcella for trying to do me a good turn. I gather she didn't know you were in love with Bancroft."

"But I wasn't. Really. Not until this minute. And I wouldn't be now, if I were in my own gray wash-silk dress. It's these clothes. I never expected to see him again. The most unmaidenly thought I had about him was to wish that Arnold—my professor of mathematics—were more like him. Do tell me, Hank, all you know about him."

"Well, I never saw him till a few days ago. But he's an old friend of Malcolm's. He's on his way to Kalgan; something about a reservoir to impound their few yearly raindrops; pretty big project, I understand. But I think his real mission here is to establish prohibition by personal consumption."

"Oh-h," she said, "he doesn't look like a drinking man"—and flushed, feeling that the remark fell short of good Joslanderesque dialogue.

"He isn't," Hank laughed at her. "He's a superman, lined with glass. He's humiliated Pekin—smashed the record we've had for years. He's the worst enemy liquor ever had. The nicest thing I know about him is that he's only going to be here until tomorrow morning, and he won't return until after you leave. But I'll promise to get him for a party tonight—in your honor—to show you what an unselfish host I can be. Though I think it's hard lines for the arithmetic professor." His eyes stopped on her flashing diamond.

"That's Marcella's," she told him. "She insisted I wear it to make you feel comfortable."

"Then turn it under," he said. "The way you looked at Bancroft made me feel perfectly safe. Shall I go over and ask him to call here for you tonight?"

"Oh, no, no; please! Find him when I'm out of sight. I want to be a discovery, not an assignment. I want to be a spoiled heiress or anything at all but a schoolteacher."

"Just be yourself," he said, unsmiling—"that'll be discovery enough for anybody." How nice he was. He grew nicer all day. He took her to half a dozen temples and towers that morning in his royally upholstered English car, driven by a similarly upholstered wooden-faced mafoo. He took her for tiffin to Willowall. They had it in a garden where peonies grew tall as the tile-topped walls and where long-legged white birds stalked about in a lily-lined pool under an ancient willow tree. She was glad, when she saw his unbelievably lovely home, that she had made him stop at the hotel to let her change into a sleeveless white caprice of Chanel's, with a wide-brimmed leghorn hat that made her very young, like her happy, excited eyes. Once the telephone called him away after coffee had come, and Mary saw a shadow grow behind a small square window that was nearly covered with moonflower vine. It stayed stealthily. Suddenly Mary looked up, straight, direct. And saw a face so lovely, it was like a dream—a beautiful dark face, full of hatred. Mary sat very still until her host came back. Then she said, "Now I know this is an enchanted place. I saw the most beautiful face at that window I've ever seen. Who is she?" He started and wiped his damp forehead with his handkerchief. "I'm sure she's listening," Mary said distinctly, "and I'm sure she has the wrong idea about me."

"You romance hunter," he said. "It must have been the Eurasian wife of Tsur, my compradore." He lifted his voice and called an odd name. But there was no answer. The Number One Boy, Kwang, came running and said something softly in Chinese. "Yes, it was," Henry Perkins said to Mary. "I would have her brought, but she has run away."

"I don't believe you at all, Hank dear," said Mary, and because of a queer, uncomfortable look in his eyes, she added, "I shall always think it was someone who should know that I'm a very proper and properly engaged young woman."

He left it at that, and Mary tried to forget it.

He took her to the Temple of Heaven and to the Street of Jade. Then he took her for tea to the Pekin Club, where she saw Philip Bancroft drinking at a round table with two laughing women and another man. She had stopped again at the hotel and changed into a flowered georgette frock and a wonderful hat like a ribless parasol that made her very sophisticated, like her rouged, restless lips.

"Bancroft is looking at you," Hank told her quietly. But Mary kept her back securely turned.

"He isn't looking at me, only at my clothes," she corrected.

"You've got a clothes complex, Mary. Why, with that devilish dimple and those innocent eyes, you could get away with sackcloth and ashes."

"Perhaps. I've never tried sackcloth and ashes. But in my own clothes my charms did very little for me. Professor Matthews wouldn't know my mouth from Miss Martha's, or my eyes from the janitress'. Which shall I wear tonight, Hank—green taffeta all balloony, or black lace, or white chiffon?"

She wore the white chiffon, though Hank recommended the green taffeta. The white chiffon had a cluster of delphiniums on the shoulder, but Mary was in the mood for red poppies, so she ripped the lovely scarlet blossoms from the black lace gown which Philip Bancroft had seen Marcella wear on the boat, and fastened them to the soft draperies of the floating skirts, with a few half-opening buds at the shoulder.

Marcella Van Dame had taught her an axiom of success. "Be good, and don't look it; or look it, and don't."

It was essential with Mary to choose the first. She did everything that Mrs. Van Dame had advised. She brushed every vestige of artificial curl from her hair, brushed it until it glistened and looked like a smooth silken skullcap when she drew it straight back into a small twist on the nape of her neck. Her face looked startled, deserted, appealing, to her anxious scrutiny. But she went grimly on. She put just the least rouge on the lobes of her newly exposed ears, with their slight tendency of being tipped which her grandmother had considered so unfortunate. She did not rouge her cheeks at all, but very carefully intensified the color and curves of her neglected lips. This treatment amazingly brought out the softness of her brown eyes and made her face a paradox of innocence and wisdom. Mary felt a little alarmed at the result, but when she had slipped the lovely dress over her head her courage soared.

Had she looked like that on the steamer, she, too, could have danced and promenaded with the grave-eyed Philip Bancroft. She was certain of it. She felt almost groggy with the daring thoughts that came into her brain about Philip Bancroft. They were so bold they made her reckless. She would wear the Burma ruby. She must wear it. Her fingers trembled, getting it from the gay little pasteboard box where it masqueraded as a trinket in her trunk. When she fastened the cheap little twisted cord on which it hung, about her neck, the great red stone settled like lustrous liquid in the hollow of her throat.

She kept her right hand over it all the way to Willowall, though she wore a white watered-silk cape that fastened closely under her chin and made a white nun of her. All of her life Mary would remember that ride in Henry Perkins' car, which he sent for her at nine o'clock. She sat close in one corner, staring out into the strange-smelling night with its eerie unfamiliar noises. The road was full of ruts. The dust had been sprinkled down at sunset and smelled warmly musty. Once they had to stop for a disrupted caravan of camels to cross in front of them, the mafoo shouting ineffective insults at their drivers. From the wide, sprawling street they drove into the narrow high-walled alleys, labyrinths of them, where indistinct figures crouched back against the walls as they went by and sometimes shouted unpleasantly.

In ten minutes they stopped at the great wooden gates of Willowall. They opened from inside, as the curtain pulls back on a play. Two tall, flat Chinese stood on each side like gateposts. They did not move. An odd, pleasant gong sounded softly, somewhere distant. Simultaneously a taller, flatter Chinese appeared—Kwang, the Number One Boy. He bowed, smiled briefly with his lips, and led her through the outer courtyard toward the sound of talk and laughter. To Mary, it was a place enchanted, even more fascinating than in daylight. There was no moon, except a dying crescent, but the swaying lanterns through the willow limbs made a lovelier light and delightfully insecure shadows. Small square windows high in the compound walls looked down like lidded eyes that might unclose at any moment and reveal the dark, beautiful faces of hidden women.

Mary did not look at them. There was enough else of untarnished beauty—so many gates, opening, closing, staying half ajar. Charming color everywhere—in the sleepy peonies, in the flagstones, in the fountains, in the startling gargoyles stretching out hungrily from low, swooping roof corners, and in the blossoms of many vines that crept like mice from every crevice.

Mary touched the ruby at her throat for a last reassurance as Kwang took her cape and Henry Perkins came to welcome her into his party of people, who wore clothes like her own. There were twenty-five or thirty guests—diplomats and their wives or their friends' wives; army and navy women, a few with their husbands; rich young secretaries; poor young officers; a pompous old one or two, very gallant; several well-chosen American tourists; a sparkling, famous Spanish dancer, and Philip Bancroft. Mary's eyes found him before they stopped. Tall and unsmiling, he was seriously assisting the boy with the cocktail shaker. The sparkling dancer was gesturing to him with an empty glass. All the men looked as if they had dressed for an athletic event, in their white monkey jackets.

Henry Perkins said, "We're ten cocktails ahead of you. Did you have a puncture?"

"Oh, Hank, is that the best you can say? It took time to make me look like this. I hoped I'd get a word of praise from you."

He kept her two hands tightly and stood squarely in front of her. He was pinker and plumper than ever in these odd dinner clothes, and different.

"If I had known you had ears like that, Mary, I'd have warned these poor devils. You're frightfully lovely."

Queer about her ears. Queer that ears could matter so delightfully. She stole an instant for intense gratitude to Marcella Van Dame.

"So is this wonderful garden," she said. "I'm so ashamed to think I'd stopped believing in fairyland."

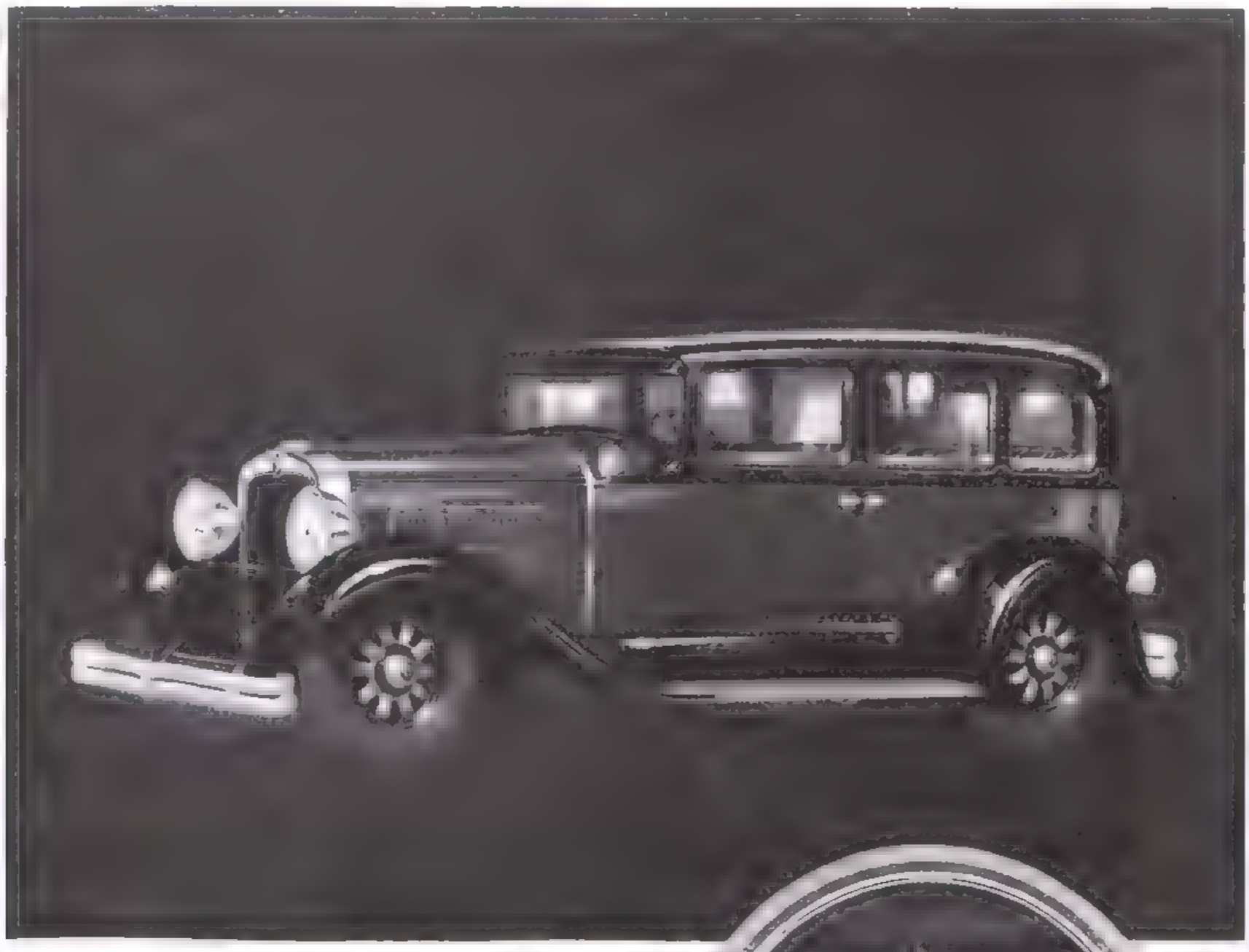
"Titania always brings fairyland with her, don't you?" and then, seriously, rather after the manner of Professor Arnold Matthews: "Listen. I want you to promise me two things—not to drink more than three cocktails or to take anyone seriously. Do you promise?"

"No. If he proposes to me, I shall take advantage of it. And, Hank, I don't want you to introduce us, if you can avoid it. If he doesn't find me himself, he's not worth my revenge."

But he found her. She became a part of the party as naturally as a leaf grows on a tree. Strangers were instantly old friends. Several of the women she had met at the Pekin club. The men she had known always. Everyone drifted around under the great, whispering willows, emptying frosted little glasses, finding talk from nothing and laughter from one another. Philip Bancroft

(Continued on Page 46)

THE WORLD HAS A NEW AND FINER MOTOR CAR



PEOPLE who already have driven the new Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400" have instantly realized its superiority in performance to cars with older types of motors.

In this new car, they discover more power and speed than they ever will care to use. They find a real thrill in the snap of Twin-Ignition traffic getaway.

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The answer to both questions is, "No". Nash has developed new principles of high-compression motor construction which create more power, more speed, with *ordinary* gasoline, *and less of it!*

Today, the Twin-Ignition, 12-spark-plug, high-compression motor powers all Nash "400" Advanced and Special Six models. Its results are so remarkable as to clearly point the way to the future improvement of other cars.

Your Nash dealer will explain Twin Ignition to you and let you drive a Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400", *anytime.*

Exterior and interior views of the new "400" Special Six Sedan

THE NEW NASH "400" SERIES

(Continued from Page 44)

was saying "An empty glass is an abomination," and refilling hers with careful precision when his gray eyes discovered her. He bent down slightly.

"Why, hello," he said. "When did you come, Polly Pan? That's your name, isn't it?"

"No," she said, and paused, stabbed with the ecstasy of the moment. "I was named for my eyes and not my ears. It's Mary."

"Why, so you were." He scrutinized her brown eyes with enormous gravity, holding the big shaker like a baby between them. "Those eyes must be a remarkable asset to you. If I were in the least inebriated I should say you are an English primrose. But being incurably sober, I can't be fooled. I know you're either a French poppy or a deadly Russian rose."

Mary smiled at him languidly, as Marcella might, as she had seen the Balkan princess smile at him.

"I'm none of them, bondsman of Bacchus. Tonight I'm merely a Roman—with you."

"Then, as a patriotic welcome," he said, gravely disposing of the shaker by setting it on the flagstones, "permit me to salute that absolutely Number One dimple of the realm." He was bending solemnly, nearer and nearer. But her smile gave way out of sheer ecstatic dismay, and with it went the dimple. He turned astonished, stern. He took her shoulders.

"Mary was never contrary in Rome," he told her with pained annoyance. "Where did that dimple go?"

"It's fastidious," she said, "and demands finesse. You offended it."

He considered this with such genuine absorption that she laughed. And he saw quicker than before. They were suddenly in the midst of a small crowd. The dancer, billowed in pink net, floated between them.

"Phil Bancroft must have got hold of a cocktail somehow!" she cried in a clarion voice. "This fallen angel has coerced a kiss out of him before dinner!"

"Dinner's late," he explained. "Run along, Ileen, and dance something. The reason Mary beat you is because she works with her head instead of her feet."

Mary had no time for embarrassment. Someone was concernedly giving her a fourth cocktail because she had spilled her third one when Philip Bancroft kissed her. It was the last drink she took or needed; though at dinner, in a long, weird, silk-paneled room, magical glasses emptied and filled with varying liquors as magical dishes came and went. The glamour of it was to Mary a surer stimulation than wine, though her caution was in part born of Henry Perkins. She sat between him and Philip Bancroft.

And he said, "If you don't do what I tell you about drinking, I shall announce that you're a small-town school-ma'am playing Cinderella."

"Hank, you wouldn't." She had told several she was from Boston—just a little Boston bean. There had been no need explaining that her grandmother had transplanted the orphaned bean in California when it was nine months old.

"I not only would but I will." He did not smile, though he patted her hand and his eyes were very earnest. So she promised him. While she was talking to him, Bancroft lost her. He scanned the faces down the table. Then he appealed to his host.

"Hank, where's that girl with the guileful lips and guileless eyes? I'm in love with her and I can't find her." He was quaintly surprised to find her beside him. "I shan't lose you again," he said. "You've a wicked dimple and witch's ears, but when I look in your eyes I see white violets and hear lullabies. It's remarkable. I hope you can be a help to me. Do you know anything about engineering?"

She told him she knew a building from a bridge and a railroad from a reservoir.

"I built the best reservoir in South America," he confided as a great secret. "And"—whispering—"I'm going to build the best reservoir in the whole world up here in Mongolia if nobody else turns traitor on me. Want to go up to Kalgan with me in the morning?"

"More than anything in the world." She could wear that wonderful English sport suit and the tailored blouse.

"Keep your head, school-ma'am," interpolated a pleasant growl on her left.

"It's my heart I'm losing, Hank, not my head." She didn't listen to his caustic answer. The important voice was on her right.

"I forget what time the train leaves"—it was saying—"but Eddie'll know. Eddie's my chief executioner. He kills all my fun. He's coming for me at one o'clock. He always does. He'll know everything. Then I'll tell you where we're going and what for. Who brought you to this feast—that tainted Britisher over there?"

She raised her eyes into the gaze of a dark-skinned Englishman who before dinner had said to her, "That's a wonderful ruby you wear, Miss Webster."

"Wonderful for three dollars and sixty cents," she had said.

He had said, "V'ry."

She shivered, now, smiling back at him.

"I say, must I knock him out in order to take you home?" Bancroft repeated.

"No, indeed. Mr. Perkins sent his car to the hotel for me."

"And"—monotoned the menacing voice on her left—"he's going to send you home in it too."

"Hank," said Bancroft, "I'm in a position to do you a favor. Your mafoo needs sleep. No trouble at all for me to take Mary home."

"Thoughtful of you, old man"—Henry matched him in seriousness—"but I'm driving her home in my new roadster."

"I see. Just thought perhaps I might accommodate you." Bancroft relinquished casually. Mary was ashamed and alarmed at her disappointment. Could it be that love bereft one of both pride and dignity? "I will not go home with Hank!" said her undisciplined desire. Bancroft was asking in a low voice about the Englishman.

"Hank, who is your dark-skinned Briton down there? Don't I detect the oil of India in his eye?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Laura Winfield brought him—attaché's wife. She's been pleased with him for a couple of weeks. He's been tapped on the shoulder all right. Name's Sir Ralph Williamson."

"Yes or no sir, I don't care for him," said Bancroft with decision. "He's too interested in our Mary."

"I object," she said, "to being talked about like a chattel. Tell me about your reservoirs, Mr. Bancroft."

"My name is Philip; didn't you know?"

"I was just waiting for you to tell me. How big is the reservoir going to be, Philip?"

The reservoir was going to be the biggest in the world, the best, the strongest, imperishable, perfect. He went happily into a maze of data and detail that left her free to struggle with the madness in her heart. Of course he was not drunk. His hand held his wineglass steadily, his unblurred gray eyes regarded her steadily, his voice held steadily to its low, well-modulated tone. There was nothing unsteady about him. Suddenly she realized that he was talking about something that must be heard:

"—— so I don't want to make any mistake about this. Is Hank driving you home as a duty or a desire?"

"I hoped you'd come back to that, Philip. Purely as a duty."

"Then the less said about a good deed the better. We won't annoy him with argument. Eddie'll be here at one—he never misses—with two rickshas. And with a ricksha, starlight and less publicity, I'll be able to make my words worthy of those witch's ears."

"You must be awfully good, Bancroft," said a voice across the table. "I haven't seen a woman blush like that since prohibition."

"It's because Miss Webster's awfully good," Henry Perkins corrected, and after that, gave them his permanent attention.

Dinner over, they listened politely for a little while to a terrible radio concert, until someone said he was too sober to bear it any longer. Then they played roulette in a low, dark-walled room that soon swayed dizzily with cigarette smoke. Mary watched, asking nothing. Her first bet was fifty dollars. She won a hundred. She bet the hundred and lost it. Another fifty went swiftly in twenty-fives. Then Sir Ralph Williamson made some suggestions. At the end of half an hour she was eighty-seven dollars to the good. Mary should have liked to play on forever. Her blood bubbled in her temples. She was sorry when suddenly everyone was going swimming, dispersing to various rooms for bathing suits. She didn't want to swim; she swam badly. She wanted to wear the white dress forever and play roulette forever and know that somewhere, forever, she could find Philip Bancroft's gray eyes watching her through the heads of the crowd.

He saved her. "Eddie's here," he said, startling her with his sudden voice as she followed Ileen, the dancer, to a dressing room. "I'll go with the men a minute, so Hank won't suspect anything. Can't you sneak out and meet me while the gang's undressing? We'll leave word with Kwang. There's another gate, just opposite the front one. It'd be better, but I don't know how to get to it."

Mary knew. It opened from the courtyard where she and Henry had had tiffin. She told him how to find it. "But I've a wrap some place," she said.

"Leave it," he said, "It's not cold and the ricksha's cozy." She flushed again, and he laughed and bent swiftly to leave a light kiss on the tip of her ear. Fleeing, Mary thought of her grandmother, who must have known a great deal about ears.

At the first passage turn she ran into Kwang, silent, urbane, blandly inquiring. "Kwang, take me to that other courtyard where we had tiffin! Quick. I'm going home before they go in swimming."

"Missie want car," said Kwang, unmoving.

"No, no. I'm going with Mr. Bancroft. He has a ricksha at other gate. Take me there, quick."

"Oh, Mis'r Bancroft. Velly good." Kwang looked faintly pleased. He led the way swiftly with no further word. It was a mysterious, winding, flower-fragrant way. The lilies stood, very white, above the darkness of the pool, for the courtyard was just barely lighted from the eyes and mouth of a big Buddha on the wall under the willows. As they crossed quickly to the closed wooden gates a slender little figure, wrapped straitly in what looked like a lavender silk-damask tablecloth, stood suddenly in front of them. It was the girl Mary had seen at tiffin. Soft, ferocious exclamations passed between her and the tall, flat Kwang. Then he stepped back. The girl had Mary's cape. She had something, too, in her closed extended hand. Mary prayed.

"Someting for you." The girl's voice was a soft little song. "You lose heem, I sink. Coolie boy fin' heem. Doan tell Heenry, if you pleeze. . . . An' if you pleeze, doan come here see Heenry any more."

It was the ruby. The twisted cotton cord on which it had hung was gone. And that was all Mary was ever to know about it. She found herself dazed, her right hand clutching the ruby, her left one at her unjeweled throat. She was outside the wooden gates in the narrow dusty hutung. She had no thoughts at all. Voices and swift, pattering feet were coming. Before they turned the corner she heard the voice of Eddie, the chief executioner. Evidently they had stopped for a final argument.

"If you must be such a fool, at least let her ride in my ricksha. I can walk, I tell you!"

"Remarkable girl, Eddie. Best I've seen. I'm in love with her. She wouldn't want you to walk."

"No, I'll bet she wouldn't. If I ever get outta this lake o' liquor and back on the job, I'll ——"

"It's back on the job in the morning, Eddie. Mary's going with us."

"Like hell she is! But listen, Phil; take this cart. I can pick up another as soon as we're out o' these hutungs. No matter what sort of a female she is, your lap ain't the place for her. That hotel's a decent joint."

"Eddie, you have your limitations." An irritated decisiveness entered the quieter voice. "Now you stay right there in that baby buggy and keep a block ahead of me. And, Eddie, remember the pillar of salt. Good-by."

There was a growl of command, a grunt of obeyance, and Eddie's coolie rounded the corner on a run. Dust flew. Mary's brief glimpse showed Eddie to be a big man, wearing high boots, a dark shirt and a cowboy hat. He did not glance at her. Mary shrank back against the gates. With her left hand she caught the white cape close round her throat.

"Hello, little white nun," said Philip Bancroft, "where did my Mary go?"

The coolie, squat and round-headed, slowly lowered the shafts in front of his unexpected passenger and set up an outraged clamor, but a promising display of coins in Bancroft's downstretched hand turned him gracious and agile. Bancroft sat above her, absurdly throned, like a musical-comedy hero on a Broadway stage.

"Mary, I crave your lenience. This ricksha business has unavoidable disadvantages. I can't receive and assist you both. Will you give me your hands?"

Mutely, she gave him her open left hand and her tightly clenched right one, and was encircled on his lap as simply as if it were an old trick. He caught her slipping cape and tucked it down beside them, and kissed her throat.

"No nuns for me. I want my witch." He kissed her ears.

Mary did not talk. Shock, bewilderment, alarm, and now this, left her stunned into silence. She said only one thing the whole way. When he said "Mary, by the way, do you love me?" she said in a faint strange voice "That's why I'm here."

But he did not miss her words. He had so many himself. It had taken her ten minutes to cover the distance in Henry Perkins' car. It took forty-five in the ricksha. The unpleasant bumps were beautiful now. When they went over them Bancroft held her more tightly and tenderly against him. And after each one he kissed her. There were stars and faint far calls of voices in the night, and the coolie's loud breathing.

Something in Mary's mind kept saying, "This is the happiest you will ever be. Drink deep. It does not come again."

Each time she silenced it determinedly: "There is tomorrow and forever, Kalgan and reservoirs, bridges and railroads everywhere."

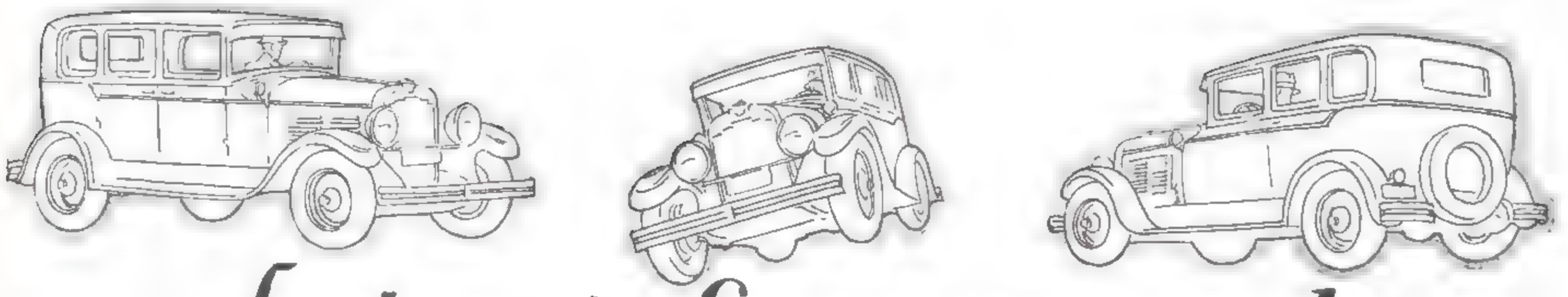
Finally he began to join her silence, his cheek against her hair, only speaking little excerpts from his thoughts: "Sweetest girl I've ever found"; "Going to be a great help to me"; "Always been hunting a girl with a mathematical mind"—at this her mind floated unlingeringly to Professor Arnold Matthews—"No matter where I go, Mary, I'll never neglect to send you postal cards"; "Eddie said tell you the train is at ten"; "Devilish dimple and angel's eyes—corking combination, Mary"; "Call for you at ten."

Where the wide thoroughfare branched into the hotel driveway, Eddie was waiting, standing by his ricksha like Charon guarding his river. Somehow, Mary felt a little grateful for his disapproving chaperonage. The two men passed no greeting. Eddie helped her, with unfriendly vigor, into his ricksha.

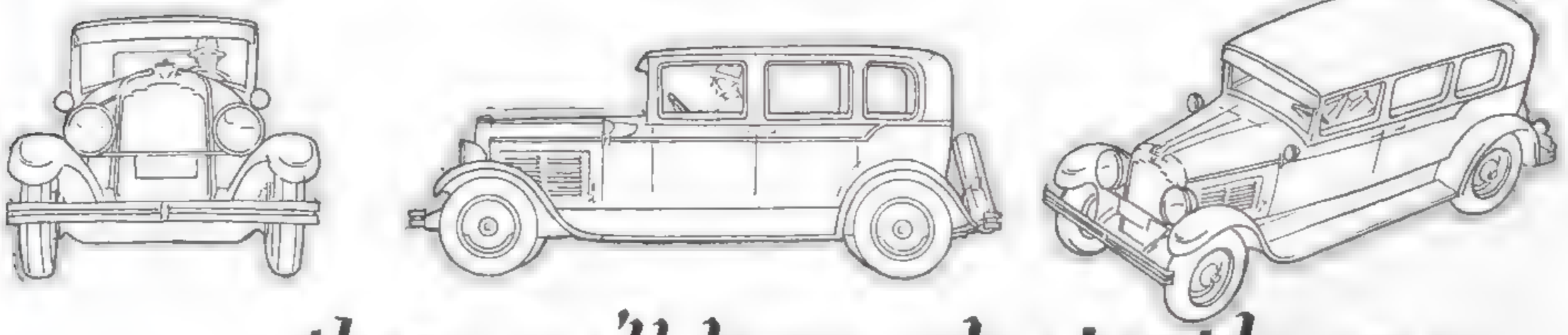
"My cape," she said.

He gave it to her ungraciously, not looking at her. Bancroft leaned over and very earnestly introduced them. "Mary dear, Mr. Eddie Tompkins. The two people I love most in the world."

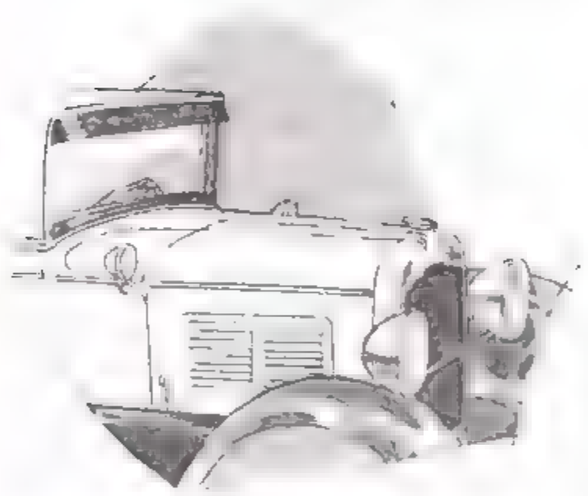
(Continued on Page 48)



Look at it from any angle



- then you'll know why people say - "It's dressed in the mode of tomorrow"



THE new Reo Wolverine Sedan is a beauty from any angle.

And if you don't think that's something for Wolverine owners to feel proud about, just look carefully at the next dozen cars in the Wolverine's class that you see on the street. You'll find some that are fine looking in front, but skimped in back; others in which the line of the roof is fine, but the contour of the hood is just all wrong; and still others where it's obvious that the money spent on the fenders has been saved in the inside finish.

But the new Wolverine is styled from radiator cap to tail light, from road to roof, to compete in appearance with anything on the highways today—or on any day. In the use of all-metal rear sections, bullet-type headlights, special parking lamps, cadet visor, and a score of other refinements Reo has built this inexpensive Wolverine in accordance with the fashion dictates of the aristocrats of motordom.

And if you judge a car from the viewpoint of performance as well as beauty, you'll find that the new Wolverine has "more on the ball" than you ever have thought possible at the price. Try one yourself—you'll sell yourself in half an hour's drive.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

FLYING CLOUD

Coupe $1625
Victoria $1795
Brougham $1645
Sedan $1845
Roadster $1695
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REO

WOLVERINE

Sedan, *illustrated above* . . $1295
(5 wire wheels, $35 extra)
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Brougham . . $1195
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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

"UNCLE Tom's Cabin"! How well we "old ones" remember how we wept over "Little Eva"—how we reviled the brutality of "Simon Legree"—how we thrilled at "Eliza's" escape over the ice and applauded the failure of the bloodhounds to catch her—how we laughed at the eccentricities of "Marks the Lawyer" and sympathized with poor "Uncle Tom". This immortal drama, written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, stirred a whole nation 75 years ago, and is stirring it again now in Universal's picture-production. Wherever it has appeared, in premier, in England, Spain, Germany, France, Canada and South America, the most brilliant of critics have lauded it to the skies and declared it a production of most unusual worth. Don't fail to see it.—C. L.

The cast of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* shows a splendid galaxy of high-class talent—for example, MARGUERITA FISHER, JAMES B. LOWE, GEORGE SEIGMANN, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD, ARTHUR EDMUNDCAREWE, MONA RAY, VIRGINIA GREY. It is seldom indeed that so many artists of note appear in one production yet I considered that a purely American drama of such importance should be 100 per cent perfect in detail I believe it will be the outstanding production for many years.

George Seigmann in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Be on the lookout for *"Lonesome"* the Universal Romance which kicks moving picture tradition into a cocked hat and tells a thrilling love story in an unusual way. It stars beautiful BARBARA KENT and that different comedian GLENN TRYON. They are the only ones in the cast, yet there are thousands around them who do not know they are there. As the Irish say, "'Tis a sweet play." You must see it.

Virginia Grey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Look for Universal's *"Jazz Mad"* starring JEAN HERSHOLT, MARIAN NIXON and GEORGE LEWIS in a gripping story of pride of family pitted against impetuous youth.

Lucien Littlefield in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Also *"The Grip of the Yukon,"* featuring FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, NEIL HAMILTON, JUNE MARLOWE, OTIS HARLAN and BURR McINTOSH. Ask your favorite theatre to get it.

Right now, theatres are selecting pictures for the coming season, so it would be a good idea to cut out this ad and send it to the manager of your favorite theatre. It would help guide him in selecting new pictures—and also assure you the best in movie entertainment.

Carl Laemmle, President

Thousands of people are making collections of photographs of big scenes from Universal Pictures. To meet this demand Universal will send photographs of scenes from *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* as follows. Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

"No recommendation in that," growled Mr. Eddie Tompkins, stepping back.

"Your executioner isn't pleased with me," she told Bancroft as they sped on through the thinned ranks of rickshas, whose drivers squatted, asleep, between the shafts.

"He thinks I've made a mistake again. We just discovered last week that I loved a traitor too well."

He said good night at the steps, very properly and politely. He was pale, taut, as if he were fighting exhaustion. "I won't try those steps," he said. "What is it I want to say? Oh, yes, we'll come for you before ten. Good night."

She was too happy to sleep. She sat out on the stone balcony and counted stars and remembered, over and over, the beautiful things he had said to her.

But in the morning no one called at ten, or at eleven, or at all, except Mr. Henry Perkins, and later, Sir Ralph Williamson.

When she telephoned the Hotel des Wagon Lits, they said Mr. Bancroft had checked out at 9:30. He did not even send a postal card.

III

GROUND swells. Two hours out of Yokohama, after three serenely smooth days from Shanghai, the returning Empress surrendered to unseen undulations of a betraying sea. Her decks cleared as if by poison gas.

But Mary Webster was too spirit-sick to be seasick.

"Though you look some better than you did, Mary, you still look as if you might get sick any minute," said Miss Martha Lovell, a little hopefully, Mary thought.

"You really are extremely pale, dear," said Miss Emily, "but you haven't seemed just yourself since we left Shanghai. I'm afraid you overdid yourself in Pekin. But perhaps if you go up on deck in the air you can escape this. Oh, this is terrible. If only there were wind and waves, I could understand it."

"And what good would it do you if you could?" said Miss Martha.

Between the Misses Lovell, this was a shocking retort. They did not speak again, but lay spiritlessly on their beds, no longer making any effort to distinguish Mary from the stewardess.

So Mary, though it was getting quite dusk, put on her sensible blue hat, her sensible navy-blue coat and her colored glasses, and went fearfully up on deck. But Philip Bancroft was evidently among the vanquished. The only survivors were the shouting, imperishable offspring of furloughing missionaries, a few new passengers who had got on at Yokohama; the inevitable old gentlemen with pink cheeks, gray caps and stomachs of hardpan; and a frail, flippant moving-picture stunt actress, Miss Estrelda La Relda, who promenaded briskly with no less a person than Philip Bancroft's chief executioner, Mr. Eddie Tompkins.

Meeting Mary, Miss La Relda merrily cried "Bravo, another resurrection!" And again, as when he had bounded up the gangplank at Yokohama, Mr. Eddie Tompkins' bleak blue eyes briefly paused on Mary's face with not the slightest recognition.

Mary hurried gratefully to her steamer chair, turned it about, and leaned back as if asleep, her blue hat—an Anaheim model—pulled low. Miss Estrelda La Relda wore white—a very short sport suit and a floating scarlet scarf. It was only two weeks ago that she, too, had worn white and scarlet, and in them found love and lost it. All of the Open Sesame clothes had been expressed from Shanghai to Marcella Van Dame—all except the simple white chiffon with its stolen poppies. It was too precious to part with. It was torn a little and stained with wine; like the hurt beauty of her dreams that had blazed so briefly into being and had been trampled on. It hung far back in her sixty-dollar trunk under her raincoat, where the Misses Lovell would never discover it. There were even a few little mildewed spots on it, where her last tears had fallen. It was not a garment to rouse the suspicions of any customs officer against the obscurest of school-teachers.

Mary had not worn white again during her five brightly unhappy days in Pekin. The gayer gowns sufficed amply to prove her theories. In a lavender organdie she had been lavishly made love to by an Italian count. In rose chiffon she had been unable to avoid the ardent admiration of Sir Ralph Williamson.

Once he had said, his dark eyes all devotion, "By the way, you should wear your ruby with this frock; they'd be perfect together."

And she had said, "Why, you know, I lost it at Hank's the other night. To tell the truth, I really thought you'd stolen it, thinking it was real."

He had laughed softly and told her she was a most remarkable girl, really. But after that he had remained loyally at Laura Winfield's side. Adventure never lagged. In yellow linen and a leghorn hat she had been passionately assured by a haggard young officer that she had restored his faith in women, and begged by him that night, when she wore scarlet satin, *bouffant*, to spend the week with him at Pei-tai-ho. In the balloony green taffeta of his choice, she had been kissed by Henry Perkins. She was not certain but that she had kissed him too. It had been her last night in Pekin. They sat out on the balcony of Room 308.

He had said twice that he must be rolling along, when he said shortly, "Mary, you've put on a good act this week, but you fell pretty hard for Bancroft, didn't you?" She had told him the truth about everything else, so she told him the truth about this.

"Yes," she said.

"Hard lines. But I warned you. If he'd been conscious at all, he'd have fallen for you just as hard."

"I wish I could believe it, Hank. But I can't. After he saw that vile Eddie man—who came for him, you know—I could have been a wax figure or a singsong girl or his maiden aunt. He talked engineering all the way and—and kissed me automatically, like a cuckoo clock. If I'd known as much about kissing then as I do now, I'd have realized it."

"Oh, you'll forget him," Hank's businesslike voice assured her, "when you get back to your arithmetic professor."

"I'll not get back." It comforted her to say it out loud. "I'll tell Miss Martha and Miss Emily something -heaven knows what—and go on to New York from San Francisco. Perhaps I can qualify as a clothes model. I've done so well here. But I wouldn't exchange that night with—that night of your party for a dozen lifetime's of Arnold's mathematical embraces."

After a little silence he had said, "Pekin wouldn't help a little bit, would it? I'd like you to stay, if it would—permanently, I mean."

"Why, Hank—why—why, thank you, Hank, but ——"

"But that's what I mean. Does it surprise you so?"

"Yes, it does, Hank. You see, I've understood about the—the girl I saw at your house. Why don't you marry her, Hank? You surely must love her; she's so lovely."

"I'm not that cruel, Mary. This is—Pekin. She's happy now. You're the only one who's ever seen her. She's never been curious about anyone before. But I shouldn't ask you to marry me if I loved her. Surely, Mary, you must realize that most men ——"

"It isn't only that, Hank; it's—the other. I'd have no love to give you. I was so generous with him. In a month you won't remember I've been here."

"I shall always remember. It's going to be an endless job—trying to forget these six days and what you've meant."

His voice groped toward her through the semidarkness like an outstretched but undemanding hand.

It had made her throat choke, so she spoke lightly. "I'd have meant very little, Hank, without Marcella's wonderful clothes. You'd have found no trouble forgetting me if I'd worn my own."

"I knew from the first morning that they weren't your clothes, didn't I? I should think Bancroft would have cured you of your clothes complex. They didn't get you very far with him, did they?"

"They got me so far I can't get back." Then something had snapped. She had put her head down on the arm of her chair and cried. It was the first time she had been able to. She had cried the rest of that night, while she finished packing, while she should have been sleeping. And she stayed in her hot compartment on the way to Shanghai and cried as long as the tears would flow. So that it was small wonder the Misses Lovell thought she had overdone herself in Pekin. She had.

And now, having mourned Philip Bancroft far more bitterly than if he were dead, he had joined the home-going steamer at its last stop. Of the Yokohama passengers, he and Eddie Tompkins were the last to bound up the gangplank. Eddie was a much older man than she had thought him. He carried an enormous burden of poorly packed luggage, escaping paper bundles, bulging bags. Philip Bancroft had one bag, with an unwrapped parcel of what looked like large linen maps under his arm. Mary had given a little cry and pinched Miss Emily's arm until it was black and blue when she saw him, tall and tanned, unsmiling, his gray eyes shining like metal in his sun-browned face.

"My dear," said Miss Emily, "you are pinching me!"

"Oh, oh! I'm sorry. A—a queer little pain in my heart. I'll go down and lie down a minute, I think."

She had not emerged until now, in the thickening dusk. There was but one possible thing to do for the rest of the voyage—feign the universal malady and remain too weak to appear until she reached San Francisco. Miss Estrelda La Relda and Mr. Eddie Tompkins promenaded regularly, like the hands of a clock.

Then they came no more. Mary turned her chair about and faced again the faintly moonlit sea. The deck was deserted except for a small group of older missionary offspring, telling ghost stories. From the card room came the voices of the gray-capped elderly gentlemen, playing poker.

Then Mr. Eddie Tompkins appeared alone. In his ready-made gray suit he remained an untrammeled product of the great open spaces. His stiff graying hair stood shocked in the wind. He stopped. So did Mary's heart.

"Well," he said, "looks like you're the last survivor."

There was nothing for it. She must talk. "Oh. Has Miss La Relda had to give up?"

"She has that—in every sense of the word."

Mary did not smile. She must be very careful not to smile, even if anything happened that was funny. Which this was not. There was no disguise for her dimple.

"I'm so sorry. Perhaps she walked too much. I find it's better staying still."

"No difference, if you're lucky. Now, you'd think a girl like Miss La Relda, jumpin' parachutes and hangin' under express trains, wouldn't have minded this cradle rockin'. Must be you're a tight-rope walker and used to it."

"I'm used to a good deal. I'm a schoolteacher."

"Sort of thought you was. Both my sisters are school-teachers—that is, they were. One of them's taken up librarying lately. Likes it better." He lit a cigarette. "Mind if I stop and hear myself talk awhile? Been so long since I've been around any nice women, I seem to want to gossip."

Mary indicated Miss Martha's chair. "Have you been in the Orient a long time?" She was just beginning to appreciate this rare opportunity that was hers. It might prove painful, bitter, but it would be a satisfaction.

"Now and again for twenty years. Mostly, though, in South America. I'm

(Continued on Page 50)

FIRST TIME UP!

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with the Bancroft Engineering Company—oldest in the country. Tompkins 's my name. I began with 'em when young Bancroft—he's vice president now—was a kid playin' marbles. The old man called me up from South America to chaperon him on this job we've just been after in China—and got. We had a time of it!"

"Bandits?"

"Worse. We hadda couple o' Judas Iscariots over here with the company. One of 'em was a classmate o' Phil's—that's young Bancroft. Phil loved that dirty guy like a brother; more 'n most brothers. Phil wouldn't listen to a word about him. We hadda hydroelectric-power job hangin' fire down on the Yang-tse, and damned—excuse me—if we didn't lose it because Phil was so damned—you'll have to keep on excusin' me, I guess, till I get lady-broke again—so stubborn he wouldn't believe Jimmie Hill was sellin' us out to a British concern."

"How horrid!" said Mary, with as much feeling as she could muster. This was what Philip Bancroft must have meant by the traitor he had loved too well.

"Horrid? Plenty horrid; you're dead right. Phil felt worse over it than a woman would have. He's a solemn kind of chap anyhow, and he plumb disrupted. No ten white men ever on this earth punished as much liquor as he did in the next two weeks. He grieved over that skunk, something you wouldn't believe. You know, when a man loses his faith in men, it's a heap more finished than losin' it in women. I honestly didn't think he was quite all there when I met him in Shanghai to go with him to land the reservoir job in Mongolia."

"I think you were wonderful to be able to do it under those circumstances," said Mary, daring slowly to remove her colored glasses. She was safe. He glowed with the eternally pristine masculine response to praise. It was all she could do to reconcile this garrulous, naïve raconteur with the Eddie of her previous acquaintance.

"Well, I do feel pretty good about it. And the best part is that Phil will give me full credit with the old man—that is, he will if he lives." And Mr. Tompkins laughed reminiscently.

"Oh, then Mr. ——, your employer, is with you?"

"He was when I last looked in on him. But he was almost gone. Shouldn't wonder that his corner on Bacardi put him on the bum. Never knew him to lose his sea legs before. He's got an almighty lot of work to get done on this trip, too, so I hope this baby-cradle rockin' soon lets up. By the way, Miss ——"

What should she say? Her name was on the ship's register. The Misses Lovell would be fatally interested in any alias. After all, Bancroft had introduced her as "Mary dear." There was nothing to do but risk it.

"Webster," she said. Again she was safe. Tomorrow the stateroom. It would be hot, but there was an electric fan.

"—— Miss Webster, I wonder if you happened to meet a mission teacher in Shanghai named Edith Smith. She's a right nice girl."

"No. But then I didn't meet anyone in China," she assured him earnestly. "You see, I just had the necessary time to make the sight-seeing trips."

"I suppose so. Get to Pekin?"

Mary's heart felt as if it had begun to rotate sloppily, like a water wheel.

"Only for a few days. Have—have your sisters ever been over, Mr. Tompkins?"

"No. They believe in salting their savings in the bank. Myself, I don't believe in unattached women visiting the Orient. It's no place for them. You wouldn't believe how I've seen decent women—presumably decent, that is—carry on."

"Why, is that so?" Mary's voice was mildly astonished. "I didn't notice that they seemed any different than at home."

"You probably weren't in a position to—a quiet, nice girl like you. But the class that Phil trots with—high-steppers, you know—I swear it's remarkable what the Orient does to 'em. Why, in Shanghai I had to tear Phil away from one of them like a wolf. Then, up in Pekin one night, a girl he'd never laid eyes on before rode home on his lap in a ricksha from a party, and by Jove, she'd talked Phil into the notion of taking her to Mongolia with us the next morning."

"He—he probably regretted that as much as you did."

"Neither one of us regretted it, thanks to yours truly. With the help of a squad of coolies, I got that boy on the train the next morning and the next thing he knew, he woke up on the job that night. He's never thought of that girl again. But, Lord, he'd have poisoned her! Phil never mixes work and women."

Mary yawned. "Somehow, he doesn't sound like a very pleasant person to me. Perhaps if he mixed less liquor with his work he'd do still better."

"Why, Phil don't drink—that is, I mean he don't souse—that is, I mean, ordinarily. You see, it was this skunk of a Jimmie Hill that got him ——"

Mary rose. "I see, anyhow, that he has a very loyal friend. But I don't like him much, just the same. I must go down now. Both my roommates are ill and I told them I'd only stay away a little while. Good night, Mr. Tompkins."

She went swiftly. To the Misses Lovell she was still a stranger, unresented, ignored. The stateroom was dizzy with the whirring of the fan. There was no light except the dim glow that crept through the heavy, barely moving curtains from the passageway. Mary undressed silently and as silently searched in the far places of her steamer trunk for a carefully secreted envelope of camera pictures. These she took to the bright light of the white, hot little bathroom.

It was like looking at pictures of another girl. They were pictures Henry Perkins had taken of her the day of his party. Even then, Mary knew she loved Philip Bancroft. Marcella's beautiful clothes had merely given her the opportunity to prove it. How little she had dreamed, on that ecstatic day of dreaming, that in exactly two weeks all she would passionately hope and pray for out of that love would be his failure to recognize her. Coming over, she had envied other women his laughter and attention. If only now she could be so blessedly certain of his oblivion. Beautiful clothes—beautiful clothes—all her life she had dreamed of them, wanted them, believed magic of them. And they had made magic for her—no doubt about that—black magic.

Here was this sophisticated, dashing little person, staring, grave-eyed, out of the shining piece of paper. It was doubtful if even the Misses Lovell would have recognized her. Perhaps it was not too much to expect that Philip Bancroft would fail, conversely. She could wear her colored glasses. Her hair, fluffed into curler-curled irregularities on her cheeks, would detract prominence from the daring mouth and lend it to her rather long, slender nose. And the dimple was easiest of all. Nothing could make her feel like smiling. It was only the name "Mary Webster." There had been so much to say about names. But if he forgot women so lightly, she held a faint hope that their names might be still less.

And she would have to see him. She never could stand it to stay in this tomb of agony and wonder, wonder, wonder: "What is he doing now? Is he talking to that terrible Eddie? Is he flirting with a pretty woman? How does he look? How does his voice sound?"

It was impossible to think of him suffering as the Misses Lovell were suffering. Surely in the morning strong men would walk again.

But they did not. At least very few of them did. Eddie, of course, was among the few. But Miss Estrelda La Relda, palely recuperated, walked beside him, to Mary's intense relief. She turned her steamer chair about and read Jose Joslander's newest novel; read hundreds of pages without knowing a word of them.

Ground swells all day. Even the stewards began to fail by the wayside. A few pitiful passengers emerged from the companionways, only to linger dispiritedly and briefly, sometimes disastrously. Mary attained a most undesired prominence because of her health. But she succeeded in conveying to Mr. Eddie Tompkins that she preferred isolation to conversation.

In the late afternoon the boat began to take on a sparsely inhabited appearance, and among the pioneers was Philip Bancroft. Mary did not see him come. When her eyes, safe-staring behind her purplish goggles, first found him, he was attached loosely to the rail by his right elbow. There was a bulging folder of papers under his left arm. His soft gray flannels lay on him loosely, as if his body shrank from the touch of the cloth. Half rotating toward her to shut out the world of waving water, his eyes passed indifferently over her to the companionway beyond. There they stayed desperately. Finally he lowered his head and made for it, as one who, anguished with life, stumbles hopefully toward death.

Mary's goggled eyes followed him like a plummet. At the door he made a very square corner, stooped a little. And there the pleasantly moderate wind undid him. It lifted his cap and tossed it, whirling, into the sun-kissed sea. As he tried involuntarily to grasp it, the folder under his arm caught a bit of the breeze. Papers took to the air like birds; some blue, some white, some small, some large, some thick, some thin as tissue, a few unfolding to the size of newspapers. Bancroft leaned weakly against the wall and swung his arms like a slave driver. "Catch 'em!" he commanded her. "Move!"

There was no time to think. Mary went into action by instinct, grabbing them as best she might, scrambling behind chairs, leaping for the winging ones, stumbling, running, slipping into the gutter. Only two escaped.

Someone was helping her. It was Eddie Tompkins, profusely grateful. Mr. Philip Bancroft was unhappily occupied at the rail, where he had unwisely gone to gaze after the lost papers.

Mary rushed inside and dumped her armful of crumpled papers on one of the card tables in the salon. She saw geometrical sketches, figures, blueprints.

"I shouldn't have urged him to come up on deck," Eddie regretted bleakly, "but I thought maybe if he got a little fresh air, maybe he could work in here awhile and ——"

Mr. Bancroft stood unsteadily in the doorway. Mary hastily turned toward the other entrance.

"Damn fine advice, Eddie," growled a hollow voice. "If I've lost any important data I'll ——"

"You might have lost everything if this young lady hadn't saved 'em for you," rebuked Eddie. "Miss Webster, may I ——"

"You may not. I don't care to know, ever, your disagreeable friend," said Mary very distinctly, getting briskly out the other door.

"I don't love him. I hate him." She told herself fiercely, repeatedly. She told herself he was spoiled and conceited and brutal and arrogant. And to the apologetic Mr. Tompkins that evening she said, "Really, Mr. Tompkins, unless you can talk of something besides your unpleasant Mr. Bancock, I ——"

"Bancroft," he said—"Bancroft ——"

"—— I'd rather you didn't talk at all," she finished convincingly.

After that he left her with her own opinions, and Miss La Relda told her, "Say, that chatty big boy thinks you're sore at him."

It was the next morning, at eleven, that Philip Bancroft stopped in front of her chair. He was a man again, no longer sallow and swaying. He was also, and obviously, sober and polite, very.

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Mary sat demurely in her sensible navy-blue traveling dress, in a steamer chair between the Misses Lovell's empty ones. She wore her goggles. She was unsmiling and frightened. Bancroft's first words told her, bitterly, how safe she was.

"Miss Webster?" he said, guileless of any reminiscence.

She inclined her head slightly, afraid to speak. He was harder to hate, recuperated. She reached up and pulled her sensible hat a trifle lower.

He indicated the foot rest of Miss Emily's chair. "May I sit down here a moment and beg your forgiveness? Tompkins tells me I was rude yesterday."

"It's quite unnecessary." Again, bitterly, she was safe. Her voice was any voice, unheard before, to that tanned Roman face. She would have known his voice, quick, low and accurate, across ages and hemispheres.

He sat down, knees wide apart. "It's necessary on my own account, if you'll indulge me. Those papers mean so much to me that I can't half express my gratitude to you for saving them. They're the whole reason for this trip to China. And I can't tell you how much I thank you."

"You're very welcome," she said in a small tight voice, and picked her book up meaningly. Did she only imagine that he was studying her with rather more than ordinary interest? She turned a few pages. He sat still

"I know," he said, "that you're thoroughly disgusted with me, but I'm trying to place your voice. It's so familiar it puzzles me. Please say just one more thing to me, won't you?"

It was a little hard not to smile; his pleasant grin was contagious. But she gave him a very solemn little goggled stare and said gently, "Certainly. Don't let me detain you, Mr. Bancock."

He did not correct her, but rose, still smiling, and bowed. "I'm sorry you won't forgive me. But if you ever are as sick as I was, you'll realize I wasn't altogether responsible. However, I surely hope you'll continue to have a pleasant voyage, Miss Webster. Good morning."

It was too altogether stupid to sit and think "I hate him." Mary's inherent good sense rebelled. "I'm going to love him forever—forever," she admitted miserably. It was miserable to have been forgotten by him. It would be infinitely more miserable, now, to be remembered.

That night there was moonlight. Mary wore her black lace dress, with a coat. The Misses Lovell didn't quite like it with the sleeves out. The Misses Lovell were convalescing and very critical. Mary sat between them. "Do take off that hat, Mary," said Miss Martha. "I declare, I can't see your face at all lately."

"Yes. Anyhow, a street hat is odd with a dinner gown," Miss Emily thought. "And, dear, why do you wear sun glasses at night?"

But Mary remained firm about the glasses. Her hair, bundled low over her ears and visibly pinned far out on her cheeks, might suffice as a disguise in the absence of the hat. But she could not risk the glasses. "These aren't my sun glasses, Miss Emily. These are just my ground lens. I think I've strained my eyes recently. They bother me a little."

"They looked red when you were dressing," said Miss Martha. "In fact, I think I've never seen you look worse, Mary."

"But I'm so glad you weren't ill," Miss Emily loyally remembered.

"She nearly was," said Miss Martha.

There was dancing on the other deck. The music drifted over in pleasantly varying modulations. Philip Bancroft was dancing. He had been dancing all evening. He had found a girl similar to the girls he had found coming over: severely smart, carefully careless, pretty. Her hair was as black as the Balkan princess'. She had worn red in the daytime. Tonight she wore yellow. He had walked with her directly after tiffin. But most of the day he had worked on his papers—so Eddie Tompkins had said.

He walked by now, indifferently chatting, fanning the girl in yellow.

"There's a nice-looking young man," commented Miss Emily. "Wasn't he on our boat coming over, Mary?"

"Yes. He's the man -the engineer—that that terrible Mr. Tompkins told you about."

"I see nothing terrible about that Mr. Tompkins," said Miss Martha. "Of course he's not a cultivated man, but he seems genuine and friendly. A diamond in the rough, I would say. This is the man he works for, then, is it?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"The one you saved his papers for?"

"Yes."

"The name is Bancroft, didn't Mr. Tompkins say?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"Emily, he's probably one of the Beacon Hill Bancrofts. He looks well-born."

Emily thought it very likely. "Did you talk to him much, Mary?"

"No. He was very rude. Instead of being grateful for what was saved, he growled because two papers were lost."

"But he was seasick," said Miss Emily, always consistent.

"Emily, obliterate that word," said Miss Martha grimly. "I agree with Mary. He could at least have been decent. You know, Mary, when the light shines on those green stones, I declare they look as real as my grandmother's brooch. And it was a very valuable emerald. I wish you'd brought several strings of those."

Miss Emily leaned forward to see them better. "They are perfectly lovely, Mary. How much did you pay for them?"

Mary thought between three and four dollars, and decided not to wear them again.

When Miss Martha turned for a moment to speak to the old lady on the other side of her chair, Miss Emily whispered, "Mary, I believe Martha'd like those beads better than the elephant book ends you got her in Pekin."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss Emily. I'd—I'd love to give these to her, but I got them especially for a friend and ——"

Miss Martha, thank heaven, decided at that moment to go to bed, and rose suddenly to her tall straight height. She dropped her bag and her fan, and stood enmeshed in the folds of her steamer rug. While Mary knelt to extricate her, Miss Emily more slowly got herself in the same predicament. Also, her hot-water bottle dropped. It was an aluminum hot-water bottle, a firm favorite of Miss Emily's. It was so easy to carry, so light—when it was not filled with water. Dropping to the deck, it made a series of alarming noises; seeming to gather momentum, it could be heard escaping farther and farther. Miss Emily held the empty little flannelette bag high in her distressed hands and weakly moved her enmeshed feet.

"That can!" gritted Miss Martha.

Mary crept from the freed Miss Martha to the entangled Miss Emily. Someone had retrieved the hot-water bottle. It was Philip Bancroft. He took two steamer rugs from Miss Martha and reached for the one Mary unwrapped from about Miss Emily. She felt his hand under her elbow.

"May I help you?" he said. "You seem to need it as much as I did."

Mary had presence of mind enough to push her glasses back into place and to introduce the Misses Lovell, who promptly opened reminiscences of the Beacon Hill Bancrofts, who were indeed his family.

"I thought you were from Boston," said Miss Martha. "You look it. We are too. And Mary's family were."

"If you will go down with Mr. Bancroft," said Mary quite loudly, "I'll stop in to see how Miss Anderson is."

Miss Anderson was, of course, asleep. At least Mary supposed she was; so she did not knock. Miss Anderson might not understand her attentiveness, since their acquaintance was extremely slight. When Mary felt it was safe, she went down by the other stairway. Philip Bancroft was coming up. He smiled.

"You don't have any luck with me at all," he said. "Come all this way to avoid me and then run into me."

"You credit me with thinking of you more than I do," she lied, unsmiling. That was what she must remember—never, never to smile. He did not move, standing below and half in front of her.

"Well, at least I don't make the mistake of crediting you with kindly thoughts. But it's worrying me—having such a gentle person hate me so fiercely. And our Boston compatriots tell me we all came over on the same boat too. Funny old girls, aren't they?"

"They have never seemed funny to me." She could not pass him unless she pushed against him. Her glance indicated this, to no purpose. His companionable smile teased her solemnity.

"But has anything ever seemed funny to you, Miss Webster?"

"I beg your pardon." This sedate axiom did slightly shake his amused self-possession.

"I mean—that is, I can't believe you are really so solemn as you seem. Tompkins tells me he's done his best and hasn't made you smile once."

Astute, terrible Tompkins. Mary pushed back her glasses and took one step.

"Perhaps that's because his only subject of conversation is yourself. . . . May I get by, please?"

"Poor devil. What a handicap. No wonder he's been bewildered." With a short, pleasant laugh he stepped aside, bowed, and she went on without saying good night.

The Misses Lovell talked about him until they went to sleep. They had known his grandfather, who drove a span of famed gray horses. They asked Mary if Henry Perkins was anything like him.

"Nothing at all," said Mary. "Mr. Perkins is fat and perspires. But he's very pleasant and polite."

"This young man is a gentleman," Miss Martha pronounced, "and he comes of good stock, even if he forgot himself in an unfortunate moment. We must ask him in the morning if he met Henry in Pekin."

This innocent announcement gave Mary an entirely sleepless night. She made a hundred firm decisions to spend the next day in the stateroom. But she made as many more to face out the situation to the end.

Besides, there was a certain bitter solace in knowing where he was, seeing him, hearing him.

He did not appear until teatime. It was brightly sunny and Mary's brimmed hat and purple goggles were quite in order. He stood in front of them and greeted them collectively, as a clan. Mary did not close her book, but both the Misses Lovell closed theirs.

After the usual interchange of health and fair-sailing amenities Miss Martha said: "By the way, Mr. Bancroft, we have a cousin in Pekin—Mr. Henry Perkins. He must be about your age. The Perkinses are an old Boston family. I wonder if you met him"

"Why, I think I did, Miss Lovell. There's a chap there everyone calls Hank Perkins—a classmate of my best friend, as it happens. I met him right away. Fine fellow. Must be the same. Friends call him Hank, don't they?"

Mary felt the Misses Lovell looking at her inquiringly. She did not look up from her book.

"Did you happen to hear if Henry is called Hank, Mary?"

"Why, yes, Miss Martha, I believe he is."

"I presume it's the same," said Miss Martha. "Mary was told that he has a very beautiful home and lives very elegantly. We didn't see him ourselves as we changed our itinerary to Canton, and Mary just only saw him very briefly. An acquaintance she met on the steamer happened to know him and introduced her, or she would not have known him at all, as we had heard he did not lead a very exemplary

INSIDE, OUTSIDE— all around the clock

IT is the particular distinction of a "Colonial" Clock to be the peer of all timekeepers. That, of course, carries its obligation. There can't be the slightest compromise with quality, nor can this stately clock be the least bit negligent in its duty.

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All this you can make sure of by finding the "Colonial" nameplate inside the door. It says that inside, outside, all around the clock, is the ultimate in goodness.

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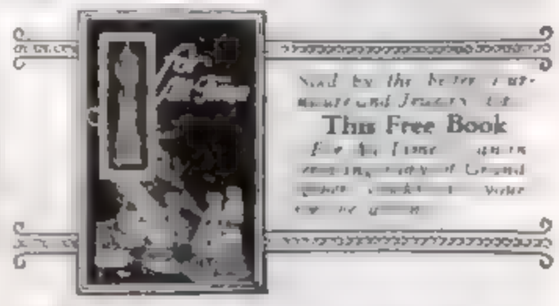

COLONIAL CLOCKS

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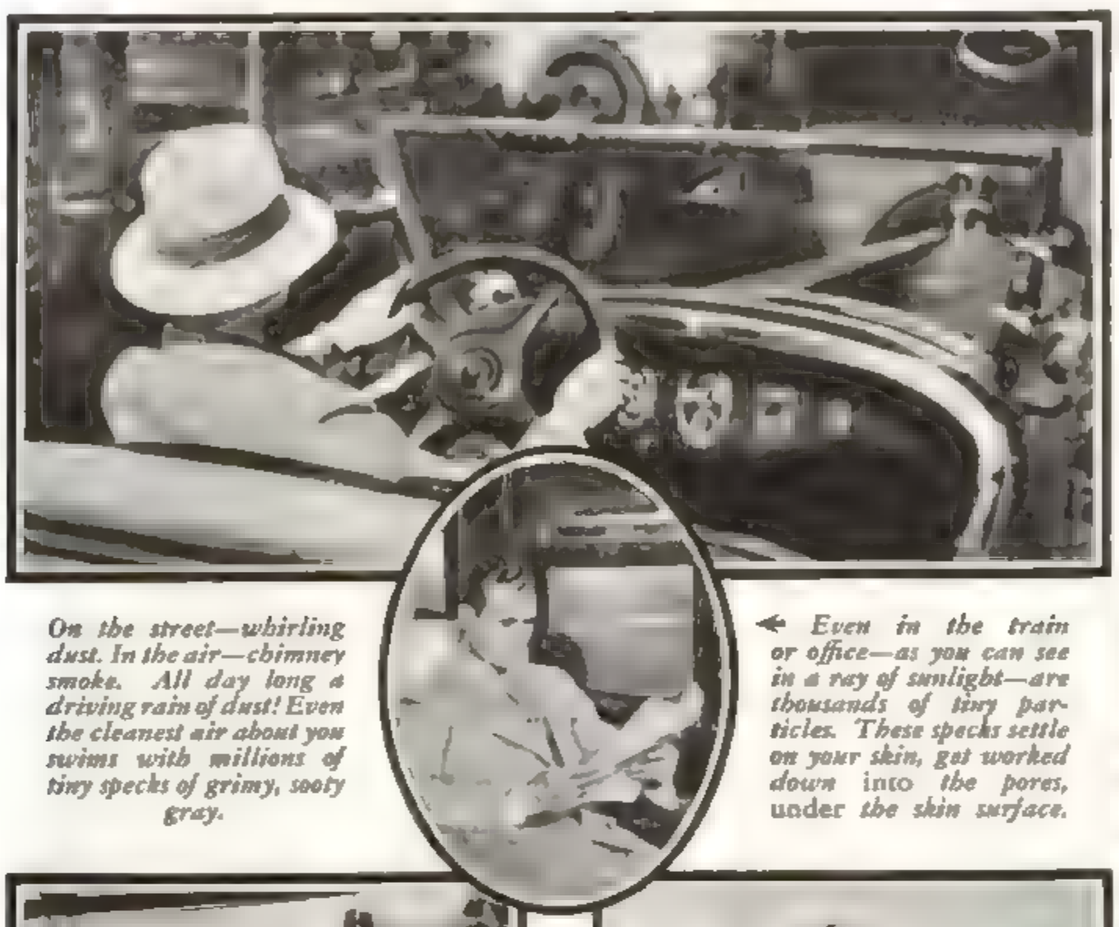

On the street—whirling dust. In the air—chimney smoke. All day long a driving rain of dust! Even the cleanest air about you swims with millions of tiny specks of grimy, sooty gray.

Even in the train or office—as you can see in a ray of sunlight—are thousands of tiny particles. These specks settle on your skin, get worked down into the pores, under the skin surface.

A shave and shower . . . still pore-dirt hides in your skin. But watch Pompeian Massage Cream go to work! Rub the pink cream lightly into the skin.

Two minutes' massage. The dried cream drops off gray with pore-dirt that hid in your face! Oh, man, how good that massage makes your face feel!

Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Note dried pellets of cream, laden with pore-dirt it has rolled free.

Now your face has the glow of an athlete . . . fresh and ruddy, really clean *at last. You'll be proud to have her see your face "close-up" tonight! Pompeian may be had at any drug counter. But you're quite welcome to test it* free, *men. Mail coupon* NOW.

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life and thought it best for her not to hunt him up. So I am glad to hear you say he is a fine man. We should like to know a little about him."

This long and carefully enunciated speech interested Philip Bancroft even more than Mary had thought it might. His keen gray eyes shone with delight. He hauled up a chair and pulled it slantwise in front of Miss Martha so that he commanded an easy view of the three of them.

"I'm ashamed to admit, Miss Lovell, that I don't remember much of my few days in Pekin because I was so inordinately drunk—there's no other word—all the time. I'd had a mighty unpleasant enlightening about a man I liked and trusted, and I didn't take it well. But I do remember that we drove out to Hank's place the morning I got there. He was a great host. And his compound is beautiful, as Miss Webster says. . . . Didn't you like him, Miss Webster?"

"Immensely," said Mary; "the—the little that I saw of him."

"His mother," said Miss Emily gently, "was a sainted woman, if one ever lived."

Oh, if dear irresponsible, honest Hank could see this situation. Mary did not realize that she had unconsciously smiled until, sensing a stiliness, she looked up at a lavender Philip Bancroft and found his lavender-gray gaze fastened observingly upon her dimpled upper lip. She felt her cheeks go hot as she jerked the errant lip into place and set her teeth against it.

But his voice was directed gravely and unreservedly to Miss Emily: "Well, I'm sure she'd have every reason to be proud of her son. The Van Dames are devoted to him. I met him through them. Perhaps you remember the Van Dames on the boat coming over?"

"Yes, I do," said Miss Martha. "I knew they were well-born people, but I must say I didn't approve of Mrs. Van Dame. Not loud, of course, but conspicuous."

"Oh, but Marcella's fine," said Philip Bancroft; "she's one of the best little scouts I know. Her heart's bigger than all outdoors. Why, do you know, Miss Lovell, she made this trip for nothing on earth but to smuggle in some jewels for a poor down-and-out Russian who's stranded in Boston with three children?"

"Smuggling," said Miss Martha in a firm voice, "is a deplorable cloak for charity."

Mary went wet and weak with cold sweat. She heard faintly, as one who trembles over the abyss of unconsciousness, the casual, friendly voice of Philip Bancroft amazingly explaining away the congenital disapprovals of the Misses Lovell. It was incredible—to witness their unconscious surrender to this young man of engaging manner and approved lineage. Suddenly a direct demand from Miss Martha required Mary's definite attention.

"Mary, then Mrs. Van Dame wasn't the woman you said you knew on the boat who introduced you to Henry, was she?"

"Yes. Mrs.—Mrs. Van Dame."

"Why, I didn't think you knew each other on the boat at all."

"We didn't. But we recognized each other at the hotel in Pekin and—and got to talking."

"It's too bad," interposed Philip Bancroft, "you didn't get out to Hank's place. It's unique. Really worth seeing."

Mary gave him a straight purple gaze. His face betrayed nothing. "I only had time for the regular sight-seeing trips. There were so many temples and—and things."

"And she wasn't well enough to take the trip to the Great Wall," regretted Miss Emily. "Such a shame, when it was really why she went to Pekin."

"Well, it's easily imagined," he said—"just an old crumbling pile wandering over the hills. We must have been in Pekin at the same time, Miss Webster."

"You were," Miss Martha settled that. "Mary got some lovely, inexpensive jewelry there. You know, I've always had the most absurd liking for any sort of jewelry. The things Mary found made me almost wish I'd gone there. But we felt we must get a real understanding of the revolutionary conditions in Canton. By the way, Mr. Bancroft, how will Mrs. Van Dame get her friend's jewels in, if it's true that she's being watched?"

"Blessed if I know. She'll swallow them if she has to, or make poor old Malcolm."

"I love emeralds," said Miss Martha. "Mary, I wish sometime you'd show those green stones you got for three dollars to Mr. Bancroft."

"They do have remarkable stuff in Pekin," he said, struggling with a smile.

"I'd like you to see these," insisted Miss Martha. "Put them on tonight, Mary, will you?"

"Surely," said Mary, cold as a corpse. She could perhaps break the thin little silver chain. This innocent passion of Miss Martha for the emeralds was even more terrifying than Sir Ralph Williamson's interest in the Burma ruby. She was lost, indeed, if Miss Martha discovered the truth. The Misses Lovell would tolerate no smuggling by any teacher of the Lovell Academy. And running torturously through her confusion was the hot question: "What—oh, what has he remembered?"

"I've been telling Miss Webster," Philip Bancroft said pleasantly, "that she is very familiar to me, especially her voice. And now I think I must have seen her in Pekin with Mr. Perkins."

This time it was Miss Emily who settled the point. "But she wasn't with Henry," she reminded him. "We thought it best for her, being alone, not to look him up; though we did give her a letter to send him if an emergency arose. . . . But as it was, Mary, you didn't go about with him, did you? You just merely met him, didn't you, dear?"

"Yes, Miss Emily. I think Mr. Bancroft's impressions of whom he met in Pekin aren't very accurate. It might be alarming to be confused in them. His Mr. Tompkins tells me that he had to tear him away from women as from wolves. He told me, too, that Mr. Bancroft escorted one new friend home in his ricksha and insisted on taking her to Mongolia with them. So I hope that I resemble one of his more discreet friends."

"My dear!" said Miss Emily.

"Yes, I should hope so," laughed Miss Martha, surprisingly amused.

"If I have the strength I shall cut out Eddie's tongue," said Philip Bancroft.

"I can't think of anything that would improve him more," Mary said, staring straight ahead.

Miss Martha laughed. "Mary never has liked loquacious people, and I must say that man of yours, Mr. Bancroft, is a gossip. It's very fortunate for Mary that her fiancé is a man of as few words as she is herself."

It seemed to Mary that surely shouts of nervous laughter must soon burst from her tight throat.

"I feel like a rubber ball being tossed about between you," she said. "Isn't it possible to talk about something besides me?"

"It is for me," said Philip Bancroft, rising. "I shall talk to Eddie and inform myself on my past, before killing him." He turned back to say, "We have an engagement to look at the green stones, haven't we?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Martha. "Mary'll put them on for dinner."

Perhaps it was coincidence, but the pretty girl in red was just sauntering by. Philip Bancroft joined her and they went down together.

"Such bold young women these days," said Miss Emily. "You know, Mary, I really believe Mr. Bancroft admires you. . . . Yes, I do, dear. He watched you very closely, really. . . . And, Martha, don't you think it was a little unnecessary to mention Professor Matthews?"

"My dear Emily, quite the contrary. Mary isn't the sort of girl who wants to

(Continued on Page 56)

JAMES WARD PACKARD

The World Never Knew Him

Death has overtaken another of that little band of pioneers, each of whom, a generation ago, individually and independently planned and built a "horseless carriage," laying the very foundation stones of what has become in 30 years America's greatest industry. James Ward Packard has gone on to join his brother and co-worker, William, but the motor car he originated, the automotive principles he pioneered, the manufacturing company he founded still live in ever-growing tribute to his genius and his vision.

IN 1899 James Ward Packard built, largely with his own hands, the first Packard car.

A graduate of Lehigh University, a mechanical and electrical engineer, a successfully established manufacturer of electrical devices, he had every facility, including ample means, for research and experiment. The first Packard contained many original features, Mr. Packard's own inventions, which were soon universally used on motor cars.

Ward Packard built the car for his own use because he felt sure he could build a better one than he could buy. His aim was simply to build the best possible automobile.

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The Packard Motor Car Company became noted for its progressiveness and for the manufacture of motor vehicles which were in advance of the times. Its policy of continuous though costly pioneering research in the field of motor vehicle engineering gained for its products a wide market and a high reputation. The name Packard became synonymous with quality.

Though Mr. Packard retired from any direction of Packard affairs 20 years ago, he never relinquished his holdings nor his great interest in the company's progress. The ideals established in building the first Packard car have ever been, and always will be, faithfully upheld.

The success and development of the company and its long history of important achievements in the field of automobile, aircraft and marine motors are a tribute to the quiet, kindly gentleman and scholar upon whose wisdom, taste and foresight the organization was founded.

Alvan Macauley

(Continued from Page 54)

give out false impressions. And I observed Mr. Bancroft's interest myself. But I don't think, Mary, it was in the most delicate taste to remind him of his—indiscretions, as you did. When young men of quality are interested in you they ——"

Mary got up. Her arms itched to shake both the Misses Lovell. "Miss Lovell, I actually think you'd count any vice a virtue if it was bred in Boston. That young man is about as interested in me, or in us, as he is in the W. C. T. U. He's merely amusing himself—and very highly."

"Absurd," said Miss Martha. "You're oversensitive and almost sick—that's all that's the matter."

"Go down and rest, dear, until dinnertime," said Miss Emily.

Mary went gladly. In the stateroom she gave careful consideration to the matter of the emeralds. She might break the fragile, cheap little chain that held the twenty precious gems encircled in a necklace. But then Miss Martha would probably insist that she take them in her hand bag. It would be safer to wear them. The sapphires, similarly disguised, had merited little notice. She left them in grateful obscurity in a small pasteboard box with some kingfisher-feather earrings, a strand of Japanese shell pearls and the Burma ruby. It was not probable that Philip Bancroft's eye would be trained for emerald value, but he had proved a very poor person for safe conjecturing.

She was in her black lace, with her coat, when the Misses Lovell came down to dress, so she went up on deck to wait for them. It was a safe hour, when cocktails kept those so inclined off the decks. But Mr. Eddie Tompkins appeared, wetly combed and freshly brushed. His bleak blue eyes lit with belligerence.

"Say! I never supposed you'd do me a dirty trick like that, Miss Webster—trying to queer me with the boss. What you got against me, anyhow?"

"You'll never know a fraction of how much I've got against you," Mary thought with some satisfaction, feeling herself again in a dark Pekin hutung, branded by his scathing comments; but she surprised him with her first smile, and spoke gently:

"Well, I really was sorry the minute I'd spoken, Mr. Tompkins. But he irritated me into doing it. And since you chose to confide in a perfect stranger, you really should blame only yourself, I think. And it's most annoying, having Mr. Bancroft insist that I resemble some of those—those wolf-women you told me about." She took off her glasses, winking quickly, and smiled at him unhurriedly—a smile that mollified him astonishingly. He sat down sidewise on the edge of the next chair, confidential of manner.

"Well, you know—funny thing—but you've got Phil going. Yes, you have, for a fact. First girl he's ever run across, I guess, that's honestly not had any use for him and tried to avoid him. Leastways he thinks you haven't, and that's just as good. And he does sure enough think he's seen you some place. He's been puttin' me through a regular catechism about the skirts he played around with. Lord, they all looked alike to me. But what you spilled about takin' the girl home in his ricksha 's got him goin' four ways. He's goin' to chuck me overboard if I don't pretty soon get him a picture of that girl."

"Why don't you tell him about her, then?" said Mary, her heart going sloppy again, like a water wheel.

"Lord, I don't know anything about her—little slick-headed blonde about as big as a minute, great big eyes and pale as a ghost. I only saw her in the dark. Stayed at a hotel. What can I tell him?"

"You must—you must know her name."

"Yeah. Name was 'Mary dear'—all that I heard. 'Mary dear,' he said, 'meet my best friend Eddie.' . . . Say! By golly, Mary's your name, too, ain't it?"

"It always has been. But I'll change it immediately if you two inebriates are going to bring it up against me."

Eddie laughed. "Aw, don't worry. She wasn't anything like you. She was one of these slick, wise, polished kind of females. I saw that much."

"What are you up to now, Eddie?" asked Philip Bancroft, seeming very tall in his dark dinner clothes. Eddie's back had hidden his approach. Mary's glasses were on her lap. Useless to try to slip them on. He had seen her; was very busily seeing her; she was even certain that he noticed her instinctive start to regain the glasses. Eddie seemed amusingly disconcerted.

"He's proving to me that you didn't cut out his tongue, as you said you were going to," she said.

"I let him off on probation, but if ——"

The two men turned hastily. Miss Martha Lovell was arriving without Miss Emily. Mr. Eddie Tompkins departed.

"Mary, we've been waiting some time. It will soon be time for the second table. Didn't you hear the gong up here?"

Philip Bancroft had taken her arm. Miss Lovell softened graciously.

"By the way, Mr. Bancroft, Mary's wearing the necklace now. Did you notice it? Now, really, aren't those lovely stones?"

He began bending slowly toward the necklace; his eyes, however, not on emeralds but deep in Mary's brown ones where, not so long ago, he had seen white violets and heard lullabies as he looked into them. Now, whatever it was he saw there made him flush slightly, and Mary knew that her own cheeks went crimson. She unclasped the necklace quickly and gave it to him.

"You can see them better," she said in a voice that sounded like a frightened little girl's. Miss Martha beamed on her almost tenderly. She was deeply fond of Mary and modesty was a most becoming garment in her eyes.

Philip Bancroft looked at his palmful of glowing emeralds silently. He held them up and let the light run through them like liquid. And Mary knew quite well that he had seen those beautiful stones before. Marcella had shown them to him. Heaven knew what would happen now! Miss Martha enjoyed his evident admiration.

"My grandmother's emerald that's worth a thousand dollars doesn't glow a bit more than those," she said.

"These are well cut," Philip Bancroft said. "It's amazing what those Chinese can do. I think you're right—they're unusually good. I picked up a string, though, myself, that is almost as good."

At the companionway Mary had to tell them that she felt decidedly faint. The thought of dinner was suddenly hateful. Would he please take Miss Lovell down? He would, of course.

He returned almost directly, as she had known he would. For once she was glad to see him. He must understand, before he in any way jeopardized the jewels, what she was doing with them, how she happened to have them. But his first remark was startlingly irrelevant.

"Was it with Marcella, then, that I saw you?" he asked intently, abruptly, as if it were an important business question. She was acutely aware that he stood so close he touched her lightly and she took the rail in tight hands.

"No," she said. "I'm quite sure I never saw you with Mrs. Van Dame. I only saw her in the hotel. You were never there. I—I was afraid you'd think I'd stolen them, or something—the—the jewels, I mean. Mrs. Van Dame is paying me a large sum of money for—for taking them in for her. Please believe me."

"Oh, I believe you. I knew it must be something of the sort. I'd believe anything. I'm in love with you. I've been in love with you ever since I heard the sound of your voice telling Eddie, none too pleasantly, that you didn't want, ever, to know me. And please believe that, if you can."

She couldn't, of course. But it was heaven to hear it—incredible heaven. As she brought her hand hard against her heart to hold it in her body, her glasses fell from somewhere, struck against the lower rail and bounced stiffly out into the sea. He gave a mechanical lurch of rescue.

"Oh, they don't matter. I don't need them. I've nearly ruined my eyes with the things."

"To keep me from seeing them! I knew it!"

"Yes. I—I flattered myself you might remember them, but you didn't."

"I didn't and I did. The same as when you smiled; I knew there could only be one upper lip like that in the world, and that I'd had—experience with it. Be human, Mary; when was it that I fell in love with you?"

"What makes you think you have?"

"The same thing that makes you think I have. And you do, don't you?"

Oh, surely this couldn't be another agonizing mirage; he was so sober now; his voice a little unsteady with his earnestness. He was even pale.

"I'd like to think it," she admitted, "for I've had a pretty dreadful two weeks thinking you didn't. But if you can't remember me overnight, I'm afraid we won't run across each other often enough to keep up our—acquaintance. You see, I travel very little."

"You're going to travel more," he said. "Mary, Eddie's told you—too well—how it was with me in Pekin. It's not congenital with me, or a habit. And he can tell you, too, that I don't think I'm in love every few minutes. I've had light attacks, but nothing before like this. And even the light ones took considerable time for development. When you first hit me, I actually thought my brain was touched. I was so bewildered and confused about you. It's the very devil not to know when you first happened. But I think I do. Weren't you at Hank Perkins' party the night before I went to Kalgan?"

"Yes," she said, just barely a sound, "I was."

"And I did take you home in my ricksha. You had on," he said sharply, "a white dress." He took her arm and half turned her toward him, scrutinizing her with a bewildered mixture of belief and disbelief. "I do remember—I have all along—that I had a wonderful time at Hank's party. Yes, really, I do. A different time than usual—odd, out of the ordinary. Smile again."

She smiled. If he would only remember. But he told the truth.

"If I hadn't seen you again, it might have gone—with the rest of the mess. But I'll get it back somehow, even if you won't help me. I've a feeling I'll remember easily tonight, when I consult that dimple in the dark."

"Oh," she said, crimson, "you aren't as—as subtle sober as you were ——"

"Drunk," he said. "Don't be afraid of the word, modest little Mary. So I was subtle, was I?"

"You were perfectly wonderful. At least I thought you were. Hank kept warning me that you weren't 'of this world,' as he called it, but I couldn't believe him. You said beautiful things, and so seriously. Hank knew I was—well, interested in you. I'd hated you on the trip over, because you didn't even know I was on the boat."

"I can't imagine my not seeing you," he said. It hurt, said so simply.

"You'd never have seen me in clothes like this—looking a dub. I wore a dress of Mrs. Van Dame's to Hank's party. I was very different. Men like you never see any women but smart, clever, fashionable ones. . . . Oh, no, you don't. I'm absolute proof of it."

He looked a little puzzled for words, gravely surveying the black lace dress and the gray, furless coat and the neat narrow black pumps. "I hadn't thought of your clothes at all. But it strikes me that I did see you, despite your proof, in clothes like these. What's wrong with them? They merely seem sort of quiet."

"That is a gentle word. Terrible, melancholy and morose, are some of the things Mrs. Van Dame said about them."

"Well, of course, Marcella spends a quarter of a million a year on clothes. But I—I never noticed her clothes especially."

"Oh, yes, you did. Once, that I'm certain of. And if you won't forget me while you have dinner, I'll prove it to you when Miss Emily and Miss Martha come up for the band concert."

"I won't risk it," he said. "I've thousands of nights to have dinner and only tonight to feel like this. Mary, what about the chap of as few words as yourself?"

"Oh. He's the professor of mathematics. He has kissed me twice and he has three little girls needing a stepmother. Miss Martha is convinced his intentions are serious and honorable, because he told me we would speak seriously of our future on my return. But Miss Emily is a little worried because he didn't give me his wife's diamond ring to wear on this trip."

"Two kisses and three little girls," said Philip Bancroft, "is a badly overbalanced mathematical ratio. How many times have I kissed you?"

"As many as there were bumps on the road from Hank's house, and a few extra."

"We will have all the waves in the ocean for bumps tonight," he said.

It was such a nice band concert that gentle Miss Emily left it and came down to see if Mary didn't feel well enough to come up on deck and hear it. In the doorway she stopped and clung to the curtains like a wind-swept leaf.

"Mary!" Her astonishment left the air trembling.

Mary smiled at her. She wore the white chiffon dress, the scarlet poppies splashing down its soft draperies; and the Burma ruby, like a great drop of blood, matched their color from the little hollow of her throat. The false curl was brushed completely from her fair hair that shone and glistened like a golden skullcap. Her lips were reddened slightly and her cheeks were pale. It made her brown eyes very big. And her small ears were witch's ears again.

"Dear Miss Emily, this is how I looked in Pekin. But don't tell Miss Martha," Mary said.

"My dear—my dear!" said Miss Emily breathlessly, sinking on the bed and staring. "Why, my dear, I'd never have known you! You're perfectly lovely."

"No. Only the clothes are," Mary said. "But they do make a difference."

And then Philip Bancroft stepped softly through the curtains. It was a very wonderful moment for Miss Emily, because they forgot her and gave her a picture, forever lovely, to carry secretly in her gentle heart until the day she died.

"Oh!" he said, very much like a small boy, enraptured.

Mary, in his arms, looked very little, very safe. They were beautiful kisses that Miss Emily saw. He kissed Mary's eyes and cheeks and lips, and both her ears. "Witch's ears," he said, and his voice held no possibility of ever again forgetting.

"But remember, dearest"—Miss Emily puzzled over this—"remember, dearest, I forgot you in these clothes and found you in your own."

Then Miss Emily went back to Miss Martha and told an untruth for the first time in her life; though it was, after all, not quite an untruth.

"Mary isn't feeling like coming up," she said.

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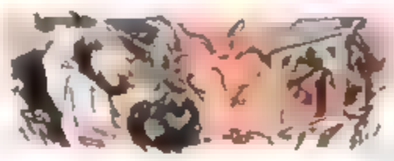

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IN SOUND

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

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restraint, and as he stepped, there was a splintering crash and all the light went out for him.

XIII

WHEN the Duke opened his eyes he found himself staring into a light that was too bright to be endured. He had to close his eyes again. But he knew he was on the floor and he listened. He hadn't been on the floor for several years now, but he knew well enough what you had to do. You listened, and at the count of seven you rolled over, and at eight you got your feet under you somehow, and at nine you stood up—if you were ever going to stand up. Because the moment the referee yelled "Ten" you were out. You had lost the fight.

The Duke listened, but he could not hear any count. Suddenly he was aware that they were mopping his face. The count must have been all over long ago. Because if it weren't, nobody would be in the ring mopping his face. There was never anybody in the ring until the bell rang for the end of a round or you were counted out—never anybody except you and the other man and the referee.

The Duke tried to roll over so he could get out of that bright light and see what it was all about. A heavy hand on his shoulder pressed him down.

"Lay still, kid," said Barney's voice.

"How long have I been out, Barney?"

"Coupla minutes," Barney said.

Then the Duke remembered. He remembered the big man in the doorway who had swung at him with a big overhand right. He had dropped that fellow with a one-two. He was so big it had taken two punches to put him down. And then the other bird had come in with his hands crossed. He had pinned that man's hands with his left and got him just so on the button with his right and put him down. And then he had stepped into the middle of the room—and then it had happened. Somebody with a wallop had hit him.

"There must have been three men, Barney," the Duke said.

"Yeah," Barney replied.

"Let me sit up," the Duke said sharply.

Barney gave him a boost and he sat up. He was a bit dizzy, but he could sit up, out of the damnable brightness of the electric desk lamp by which Barney had been examining his forehead. He sat up while Barney held a towel to his forehead and looked about him. There they were, three men, lined up against the wall of his study with their backs to him and their hands held high above their heads. Barney took hold of his left hand and placed it against the towel.

"Hold that against your forehead, kid," he said, "an' keep the blood outa your eyes." The Duke obediently held the towel. Barney put the thick butt of his big blue automatic pistol in the Duke's right hand. "Here's the gun, kid—easy with it, because it's cocked—an' if one a them moves, drill him. I gotta get some warm water and bandages and stuff."

While Barney was gone the Duke held his aching head and wondered what that third man had hit him with. It must have been a blackjack. He couldn't have hit that hard with his fist. And a fist landing away up on his forehead wouldn't cut that much.

Barney came back with a basin of warm water and bandages and bathed his forehead. The Duke was suddenly conscious of his left ear. His left ear began to sting. He felt of it and got blood all over his hand. Blood from his ear was running down his neck. His dress shirt was covered with blood.

"I'll get around to that ear in a minute, kid," Barney said. "I gotta get this cut on your forehead stopped first."

He took a rolled bandage, and as expertly as a surgical nurse laid it back and forth across the Duke's forehead to make a thick pad and fastened it with surgeon's tape.

"Your ear ain't more'n half tore off, kid," Barney said. He laid a bandage on the torn place and lashed the Duke's ear to his head with surgeon's tape. "You gotta have some stitches taken, but that'll do for a while."

"What did he hit me with?" the Duke asked irritably.

Barney nodded toward the corner of the room. "That there chair." The Duke turned and saw the wreck of a Hitchcock chair, quite a fine old one that belonged to Professor Kingsbury.

"One leg of that chair must 'a' taken ya right across the forehead above the eyes," Barney said. "And the rung must 'a' come down on top of your ear and most scraped it off. God knows what Jake'll do when he sees ya."

The Duke got to his feet. "Let's not think about Jake yet, Barney," he said. "Let's talk to these birds first. Do you suppose they've got guns?"

"They did have. I parked their guns for 'em out in the hall. You see, kid, when I come in the back door after puttin' the car away I heard a crash up here. Luckily I had my gun in my hand, havin' just taken it outa the car. The big fella there was down by the door and that dick over there was down in the corner and this second dick was standin' over you with the rest o' the chair in his hands. So I lined this bunch o' flat-feet up against the wall and frisked 'em. The big fellow was kinda sore. I almost had to be rough with him."

The big man, the one the Duke had hit twice, now spoke. "I'm a policeman," he said belligerently.

The Duke sat down at his desk. "You keep an eye on them while I telephone, Barney," he said. The Duke had never had occasion to consult a physician in Grandison, but now he remembered a young doctor he had met at Pauline's house one afternoon and liked—a Doctor Jackson. He called up Doctor Jackson now and asked him to come over and dress a cut.

"I suppose," he said to Barney when he had hung up, "that the only thing to do with these men is to turn them over to the police. It's a clear case of burglary."

"Yeah," Barney said.

"Turn around," the Duke said to the three men—"turn around and let's see your faces." The three men turned around. The big man was sullen, but the two detectives were plainly scared. "You can drop your hands," the Duke continued. "Which one of you wants to talk?"

"I told you I was a policeman," the big man said. He turned back his coat lapel and showed his badge. "I'm no burglar."

"You aren't a professional burglar, I'm sure," the Duke agreed. "But if you really are a policeman you must know that you can't enter my house with a gun in your pocket and go through my desk unless you have a warrant. Have you a warrant?"

"No," the policeman replied, "I ain't got no warrant. But I'm a regular policeman. I gotta right ——"

"Tush-tush," the Duke interrupted. "The point came up in one of Professor Foster's lectures on the history of civilization the other day. He remarked that here in America we had followed the principle of the English law, which says that a man's house is his castle and not even the king may enter it unbidden. He did say that American policemen were inclined to ignore the law—indeed, that they habitually ignored it. But he added that whenever the citizen stood upon his legal rights the courts supported him. When I met you at the head of the stairs it was my legal right to shoot you. I didn't do it. It is now my legal right to bring a charge of burglary against you—and that's what I'm going to do unless you can talk me out of it."

"I told you I was a policeman," the big man began.

"I heard you," the Duke said crisply. "And I have intimated that unless you come clean you're in a bad way. Now which is it—talk or go to jail?"

"Well," the big man said, "I seen these two birds hanging around here the last few days and I asked them what they was doin', an' they showed me they was detectives from an agency in Chicago. They said they were workin' for a bank that wanted a cashier who'd absconded an' they had just about got the goods on you, an' they were sure if they could go through the house they'd have enough to make a pinch."

"And you believed them?"

"They had their badges an' their cards," the policeman insisted. "They wanted me to watch outside an' in case you come along before they was through I was to stop you an' question you until they could make their get-away. Well, tonight you an' your chauffeur went out to dinner an' they figured you wouldn't be back till midnight, so I stood outside while they went in; an' after a while I didn't like it so much, so I went in to see what they were up to, an' then you come in."

"I see," the Duke said. "And when you saw me you thought your best bet was to knock me down and then beat it, so you took a swing at me."

"Well ——" the policeman said.

"Luckily for me," the Duke said, "I've taken lessons in boxing from professionals. And I'll tell you something they've told me. They all say that when you want to take a man by surprise you should use a straight punch. It's quicker than a swing, and a man doesn't have the same chance to see it coming or so much time to duck it."

He turned to the two detectives. "Who sent you up here from Chicago?" Neither man wanted to reply. Each looked at the other. "You," the Duke said, pointing to the man who had hit him with the chair—"you tell me."

The man took a card out of his pocket and laid it on the Duke's desk. The Duke glanced at the card. It bore the name of a detective agency with headquarters in Chicago.

"Go on from there," the Duke said.

"We were told to find out all about you—who you were and what you were doing and where you came from."

"And this story about my being an absconder—that was just bunk you handed out to this policeman?" The detective glanced apprehensively at the policeman and the policeman glowered back at him. "You were kidding him along so he'd help you?" the Duke prompted.

"Yes," the man answered.

The Duke turned to the other detective, the one he had punched on the jaw.

"What's your story?"

"We got the policeman in, because if we hadn't he'd have been after us; and besides, it doesn't look so good for a private detective to get caught in a man's house."

"I understand," the Duke said. "It's an old trick. And now that you're being so kind, won't you tell me what you've found out about me?"

"We found out that you go to the college every morning at nine o'clock and come home to lunch a little after twelve, and after lunch you go out with your chauffeur in your car."

"You followed me once when I went out in the afternoon, didn't you?"

"We only had a flivver," the detective replied. "Your car was too fast for us."

"Now," the Duke said, "you might tell me the name of the man you're getting all this information for."

"We don't know," the detective replied. "The boss didn't tell us that. He usually don't. Mostly the client doesn't want us to know who he is."

The Duke shook his head. "That's too bad," he said gravely. "If the boss had only tipped you off who you were working

(Continued on Page 61)

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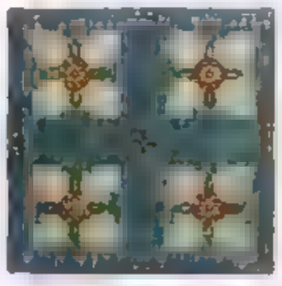

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(Continued from Page 59)

for, you'd stand a good chance of staying out of jail." He turned to the other detective. "How about you? Did the boss happen to tell you who wanted to know about me?"

The two detectives exchanged glances. They tacitly agreed to tell. Indeed, they both spoke at once. They both said "Ernest Corbin."

"Ah, yes," the Duke said. "How very interesting!" He felt suddenly elated, as if something he had wished for had suddenly come true. He smiled at the two detectives.

"Did it ever occur to you to ask the college authorities about me?" the Duke inquired. They shook their heads.

"Very well," the Duke said, "I'm going to save you the trouble—especially as you are both leaving town tonight on the midnight train. The registrar's office has my name on file and a brief record showing that I was formerly a student at a college in New York City. If I were you and I wanted to stay out of jail, I would go down to New York and put in some time looking for that college. Then I would ask the registrar there about James Van Blarcom. The registrar's office will look up the name in their records. They will tell you that I came to them from a small college out in Oregon. If I were you and I still wanted to stay out of jail, I would go out to that college in Oregon and make inquiries. I would find out who James Van Blarcom's parents were and what sort of people they are. I would even go to the town where James Van Blarcom was born and went to high school. If you work on this for a couple of months you will be able to give your employer a complete report on James Van Blarcom from his birth till now, and I'm sure I needn't tell you what a fat expense account you can run up, traveling back and forth across the country."

The two detectives grinned.

"You get me, I take it?" They nodded.

The doorbell rang. "That's the doctor," Barney said. "I'll go down and let him in."

"You're sure you understand?" the Duke asked. "You two leave town on the midnight train and you don't come back here before the middle of June—or else I swear out a warrant for your arrest as burglars?"

"We understand," the two detectives replied.

The policeman was increasingly restless. "What about me?" he asked.

"My advice to you," the Duke said, "is to go home and act like a clam forever after. As long as you keep your mouth shut you're safe."

"Can I go now?" the policeman asked.

"Just a moment," the Duke said.

Doctor Jackson came in and the Duke shook hands with him. "Doctor Jackson," he said, "I wish you'd take a good look at these birds—so you could identify them later if necessary. The big boy on the left is a policeman who has been led astray by two deceitful men. He is now penitent. The two others are a pair of private detectives from a detective agency in Chicago. When Barney and I got in tonight we found these three rifling my desk. We had a disagreement about it. But we have all agreed to be friends again—on certain conditions. Do you think you would know them if you saw them again?"

Young Doctor Jackson grinned. "Yes," he said, "I'd know them."

"Good!" the Duke said. "I think the only thing to do is to let the two detectives go first. I am afraid the policeman has it in for them, and so I think he had better stay here until they have made their train."

The two detectives put on their hats and Barney escorted them downstairs.

"We'll give them half an hour," the Duke said to the policeman, "and then you may go home." He turned to the doctor: "Doctor Jackson, Barney says I need some stitches taken. I hope he's mistaken. If there's anything I hate it's having stitches taken."

Young Doctor Jackson decided that he would have to take two stitches to close the cut in the Duke's forehead and one to repair his ear properly. But he did it neatly and the Duke continued to feel elated until he went to sleep. For the thought that kept running through his head was that Ernest Corbin must have had some good evidence that his daughter liked the young man who had brought her down from Grandison in his car, or else he would never have gone to the trouble of hiring a detective agency to find out all about that young man. And his detectives had not found out anything at all about him, and would not find out anything until after Decoration Day.

They hadn't seen him coming in from ten miles on the road at eight o'clock in the morning. They hadn't got up early enough. They hadn't discovered where he went every afternoon. They had been left too far behind in their attempt to follow him. And the big policeman would be slow to tell anybody that two detectives from the city had gulled him, or that a college boy fifty pounds lighter than he was had licked him. He might be worried at how long the soreness in the middle of his abdomen lasted, he might practice straight rights in the privacy of his bedroom, but he would not talk.

XIV

THE Duke did no road work the next morning, and he did not go to class. Instead he slept late, and when he awoke he and Barney chuckled over their evening's adventure, reminding each other of the details with gusto. The Duke had still a Ninth Avenue boy's dislike of policemen; and Barney had been a sailor in the old Navy and been cracked on the head by policemen in every great port, from New York to the China station.

They were both too boyishly delighted at having put a policeman and two detectives in their place to think much about the Duke's injuries until they were face to face with Jake at Cranesville.

Jake did not rave. Jake took one look at the Duke and his face went gray and he said "How many stitches?" And before the Duke could answer, Jake said "You don't work today."

He sent Barney out to find a harness maker or a shoemaker who could rebuild a leather head harness for the Duke so that it would contain special pads for his forehead and his ear, and then he sat down on a bench to hear the story.

"Boy," he said when the Duke had told him what had happened—"boy, it is hard to forgive you." He shook his head unhappily. "I forgive you, because I can't help myself, but it comes hard. It is that girl again. She makes you lose your wits. She makes you crazy. You know it. You know you are crazy to fight with policemen."

"I didn't know the third man was there, Jake," the Duke said humbly. "I didn't see him at all. He must have been behind the door when I stepped into the middle of the room."

"Oh," Jake groaned, "don't talk about it! You know better than to hit policemen."

"Well, now, Jake," the Duke protested, "he did the leading. He swung at me."

"Boy—boy," Jake said, his voice quivering, "don't talk so! What is one swing more or less? He did not hit you. How could he hit you when you were looking? Always you must be reasonable with policemen. When a traffic cop swears at you, you should not get mad—never. You should better say you are sorry. Otherwise he can hand you a ticket. It is no good to get mad at him. Where there is so many people, there has got to be policemen."

"I'm sorry, Jake," the Duke said. "But this cut on my forehead will heal in ten days."

"Yes, it will heal in ten days—if this Baby-Face don't open it. But it will not heal good. It takes weeks for a cut with stitches to heal good. You know it. For weeks it is easy to open. What if this Honeyboy Kerrigan opens it? Do you think you can outbox him when your eyes are maybe full of blood?"

"It'll be all right before the fight, Jake."

"Maybe yes—maybe no," Jake said. "It is bad." He looked at the Duke earnestly. "Boy," he continued, "promise me one thing. Promise old Jake you will not hit anybody any more for fun—only for business."

"All right, Jake," the Duke agreed. "I promise—no more charity bouts until this fight is over. And now, Jake, may I go home?"

"Go home?"

"Why not? I'm through for the day, and I want to call on a professor's wife. She is going to help me plan a party for Norah McCune."

"What is her husband professor of?"

"He's a professor of English literature—you know, of ——"

"I know," Jake interrupted. "Literature is poetry." He paused and surveyed the Duke with a puzzled air. "So," he said—"so you are now calling on the wives of professors in the college." Jake scratched his head, ruminating on the phenomenon. "In the evening you are snooty to policemen and get yourself crowned with a chair; in the morning you go to college and recite poetry; after lunch you train for Honeyboy Kerrigan; and before dinner you call on the professor's wife to arrange a party for an actress. It is too much mixed up. You will drive me crazy yet. I will be cutting paper dolls before we are through. Even now I cannot sleep nights for thinking what you are doing."

"Never mind, Jake," the Duke said. "It will all come out all right."

"It may be," Jake admitted. "It may be. But I do not know if I will still be here to enjoy it."

XV

THE Duke paused long enough at home to change his clothes and make sure that his bandages were neat. His forehead was bruised as well as cut, and somewhat swollen. He could not wear a hat. But his appearance was not shocking. He called up Pauline and asked if he might see her.

"You know you may," Pauline said. "You don't have to ask. I'm crazy to see you. I hear you're giving a party for Norah McCune."

"Did Susie tell you that?"

"Of course she did. But you didn't. You sneaked off in the middle of the evening without saying a word to me. . . . Do come over instantly." The Duke drove to Pauline's. "Good heavens," Pauline said when she saw him, "what have you been doing? Have you had a smash-up?"

"It was nothing but a chair," the Duke said, following her into the house.

She had made tea, and on the tea table were some fresh squares of cinnamon toast that looked so brown and buttery and sugary, and gave forth so tantalizing an odor, that it made the Duke mad to look at them.

"I'll have tea," the Duke said, "but you know I don't eat sweets."

Pauline looked up from her pouring. "You generate more curiosity than any three men I've ever known," she said. "You look as hard and lean as an athlete, and yet you say you can't eat sweets, and you have to go home early from parties and all the rest of it."

The Duke took the cup of tea she gave him and balanced it on his knee with a certain ease. He was getting used to teacups. Pauline came over to his chair and examined his bandages, trying to discover for herself how serious his injuries were. The Duke winced when she touched his ear.

"Don't," he said. "That ear is good and sore." Pauline tipped his head back with gentle hands in order to see how much swollen his forehead was. "Please don't," the Duke said. "Please go and sit down."

"I will," she said obediently. "But if you don't tell me how you got that horrible bruise I'm through with you." She sat down in her corner of the sofa, displaying her long handsome legs with her usual freedom. "I am really. It's perfectly silly of you to be cagy with me. I'm one person that you would do well to trust. Don't you know I can keep a secret?"

"I'm going to trust you with one," the Duke replied. "I don't see any reason why I shouldn't tell you how I got this crack on the head. I'd like to tell you. But I'd rather you wouldn't tell Susie Corbin."

Pauline sat up straight. "I won't tell a soul. You can count on me."

The Duke put down his teacup and told Pauline what had happened the night before, omitting nothing except the fact that he had knocked the policeman and one of the detectives down.

He would have enjoyed telling her that part of the story, but he was not ready to have her know that he had a punch or to excite her curiosity about that side of his life. Even so, Pauline listened with a gratifying display of interest.

When he had finished, Pauline clasped her hands behind her head and leaned back against the sofa and narrowed her eyes thoughtfully.

"Do you think those two detectives will do what you told them to?"

"Yes, I think they will. I'm sure they're on their way now. They knew I meant what I said when I told them I'd have them in jail for burglary if they didn't leave town. And of course they don't want to meet that policeman they got to help them. He'd be delighted to give them a beating and they know it. They won't dare report to their boss that they've been chased out of town. They will have to report that there's nothing further to be learned about me here in Grandison, and that since I came here from New York they must go to New York."

"I think you're right," Pauline said. "But the thing that strikes me is that you are so happy to tell them to go to New York and look you up there. You are so perfectly sure they won't find out anything about you in New York."

"I don't think they'll find out much."

Pauline sat up and looked at him intently. "But why not? They will run into people in New York who knew you; and if not, they certainly will when they go out to Oregon. If they keep on working they're bound to get your history."

"Pauline," the Duke said, wishing to shift her attention from the weak point in the story he had told her, "there isn't one detective in ten who ever finds out anything—unless it's to somebody's interest to tell him. Detectives do learn things from stool pigeons—sometimes."

"But you've told them how to go to work. And tracing you through your college and school connections back to your home town is too simple. The registrar at the college will tell them when you were born, and where, and who your parents were. In time they will find somebody who knows where you've been all these years and what you've been doing since you were sent to kindergarten."

"They're a pair of boobs," the Duke said. "Let's talk about the party. I don't see how there'll be time to have dinner before the theater, so ——"

Pauline held up her hand like a traffic policeman to stop him. "Just a minute, darling," she said. "They may be a pair of boobs, but I'm not a boob; and I can guess the answer."

The Duke felt his ears getting pink. His mother had scrubbed his ears pink before he went to Alan Brooke's birthday party when he was a kid, and they had got pinker during the party. They had got pink ever since when he was embarrassed or anxious. At the moment one of his ears was pretty well covered with surgeon's tape, but he felt that the other one, his right ear, was pinker than usual.

"Well," he asked in as casual a tone as he could manage, "what is the answer?"

"I should have guessed it weeks ago!" Pauline cried. Her face was alight with the pleasure of having solved a much-considered puzzle. "I should have guessed it when Jack and I were talking about you and we agreed that you seemed like a person who had never had much formal education even if you did have credit for two or three years' work in New York and that place in Oregon. The answer is that you aren't James Van Blarcom at all. You're somebody else."

(Continued on Page 64)

Ernest Flagg, famous American architect, has designed especially for the Journal a whole block of new houses with the new common-sense placing for city lots. Varying in building cost from $7000 to $45,000, they will fit every suburban need—and purse.

Homes of 1929

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

The peonies above and the unusual window treatment, left, are both displayed by a color-photography process editorially exclusive to the Journal.

◆

(Continued from Page 61)

The Duke did not know whether to admit the truth or not, so he looked her in the eye and said nothing.

"And that's why," Pauline continued triumphantly—"that's why you are so glad to have those two detectives trailing you to New York and all the way out to Oregon. You don't care what they find out about the man whose name you've taken."

The Duke stood up. He could always think faster when he was on his feet. He could think best of all when he was moving. His experience in the ring had given him a feeling against staying long in one spot when he was pressed. He began to pace back and forth.

"What a wild idea, Pauline!" he said. "You have the wildest ideas of anybody I know."

"Just the same," she said, "I'm right."

The Duke felt the doubt in her tone. He had made her doubt.

"I suppose it's because you're romantic," he continued. "You think you're a woman of the world, but just underneath the surface you're a schoolgirl—you'd believe anything that you thought it was fun to believe."

"It's because my life is so unromantic," Pauline cried. "I've got to believe romantic things."

The Duke paused in his stride. "Why is your life so unromantic?"

"You know why. I'm married to the nicest man in the world and I haven't enough to do. I have no children to keep me busy, and no talent—unless it's a talent for meddling in other people's affairs. And I haven't anything to worry about—not one single solitary thing. I know Jack loves me and always will—he's that kind of man."

"And you love him. If you lost him you'd be devastated."

"But that's what I want!" Pauline wailed. "I want to be devastated!" The Duke laughed and she laughed with him. "So," she continued, "I spend half my time trying to figure you out and the other half trying to get your confidence. And in spite of what you say about my being romantic, I'd like to bet that Van Blarcom isn't your right name."

"No," the Duke said, "it isn't my right name."

"Oh," she cried, "for a minute or two you had me bluffed! I really began to wonder if I hadn't been kidding myself."

"No," the Duke said, "not this time. You guessed right."

Pauline sat down in her corner of the sofa. "Now," she said, pointing to the opposite corner, "sit down and tell me all about it."

"I can't, Pauline," the Duke said.

"You mean you aren't going to tell me who you are and why you're living a double life?"

"I'm not," the Duke said. "I'm not going to tell you anything more at all. I want to talk about something else."

"I just can't stand it," Pauline said. "Some day there'll be a loud explosion and it'll be me dying of curiosity."

"I hope that before that happens I'll be able to tell you, Pauline. I'll make you a promise—on the first day of June I'll answer any question you care to ask me."

"And it's early in April now, so that's two months."

"Nearly eight weeks," the Duke admitted. "But it's the best I can do."

"All right," she said, "and I promise to keep any and every secret you tell me." She held out her hand to him. The Duke took her hand in his and pressed it. "Oh," she cried, "that's not the way to seal a promise. I'm a woman."

The Duke laughed and bent over her and kissed her.

"Now," he said, "what I want to know is whatever made Mr. Ernest Corbin put a detective agency on my trail."

"He told Susie he was going to find out all about you if he had to hire detectives to do it. Susie didn't think he would, actually, but evidently he did."

"I hoped it meant that he thought Susie was—well, interested in me."

"Of course he thought that. Susie was furious at him for being so anxious about her and asking her so many questions. She wanted to worry him. She told him she liked you better than any other man she had ever met."

The Duke paced back and forth. "But you think that was all there was to it—that she only said that because she knew it would annoy her father and not because it was true?"

"Darling," Pauline said, "I just don't know. Susie says you're a terrible prig and of course I defend you. If I were to judge entirely by what she has said to me, I'd have to think that she rather dislikes you. But I sometimes feel that she thinks as much about you as I do and that she just can't decide whether to fall in love with you or hate you. I doubt if she knows herself how she feels about you."

"I see," the Duke said. He felt discouraged. He looked at his watch. It was after six and Barney would grumble all evening if he was late for his 6:30 dinner. "I've got to go home."

"What about the party?"

"We'll have plenty of time to plan that," the Duke said wearily. "Norah McCune won't be here until the fifteenth of May."

"Then let's plan another party at once," Pauline said. "One party won't make a social career."

The Duke found his coat and put it on. "It's no use," he said. "Susie Corbin told me last night that she wasn't going to any more parties until she had finished her thesis."

"And you won't give a party when she can't come?"

"No."

"She might be impressed. I thought she was quite impressed at your being able to get Norah McCune for a party. Just having her will make the success of any party in Grandison, even if she is actressy off the stage."

"Actressy!" the Duke said. "Why, Norah's one of the most charming women that ever lived! She has a delicious trace of brogue and she loves people. And she's as acute as you are, Pauline. After the first five minutes she knows your weakness and is busy exposing it to everybody else—though not in any mean way, of course."

"Are you in love with her too?"

"No," the Duke said earnestly, "I'm not in love with her. But I've always been tremendously fond of her."

"Then she's in love with you."

"Not at all," the Duke said. He looked at Pauline. "What makes you so cross?"

"What makes me so cross," Pauline said, "is that there are too many charming women in the world."

The Duke drove home and ate lamb chops and spinach and wrote a letter to Norah McCune, telling her that he was living in Grandison and that for reasons he'd explain when he saw her his name was Jimmy Van Blarcom, and would she be so good as to lend herself as an attraction to the party he proposed to give after the theater in her honor?

That done, the Duke saw that it was nearly nine o'clock, and he had to go to bed at half-past nine and get up at six and run ten miles before breakfast as usual. He had to settle down to the routine of training. He hated it, but there was no way out of it; and he knew from past experience that once you made up your mind to do it and did it for a couple of weeks, it wasn't so bad. He would allow himself the interruption of the party for Norah. For one evening he would break training and be like other men. And he would drop in at Susie's party at Smitty's if she insisted on going through with it. But for the rest he must stick to his job, and his job was to make a hundred and thirty-five pounds at two o'clock in the afternoon of Decoration Day and go into the ring at ten o'clock in the evening fit and ready to defend his title.

After that he could tell Susie Corbin everything. But as long as he had to tell her that he was a prize fighter by profession he wanted to tell her that he was a champion. He couldn't face telling her that he was an ex-champion.

XVI

THE Duke was suddenly aware one morning a week later, in Professor Gardiner's class in advanced composition, that Susie Corbin was the author of the theme Professor Gardiner was reading aloud. No other girl in the class could have written it.

"The feminine members of this course," Professor Gardiner read, "have been asked to write what they think about men. Very well, here goes. I find men dull—often excruciatingly dull. Any man who resents that statement is free to ask 'And who the devil are you?'

"I can only retort that men do not find me dull. Perhaps they should. But in fact they don't. I am not amiable enough to be one of the most popular girls in college. I haven't hung up any record for dates. But I have more dates than I know what to do with. The trouble is that being pursued doesn't thrill me as it used to when I was a sophomore.

"Oh, of course, it's still fun to meet a new and attractive man and wonder how soon he's going to kiss you. Flirtation is a game that I haven't entirely put away. I don't suppose I'd be really interested in a man who didn't try to kiss me. In fact, I think he'd have to succeed. But some day I hope to meet a man I can talk to.

"College men, as I have known them, are neither good talkers nor good listeners. They have nothing to say about things in general and they're a little worried if you have. I am curious about the world. I don't think I should be in college if I weren't. I've taken quite a lot of history and sociology and economics. At various times I've been intensely interested in an idea. For instance, we all talk at one time or another about what is American. Well, what is American? Such a question is not one that you can answer in three minutes, even if you think you know the answer. It leads to the questions: What is English? And what is French? And what is German? But you can't discuss such questions intelligently with the men you meet at fraternity dances. I don't say you can't discuss them solemnly—you can. I said 'intelligently' on purpose. Of course that's partly because college men have so seldom seen other countries, or even much of their own. America is a good deal more varied than they realize. But it's also because college boys aren't especially interested in what America is like or in what ways it is different from other countries.

"I am even more curious about individual people than I am about the world. I like biography. And I think that one of the most satisfying pleasures of life is to meet people who know how to talk about themselves, who are not afraid to let you know what they are like without too many apologies or alibis. Every college man who takes the slightest interest in a girl will tell that girl the story of his life and what he hopes to make of himself. But when you have heard one you have heard them all. In the course of talking a great deal about themselves they never tell anything. They're afraid to. And naturally you aren't going to tell them anything.

"But if I can't find a man I can talk to—one who would listen appreciatively would probably do—I should like to find one who's adventurous. Every man I know is going to get a job in So-and-So's drafting room, or he is going to sell bonds, or he is going to learn his father's business from the ground up. This is fine, of course. I respect their earnestness. But you would think you'd occasionally meet a man who had some exciting scheme. Perhaps I'm mistaken. Perhaps the men who actually do the exciting things in the world are just as bread-and-buttery in their attitude as the men I know. But I hope not. Because I'd so much rather go out to China on a chance with a man, or help a man start a new business, than to settle down in an apartment in Sheridan Road or Park Avenue with a man who had a safe, sane job and a safe, sane future.

"Maybe I want something that can't be had. I admit that I wouldn't marry any man, no matter how good a talker he was, or how adventurous, if I didn't like the way he kissed me. But I was asked to say what I think about men and I have."

Professor Gardiner looked up from his reading and asked for comment. The Duke hardly heard him. He had winced several times under Susie Corbin's observations and he was asking himself how he could ever hope to please her. He had no exciting scheme for the future. The one certainty was that sooner or later, and probably within a year, he would lose the one distinction he had attained to some younger and faster man. He hadn't any idea what he would do then.

No one in the class offered any comment. There was a painful pause.

"Mr. Van Blarcom," Professor Gardiner said, "what do you think of that theme?"

"Why—why," the Duke said, startled out of his reflections, "my head is bloody but unbowed. I'd like to meet the girl who wrote it."

The class laughed. Even Susie Corbin laughed. And the Duke said to himself, "At least she's not in love with Boss Walker or Tommy Wells."

XVII

FOR six long weeks the Duke went to bed every night at nine o'clock and got up every morning at six o'clock and ran ten miles; for six long weeks he worked every afternoon at Cranesville, boxing six—eight—sometimes ten rounds; for six long weeks he ate lamb chops and spinach without any sweets and drank weak tea without sugar.

"So," Jake said to him as he lay on the table after his workout and Barney rubbed him down with an aromatic mixture of witch hazel, alcohol and olive oil—"so you will see Norah tonight."

The Duke did not answer. He had got so he did not speak an unnecessary word to Jake. The mere sight of Jake made him bitter. He knew it was childish to hate Jake. He knew that Jake had not invented the monotonous regimen he was following or the profession of prize fighting. But Jake was the ever-present and ever-anxious representative of the necessity of going to bed every night and getting out on the road every morning and never eating what you wanted to eat.

"Boy," Jake said—"boy, how do you feel?"

"I feel all right," the Duke said.

Jake grinned and shook his head. "That is not right," he said. "That is not what I mean—I mean, how do you feel?"

"I feel all right," the Duke said in his most biting tone. "How would I feel?"

"How should I know?" Jake inquired. "I know how I feel; you should know how you feel."

The Duke rose on one elbow. "Jake, if you don't quit asking me how I feel I'll knock your fat head off!"

Jake grinned happily. "That is good. That is how you feel. Don't I know? Do you think this is the first time old Jake has trained a boy for a fight? But you are always too much of a gentleman yet. You do not swear at Jake enough. It is not so good to be a gentleman. It is better to be a roughneck and knock somebody's block off than to get always more sore."

The Duke grumbled as Barney made him turn over on his face so he could reach the long muscle that runs from the shoulder to the waist. The Duke lay with his chin in his hands and relaxed his shoulders and back so that Barney could knead the loose muscle.

"I suppose you are maybe going to have champagne at your party for Norah."

"Yes," the Duke said, "I am."

"Boy, let me tell you something," Jake said ingratiatingly. "You are coming along fine. You are down to forty-one. You are boxing like one streak of lightning. Your legs are fine. Your wind is fine. You have been a good boy to train so faithful.

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 64)

So I tell you this: You take a glass of champagne for me tonight. For one evening you can break training. For one evening you can eat what you like, drink what you like, stay up late as you like, sleep late as you like and"—Jake finished with gusto—"no road work in the morning. For one day, no road work at all."

The Duke jumped off the table and smiled at Jake in spite of himself. He knew that Jake was not granting him so much liberty to no purpose. Jake had been watching him closely lest he go stale, and Jake had evidently decided that he needed a complete break in training, if only for a few hours. But nevertheless he felt grateful to Jake. He began to think of meeting Norah in another hour. He might actually enjoy his own party. He would at least see Susie.

"Let's go, Barney," he called out. "We're due at the hotel at a quarter to five."

They drove to the Hotel Grandison so fast that the Duke had to wait for ten impatient minutes before Norah and those members of her company who were staying at the hotel arrived. He met Norah on the sidewalk. She stepped out of her cab into his arms.

"Duke," she said, when he had kissed her, "let's not waste a minute. I must have my dinner at six and we've only an hour to talk. Are you going to ask some of my company to your party? You had better. They know how to make a party go. I will introduce them—no, not now; later, when we have had a chance to talk." She thrust her arm through his and shook him affectionately as they walked into the hotel. "Say you're glad to see me. Say I look handsomer than ever."

It occurred to the Duke that though Susie Corbin was blond and Norah McCune had blue-black hair and dark eyes and there was no similarity of appearance between them, they had a quality in common—they both had a magnificent vitality; they both had the gift of making you feel more alive.

"Now," Norah said, when they had reached her sitting room and she had ordered tea, "tell me everything quickly. First, whatever has happened to your head?"

"I got a cut and twice since then a poor clumsy fool of a sparring partner has opened it," the Duke explained. "It's almost healed again now. It'll be all right by Decoration Day."

"And you are actually going to college and training at the same time?"

"Yes, I am."

"But why?"

"Now, Norah," the Duke said, "I wrote you all about that. You know I've always wanted to go to college, and suddenly I saw that I had the money and I could take the time."

Norah looked grave. "Yes, you wrote me that," she said. "But now we are face to face, you might tell me the truth, mightn't you?"

"That is the truth," the Duke protested. "Why do you think it strange that I should do something I've always planned to do?"

"Honey," she said, "haven't I brought you up? Don't I know you better than your own mother? After all these years you do not have to lie to me."

"But I am not lying."

Norah put down her teacup and took two quick steps to the Duke's chair. She put one hand under the Duke's chin and tipped his head back so she could look straight into his eyes.

"Who is the girl?"

The Duke could feel his ears getting pink. "Well," he said, "there is a girl."

"Of course there is a girl. Do you love her, or are you just being foolish?"

"I love her," the Duke said, "except when I am so mad at her that I want to slap her."

Norah sat down again and poured herself a fresh cup of tea. "Then what is the matter? Why are you ashamed? Is she married to somebody else? Isn't she a nice girl?"

"You don't understand," the Duke said. "She is a coed and only twenty or so, and she comes of a family who won't consider me when they know who I am. I haven't told her I love her. I haven't made love to her at all."

"You haven't made love to her!"

"She won't let me. She doesn't seem to like me. She's always thinking up some new scheme for avoiding me. I've hardly seen her for six weeks, except to catch a glimpse of her across a classroom." He told Norah about the time he had driven Miss Corbin down to Lake Forest and she had been so angry because he would not tell her how he had made his money. "So you see," he finished, "I am stopped. I cannot tell her that I am Duke Wellington until after my fight with Kerrigan. I promised Jake I wouldn't let the story out. And of course I can't make love to her until she knows I'm a fighter."

Norah shook her head impatiently. "And why not? If you love the girl, then you must make her love you."

"But I can't do that until she knows about me, Norah. You don't understand—she comes from the kind of family that would be horrified at the idea of her meeting a fighter."

"All the more reason why you must have the girl on your side. I thought you had more sense. I thought —— Oh, you are plain stupid."

The Duke got up and began to pace back and forth. He did not agree with Norah, but he wished he could.

"What if I made love to her and got her and then she found out I was a fighter—where would I be then?"

Norah shook her head. "You poor baby," she said.

"Well," the Duke insisted, "where would I be?"

"Listen," Norah said. "If the girl doesn't object to your being a fighter—if it's of no more consequence to her than it would be to me—you have no reason to hesitate, have you?"

"But that isn't the case. It will be of consequence to her. Her people are the sort who have always had money and dignity—the things that ought to go with money. Did you ever hear — "

"In short," Norah laughed, "the sort of family that people like you and me, darling, who began in Ninth Avenue and got up in the world solely on the strength of our charm, so often marry into."

"Charm!" the Duke exclaimed. "You may get by on charm, but I don't. Do you think hitting a man on the jaw so hard it takes ten minutes to bring him around is charming?"

"I do not care to see that part of it myself," Norah admitted, "but it seems to go big at the box office. If I have three thousand dollars in the house it is a big night and I feel that I am earning my salary. But I read in the papers that they have to give you a hundred grand before you will put on your costume. And my audience has yet to be so charmed with me that they insist on carrying me off to my dressing room on their shoulders."

"Norah," the Duke said, "will you be still? You are the most exasperating woman that ever lived. You are twisting everything every which way and you know it. You are not being friendly or helpful. You are only being smart. You will not even listen."

"I will try to listen. I really will. And I will try not to laugh, no matter how funny you are." She composed her face to an expression of becoming gravity.

"What I was trying to ask when you interrupted me," the Duke resumed, "was this: Did you ever hear of a girl from a family like that falling in love with a prize fighter?"

"No, I never did."

"What are you trying to convince me of then?"

"I am trying to tell you that she will not be nearly so much shocked at discovering you're a prize fighter if she's in love with you."

The Duke was shaken by Norah's attitude. It hadn't occurred to him that anyone would approve of his making love to Susie Corbin when she did not know he was a prize fighter. And doubting his own position, he defended it more hotly than ever.

"It would be a damnable thing to do," he said angrily. "How do you think she would feel when she found out? What could I say? How could I excuse such deceit?"

"My dear boy, you do not have to make excuses to a woman for loving her. If she loves you she will find the excuses. It is her nature."

The Duke saw that she was laughing at him. "You aren't serious. You know perfectly well that I am doing the correct thing."

"Darling," Norah replied, "I cannot imagine you doing anything but the correct thing. You'd lose your shirt to be correct. You are so correct I am terribly afraid you'll never outgrow it. Of course I was teasing you. Who could resist teasing you? You are so funny! But maybe you are right. You know the girl and I don't. What is she like?"

"She is pretty," the Duke said.

"Naturally, if you are in love with her, she is pretty—that goes without saying."

"When I said she was pretty I was understating the case. Anybody would say she's pretty—even a person who did not like her would say she's pretty. There is no question about it. She's an absolute smash."

Norah nodded indulgently. "Go on, darling, tell me what she is like. What is her name? Is she a nice wholesome brunette like me, or is she a silly little blonde who drinks gin and smokes cigarettes on street corners?"

The Duke spoke with enforced calm: "You're being mean. You've never met her. Why do you pick on her?"

"Oh, honey," Norah cried with genuine feeling, "do forgive me! I am being mean. I'm being as mean as I know how to be. But you understand. I'm jealous of this young thing who has got you. It hurts me to the heart for you to love anybody but me. I know you've never really fallen for me, but I've never really given up thinking how sensible of you it would be."

"You sound like Pauline," the Duke said crossly.

"Is that her name—Pauline?"

"No, no, no. Her name is Susan Corbin. Pauline is another girl."

"Are there two of them?" Norah cried.

"No, there are not two of them. Pauline is Mrs. Gardiner. She's the wife of a professor who has been very kind to me. She's helping me give this party for you." The Duke looked at his watch and grabbed his hat. "It's a quarter after six, Norah, and I've got to see that everything's all set at the house, and dress and get to the theater. I'll come back to your dressing room between the acts and you can introduce me to anybody you want to bring to the party." He put his arm around her. "And, Norah, you won't give me away—you'll remember to introduce me as Van Blarcom and to call me Jimmy yourself?"

"I'll not give you away, but I'll not call you Jimmy, either. I'll call you nothing less than darling. Do you think I am going to let two women think they have a better right to you than I have?"

"Now, Norah," the Duke begged, "no practical jokes."

"Say it again, darling."

"Say what?"

"Say Norah. I love the way you say it. You have no brogue. But you have a grand way of saying my name so that I know you're fond of me."

"Norah," the Duke said, "I love you. I'll always love you."

"But your feeling about this girl is something quite different. I can see that she has made you unhappy. That's my mistake. I never made you unhappy, did I?"

"No, not really," the Duke admitted. "You tease me and make me feel like a fool, but you don't make me unhappy."

"And I can't change now, darling. I can't bear to see you unhappy. If you want her and I can help you I will."

"And if you see a chance to tease me, you'll do that too?"

Norah looked up at him with a tender maternal smile. "You wouldn't begrudge me that, would you?"

"I don't begrudge you anything, Norah. But I wish sometime you'd tell me why women like you and Pauline get so much fun out of pretending that you're in love with me."

"Is she being a mother to you too? Of course she is. She couldn't help it."

"But why?" the Duke asked. "Susie Corbin doesn't treat me that way. She is full of hostility."

"Of course not. She feels that you want to conquer her and she is too young to want to be conquered. But you do not want to conquer me, and so I see what a nice boy you are and wish you were my son."

"I see," the Duke said. "You know that I am not dangerous."

"Run along," Norah said. "You are late and so am I."

XVIII

THE Grandison Opera House is one of the few old-fashioned theaters left in America. It still has a peanut gallery in which none of the seats are reserved. Those who rush the gallery form in lines at half-past six in the evening and stand in the street until the door is opened at a quarter to eight. By that time the lines have become a milling mob so tightly packed that sometimes it is five minutes before those nearest the door can force their way out of the crowd and through the narrow opening and up the endless narrow stairs to the long benches under the roof. The dress circle below is still plainly marked by a brass rail with an aisle behind it. And the stage boxes are really stage boxes. You can step from one of them over a low rail and find yourself on the stage and behind the footlights.

Twenty-five years ago Grandison was a regular one-night stand between Chicago and the Twin Cities, and patrons of the opera house saw Mrs. Fiske in Leah Kleschna and Montgomery and Stone in The Wizard of Oz and Otis Skinner in a play by Jean Richepin and William Collier in Richard Harding Davis' farce The Dictator and George Ade's plays, The County Chairman and The College Widow; and a young girl by the name of Ethel Barrymore in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines and DeWolf Hopper and Raymond Hitchcock in The Yankee Consul.

Nowadays, old Colonel Fanshawe is lucky to get three shows a year, but he maintains the old opera house exactly as it was out of hatred of the movies and the sheer joy of jamming the place to the doors when he can secure something to put in it. The piece in which Norah McCune was touring was a better-than-average musical comedy called Oh, Kay, that had run a year in New York and been sent out on the road because it required only a small cast and had two particularly effective songs for the star. But the mere fact that it was not a movie was enough to sell out the house in a town containing ten thousand college students, many of whom had never seen a musical comedy or any professional spoken drama. The Duke had managed to reserve all the boxes only because Norah had demanded them before the tickets went on sale.

It was something of a trick to get thirty guests to the theater and to seat them all properly without confusion, but when it was done the Duke felt that he had managed it very well, except that he himself was seated behind Pauline in the left-hand stage box instead of behind Susie Corbin in the right-hand stage box. He stole glances at her across the theater. She was talking with animation to Tommy Wells. The Duke excused himself and slipped down the narrow corridor at the back of the box

(Continued on Page 70)

The Sport Sedan

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to the stage and so to Norah's dressing room and tapped on the door.

"Come in," she called. She was sitting in front of a mirror framed in electric bulbs, dressed in the absurd but charming pajamas in which she was making her first entrance, and giving herself a last once-over.

"I've got some flowers for you, Norah," he said. "Shall I send them up to the stage by an usher at the end of the first act, or what?"

"Yes," she said, "of course—if you've already got them."

"I have them beside my chair."

She smiled. "That's really sweet of you," she said. "On second thought, don't send them up—toss them to me yourself at the end of my song in the second act, when I take my bow—the Do-do-do song."

The Duke slipped back into his chair in the box and a moment later the curtain went up, and he sat, like everyone else in the theater, delighting in that rich throaty voice of Norah's and the rich warm drollery of her performance.

When the curtain came down at the end of the act Pauline turned to the Duke. "Why, Jimmy," she said, "the woman is gorgeous! She can really sing, and she makes you want to hug her."

"I know," the Duke said, "and if her part only gives her a chance, she will bring the tears to your eyes too."

Her part did give her a poignant moment in the second act, and a minute later she sang her best song with so much feeling that her audience demanded encore after encore. The Duke secured the enormous bunch of roses he had parked near at hand and stood in the rear of the box, waiting the moment when he could step forward and toss them on the stage at her feet.

As Norah came out for the fourth time and took a bow, the orchestra was silent and the Duke guessed that she was not going to sing a fourth encore. He stepped to the front of the box, and as she came close, bowing herself off the stage, he tossed the roses at her feet. Norah swept them up and buried her face in them with a fine abandon, and while the house applauded she turned to the Duke. For a moment they stood poised, facing each other, until everyone in the audience grasped the fact that the Duke had thrown the flowers.

Norah laid them down quickly and held out both hands to the Duke so wholeheartedly that he took both her hands in his across the railing of the box. He realized too late the trick she was going to play on him. She pulled sharply and there was nothing to do but break her hold or step over the railing to the stage. The Duke stepped over the railing, while the house applauded violently and the orchestra struck up the chorus.

"Norah!" the Duke ejaculated.

"Keep time," she commanded, and danced backward toward the center of the stage, drawing the Duke after her with both his hands in hers, and with her head thrown back she sang soulfully up at him:

"So do-do-do what you done-done-done once more,
Baby.
It's A B C that I love you and you love me.
You know-know-know what a bold-bold beau should do,
Baby.
So do-do-do-don't say it wo-wo-wo-won't come true,
Baby.
My heart begins to hum—
Di-dum-di-dum-di-dum-dum-dum-dum,
So do-do-do what you done-done-done once more.

At the center of the stage, when she finished the last word of the chorus, the Duke had sense enough to take her in his arms and kiss her.

"Now," she said, seizing his arm, "off we go backward."

Side by side and hand in hand, they danced backward to the wings and out of sight.

"What the devil ——" the Duke began.

"Hear them!" Norah said, with a turn of her head toward the rising roar of applause that came from out front. "They loved it. Come, you'll have to take a bow with me."

She led him back to the edge of the stage where the audience could see them as they bowed.

"There," she said, "I've got a quick change," and she ran for her dressing room.

For a moment the Duke stood beside a flat. He hadn't the nerve to reappear in the box and face the audience again. His ears were too pink. He wondered if Susie Corbin would think he and Norah had framed that stunt in advance. But she couldn't think that. He went back and peeked through the curtains of the box. Pauline turned and saw him. All the people in the box turned and saw him. He was suddenly aware that they were all admiring. Norah had not made him absurd. On the contrary, she had increased his prestige. The Duke slipped into the chair behind Pauline.

"How do you get away with it?" Pauline whispered in his ear.

"She has always teased me when she got the chance," the Duke said.

"She's crazy about you—anybody could see that."

"Don't you know an actress when you see one?" the Duke said, struggling between the desire to speak sharply to Pauline and fear of being overheard by the other people in the box.

Pauline merely smiled a knowing smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SWAG

(Continued from Page 28)

an' left in the garage down the line. Oh, I know. I been workin', Bill—workin' with a love fer the particular job I was doin'. I got it all—got it in cold corroborated facts, see? So I knew almost from the day of the murder that you done the job. But I wanted to make the trick a real one when I made the collar. I wanted you right. I've waited till now in order to get you that way."

"You lie!" Bill snarled, but I knew that George did not lie. I could tell it by Bill's face and his voice.

George paid no heed to what he said. The gun waved ever so little now and then, and just as steady, it seemed to me, as the ordinary noises of the street, the voice of George piled on fact after fact that brought Bill more and more to face the trap that George had sprung.

"I knew you'd come here tonight," he told Bill. "When you were here the other night, talkin' to the kid about how you loved that Byra girl, Red stood right in the passage that brought us here tonight, Bill. He knew this kid was a sure-shot dumbbell! He knew that you used him and the girl for a good, safe front. But he knew you loved the girl, all right—as much as you could love anythin'. All this I pumped out of Red this very night while gettin' him drunk over at Wiggerty's. You wanted her enough, I'll say, to make you think you loved her. But I knew you'd never talk to anybody but the kid about it. I figgered you were a sure shot to come and tell the kid all about the recital tonight. If you hadn't, I'd got you somewhere else, see? So I came to the lower passage again. I decided I'd take you tonight. I waited till the kid was ready to be collared an' quieted before I figgered out this wail stairway. Then I stepped in, an' here I am. You're here too. So I'm goin' to tell you a few things more. I repeat, you bumped old Isaac because nobody else could have bumped him. You went under cover right afterward an' called all the gang under cover. That was fear that some little slip which you could fix easy enough at another time might sort of focus police attention on you an' cause trouble about the killin'. I saw through that. An', Bill, I knew you killed him for somethin' that he knew maybe somethin' that he wanted because he was in a position to force you a bit. I knew that. But what was that somethin'? I had to get that in order to get you. Fine'ly I got that! Know how?"

Bill never answered. I was watching him very close, because he was the first murderer I had ever seen. Think of it—Bill a killer! And within an hour of that second he had taken innocent Byra to hear beautiful music! I mean—well, what do I mean? Right then I wouldn't have been a bit surprised to discover that my father was a bank robber, my mother a border bandit and Crab a hard-working truck driver! Bill a killer!

"I'll tell you that too," George went on, "just to show you what I mean by sucker. You are one of them. The tip-off on the killin' was when you let the gang start to work again, Bill. It's the most human thing in the world to start where you left off. So when you switched Belzer's silk, I figgered that was what you were plannin' when the break came an' you bumped Isaac, see? From that, the rest came pretty easy. I did a little rootin' around again. That gun, for instance—that one that hung there on the cellar wall in plain sight—that was the rod you used to bump the old guy. You had it on you when you stood over his body an' tipped Red an' this kid what to say to us. You took it away, cleaned it, then hung it back on the wall all innocent, for everybody to see. A sucker play!

"I checked up the gun. It was stolen in a robbery uptown more than two years ago. You got it through one of the garages, I suppose. I had to read about forty miles of cards an' records to trace that rod!" George smiled a little in memory of his patient work. "But I had the bullet that killed the old man. I had it photographed. I checked the scratches on the bullet against the barrel of the gun. There ain't any doubt about it, Bill—the rod in my kick right now is the one that stands as evidence against you. I've known that a long time too. But I wanted you, see? I wanted no slip-up when I sprung my hand. At last you an' Belzer pulled your trick. The armistice came to an end right then; you were back at the racket—an' you started where you left off!

"On the day Uncle Isaac was killed, Belzer was in this very room. You were with him. The old guy knew it—knew what you were cookin' up, Bill. He bawled Red out for makin' a noise in the cellar. Then, I suppose, the old fool went to you an' Belzer an' tried to drive a bargain for a cut in the profits. Uncle Isaac was a mean an' a nasty old devil, an' he had you under his thumb. He threatened, mebbe, Bill, huh?"

"It's—it's all a pi-pipe dream!" Bill stammered. You should have seen his fingers working, though. George had hit the nail on the head, all right!

"No, it ain't," the cop went on in the same singsong voice. "No, it ain't a pipe dream. It's corroborated evidence. Here's a bit more. I'm goin' to tell you, Bill, just what happened that day when little Johnny here, an' his nutty pal, blew in this joint for the first time: You an' Belzer were up here cookin' up this silk switch. Isaac was in the know. He was hangin' around like a vulture waitin' for fodder. You hit your deal with Belzer, then got scared of the old man. You never were a man that could take things from other guys, Bill. Too hard-boiled, you are; too much the boss yourself; too much of a sucker hothead. Here was mutiny in your gang an' you knew only one thing to do—you did it.

"You left Belzer up here, or he left you an' went his way, then you came downstairs through this wall passage that nobody but two or three guys knew about. You took that gun off the wall an' went up the stairs, through the cellar hatch into the store. Then you either waited till the old man started back to see you again, or you managed to get the old boy to come to you. You stood over against the hatch an' when he passed you, you popped him. A good shot too. Isaac never knew he was hit. Then you went upstairs again, stowed the rod somewhere so it could be cleaned, an' fine'ly came down when you heard Red an' the kid here come back on the junk wagon. That's what happened, Bill; that's what's goin' to bump you off, one way or the other."

"It's a rotten lie!" Bill snarled, but his voice was a bigger lie than he claimed for George's story.

"It ain't, I tell you!" George insisted. "I got Belzer, Bill—got him cold. He quit an' talked—you know, he's that kind, Bill—an' I got all the facts we need!"

Bill swore terribly. For a second he seemed to shake as though a cold draft had hit him. Then he steadied. I saw his eyes harden and his lips grow thin over his teeth. Instead of trembling against his shins, his finger tips grew very quiet. I tried to shout a warning to George. I knew what Bill was coming to.

"So that's it, eh?" he said evenly. "That's the play, George? I'm goin' in for murder, eh?"

"Just about that, Bill. Murder—rotten murder—shootin' an old man in the back—an' I got you, too! That's the only way to get a fence, Bill. Get 'em for somethin' big—somethin' that there ain't a leaky law to cover."

"You rotten, snoopin', sneakin' skunk," Bill snapped, "you got somethin' too! Get me? You got somethin'! You ain't up against some whinin' kid that'll collapse when you sneer at him. Know why—know why, George? I'll tell you somethin' now: Because I'm goin' to kill you!"

I never saw hands move so fast. Bill fell sideways off the chair and his right hand shot toward his shoulder on the inside of the coat. It was done so quick I scarce saw it happen. But George had not been fooled by Bill's talk. He was on his guard. The big gun in his hand roared. I felt little spots of hot powder sprinkle over my cheek. The sound seemed to fill the whole world and stay there in the air and roll and roll.

Bill was on the floor and the chair had tipped over with him when he fell. I saw him there, his right arm grabbing at his left shoulder and his left held up before him, like he was trying to push off bullets. The left hand stayed up in the air, but it grew red and I saw that two of the fingers were missing. He rolled there on the floor and I heard him say something. I did not know what it was. George was still on the bed. He stayed there until the roaring stopped. Then he got up and walked slowly over to where Bill lay. He took a little pistol from a shoulder holster under Bill's coat. I saw that George's lip was way up under his nostril. He looked down on Bill that way, a gun in each hand.

"You got me, you dirty dog," Bill said. In his voice there was a sort of surprise, like he didn't believe himself that he was shot bad.

"I promised to," George said evenly. "But we ain't got Belzer, Bill. He crossed you pretty. Gimme the facts so I can ride him. You might as well square that, because you're goin' to die any minute."

That was the way George got Bill. That was the way the debt owed Uncle Isaac was paid. That was the way Bill Nigel met his end, for he lived but a few hours after they rushed him to the hospital. But George

(Continued on Page 73)

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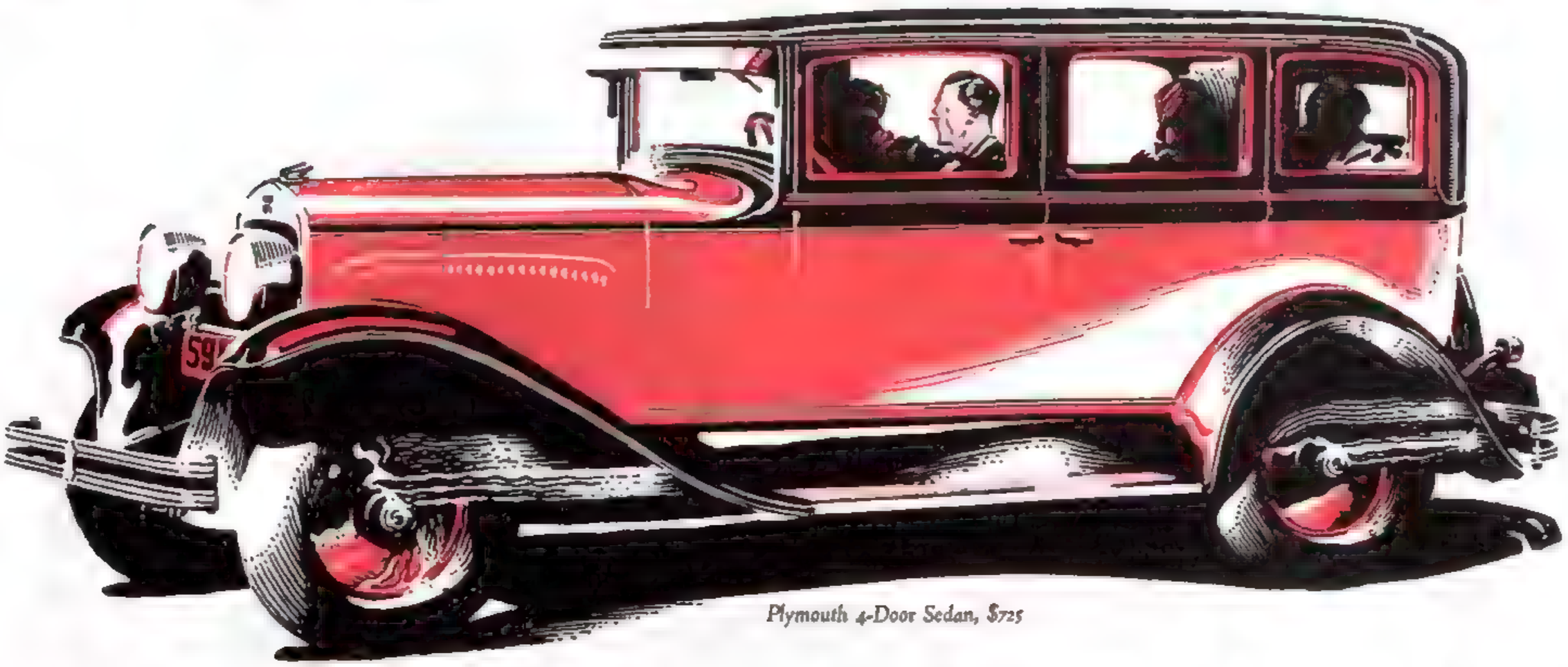

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The hundreds of thousands who have already inspected the Plymouth details and have experienced its smooth and economical performance, its luxurious comfort, have enthusiastically acclaimed it as setting up an entirely new high measure of low-priced quality and value.

And naturally, they have asked what is only an obvious question after seeing the new Plymouth—"Can enough be built to meet the demand!"

Be sure to see the new Plymouth. Check it over in detail. Don't be content until you ride in it and drive it. Then you too will ask, "Can enough be built to meet the demand!"

(Continued from Page 70)

was not satisfied even with that. He got Bill to talk to him while Bill sprawled across the floor there in my old room. It struck me that Bill sprawled a good deal like Uncle Isaac had. He suffered a lot too. Once or twice George asked him if he wanted to be moved and Bill said no; he was bleeding inside, he said, and moving him hurt him too much for the relief it gave.

"You're hit hard," George said to Bill. "Do you know it?"

Bill nodded and I never shall forget that he was game enough to offer a little grin. His lips were turning a queer green and there were green streaks, like veins, down the side of his cheeks.

"Tell me the whole works, Bill," George coaxed him. "If Belzer crossed you, he did it because he thought I would kill you before you ever had a chance to come back at him."

"Never mind Belzer, George," Bill said. "Not on account of him, understand, but because things all look different when a guy is dying, I'm goin' to tell. I guess it's a cinch that the kid on the bed there can hear too. If I live long enough to sign a statement, I'll do that. I kind of want to go clean, understand? Sounds yellow, but it ain't. You'll know what I mean when you get where I am now. You got it all straight, George. I bumped the old rat just because it was either him or me to run the gang, and it had to be me. I did it like you said, except that Belzer never knew anything about it. Belzer was here and we were fixing the silk switch—that part is true. That's all he knows. The silk is over in the basement at the other buildin'."

"I got that long ago," George said. "Don't talk no more. An' don't think I'm too much of a skunk, Bill. I done a lot of lyin' to you just because I had to trip you up some way. You never crossed a friend of mine. I don't really hate your guts. I guess you're fairly decent for a crook. But you are a crook. You're a crook an' I'm a cop, see? That's all."

"It's all right, George. You're a good cop, at that!"

"Worth my three grand a year, huh?" George sneered. Then he whirled away and pulled the old chest of drawers over against the door to the inside passage. Nobody could get in that way then.

"You, kid," he said to me, "heard what Bill said. Remember it, see? Now I'm goin' downstairs an' git an ambulance. I'll make it as easy as I can fer you, Bill."

"Sure. That's all right," Bill said. His voice was getting very weak. George had shot him five times. The first had clipped off those fingers of his left hand and ripped down through the shoulder. That was while he was falling. The others had all gone into or through his body.

George got to the door. Bill said, "A smoke, George. Let me have a cigarette."

George came back and fished in Bill's pocket and got his silver cigarette case. One of the bullets had gone right through it, but there was a whole cigarette inside, and George lit it in his own lips and handed it down to Bill. Bill raised his left hand and saw for the first time that the fingers were gone.

He grinned, looked up at George. "Put it in my mouth," he said. George slipped the cigarette between his lips and Bill took a deep inhale and let the smoke creep out his nostrils. Then George was gone and Bill and me were there alone. Bill never spoke to me at all. His eyes would turn toward me and look me over carefully, but he never tried to move. He was pretty sick. It was hard for him to breathe. When he did, he smoked. When he had dropped his left hand it fell kind of behind him and I thought that he was ashamed of it and trying to hide it from us. It was bleeding hard and Bill's fine suit was a wreck.

I heard George run down the stairs into the store. He fumbled at the door lock only a second, then I heard the glass break and his whistle shrilled out. I heard him holler to someone and about two or three minutes later he came back upstairs.

"The ambulance'll be here soon, Bill. Mebbe they can give you a shot, or somethin'—make it easier."

"I'm not kickin'," Bill said.

"There'll be a statement fer you to sign," George said

"Make it snappy." Bill smiled queerly. He was mighty weak. George came over and took the gag off me, but left the handcuffs on my hands. In about twenty minutes I heard the ambulance bell and a commotion down at the door. Then heavy feet on the stairs, with George standing at the door of the room calling orders to those who were coming up to us.

"So long, kid," Bill said to me. "I don't make your end of this, but so long, anyway. Tell that little pal of yours that when he can pay back what he owes me, it goes to Byra, will you?"

"Crab, you mean, Bill?"

He nodded. "Give the dough to her."

"I'll tell him, Bill. . . . Honest, I never told anythin' to anybody, Bill. I never lied to you about things like this."

"You didn't know nothin' to tell, the way I figger," he said. "Never mind. It's all even, kid. We're pals, huh?"

"You bet!" I said.

Then they came in with a stretcher, and the doctor in the white coat went over and leaned over Bill. He never said a word; just looked up at George. But we all saw the look. Bill knew what it meant too. Cripes, he was game!

He said, "If you got a pal undertaker, doc, slip me to him an' get the cut—business is business."

They put him on the stretcher and carried him out. George helped him downstairs and he made me go along with them. Out in the street the doctor said to put Bill in the bottom of the ambulance because he was bleeding so much. They did that. Then we went away with the bell ringing like we were headed for a picnic and poor Bill bouncing around the bottom of the car and never a whimper from him.

"We'll stick till we git the statement, kid," George said to me. "Then we'll go over to the house an' make a full report. I want you to stay there tonight too. That girl's father will be along soon. I wired him. We'll need you a lot before we get done with this thing."

I just nodded. Anything they said was all right with me. I never knew such a world.

At the hospital there was a newspaperman waiting, and he had pimples and a dirty wad of paper that he wrote on as he asked questions. He talked a little with George. Then he went in with us while Bill made his statement. Bill was game, but he never finished his story. He was, he said, bleeding inside, and Bill always seemed to know what really was happening.

XII

THAT is the story.

Anything else might be misunderstood, because some people would feel that all I have said about Crab being such a big star and so funny was said just because I am now his business manager. There are a great many small-minded people in the world.

Also, I don't see that it is necessary to go into the things that happened right after Bill died. All we did was go over to the station house and George made his report. He called me over to the detail board, where they post the notices and instructions to the cops, and showed a memo that said he was transferred, "for the good of the service," to another station. That was a station way out in the suburbs where nothing ever happened at night but a fire or an accident to a telegraph pole.

Red and Cally Dolan and Smitty beat it just as soon as they got word of what had happened to Bill. That is the way with crooks. They seldom stand to face the music, because they seldom have any courage or manhood about them. Bill's property caused a terrible mess in the courts. Relatives that had never paid any attention to him at all put in claims and the case dragged along until lawyers got all there was. Everybody kind of got fooled on that and all of us were rather glad of it too.

I met Mr. Mirtan. He was a fine old fellow, but did not realize what the city could do for young folks. He prayed right out loud when he heard that Byra was so close to a gang of thieves and killers. I come pretty near praying out loud myself, as far as that goes. When Byra learned for herself that I was right all the time, it gave me the inside track for fair. She claimed that she loved me all the time, but women are apt to claim anything after the shooting is over. Anyway—and this is all that matters—she loves me now.

Crab read about Bill's death in the papers and right away he sent me a long telegram that was three days reaching me, because he sent it to the old store and I was hanging around the station house being held as a witness, because they were afraid to let me out for a while on account of the gang. All the papers said that I was an entirely innocent boy, but George, not knowing what I might do to spoil his plans, had caught me along with Bill just to be sure.

They ran pictures of Bill and me, and of Byra too. They told all about the detective work done by George, and you should have read the descriptions of the fight between George and Bill, with me laying there on the bed handcuffed and gagged. But that is all over now.

As I said before, Byra and me have a home in the country. Not a very big one, understand, but there are flowers, and a dog and cat that get along fine together, and Byra's father sent us an old well cover from their place way down south. We have only been married two years.

Crab is starring on Broadway right now and—not because I am his manager, understand, but because he is a great actor and still does the crab walk that he did that day long ago in the park, and again—will I ever forget it?—in the baker shop—you ought to see him. He has a big apartment in the city. Byra and me stay there a lot during the season. Crab is making a lot of money and he is still the same old Crab. I have learned to take care of it for him and I handle all the contracts and everything he has in a business way.

He is not as conceited as most actors, either. He admits that there was once another man, in England, years and years ago, whose stuff was as good as his own, except for the music. Crab puts on his own music, but I know what I am talking about and believe in being fair. The music is not really written by Crab. It is written by my own little wife, Byra.

She never did seem to catch hold of the highbrow music. It was just kind of inside her to write pretty little things about moonlight and rowboats and benches and trellises and things like that. She would write them, then get up a simple little tune and put the two together, and Crab would take it and knock them right off the seats with it. He is not a great singer, but people love to hear him sing.

And I don't want to forget George, because I have never yet caught that man wrong in anything. I remember the way he said to Bill, after Bill had called him a three-thousand-dollar cop: "Right, but I'll still be that when you're dead an' gone!" George was right again. He still is a three-thousand-dollar cop and I don't think he ever will be anything else. I hope not, because he is the happiest three-thousand-dollar cop on earth.

He has grown a mustache now. Byra got him to do that because she said it would hide his lips and people wouldn't think he was sneering all the time. For a long time George had trouble with the mustache because the hair pricked his nose most of the time. But lately he seems to get along better with the thing. Maybe he is sneering less.

George claims that the only time he ever saw things really work right was the time Byra and me met and fell in love and then went straight through everything from murder to a five-year wait for each other. That made George think there is such a thing as love after all.

Sometimes Byra gets a little bossy, but outside of that she is fine. She has good sense too. Once, when three or four societies got together and wanted to use George as a special investigator to bring about reforms in the fence laws, Byra went down with George to look over the societies. She told George to lay off the game.

They offered him five thousand a year, but Byra couldn't see it for George. She claimed that all the reform societies did was put nice things in the paper and send folders to people for money. George, she knew, never could stand that game. He is just a cop—George—a real cop. After all, that's a lot.

He knows enough to do his job on the level and do it well, but he doesn't seem to know enough to see through all the hokum that is spilled on the lawmaking works. George takes his life in his hands in going after crooks, then pays no attention to the frock-coated saps who make laws that crooks feast on. From that I know that the happiest guy alive is the guy who doesn't know too much.

(THE END)

Old-Fashioned Father: "Certainly I'll Go Into the Parlor. I've Got an Idea Those Two are Holding Hands, and I Won't Stand for It!"

Frigidaire Corporation, the world's largest makers of electric refrigerators

PRESENT

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

BEAUTIFUL . . . POWERFUL . . .

INCOMPARABLY QUIET

INCOMPARABLY quiet operation, greater cabinet beauty and convenience . . . surplus refrigerating power built into a new and radically improved compressor . . . this is the New Frigidaire.

To make pure, clean ice in the home . . . easily, quickly, economically. To provide *safe* refrigeration . . . to eliminate food spoilage and deterioration. For many years engineers and domestic science experts worked to solve these problems.

They planned. They built. They tested. They destroyed and built again. And twelve years ago they offered to the world Frigidaire . . . dependable, automatic refrigeration.

Investigate today the remarkably low prices of the New Frigidaire. This V-5 model with white Duco finish and seamless porcelain enamel lining, is quiet, powerful, and extraordinarily low in cost. Inside and out every model can be kept as clean as a china plate. Simple, compact, it can be plugged into any electric outlet.

Frigidaires sold at that time are still in use, functioning quietly, dependably, day in and day out. They were the forerunners of more than half a million Frigidaires now in service. They freeze ice. They protect food. They safeguard health. They provide safe, dependable refrigeration . . . under all conditions.

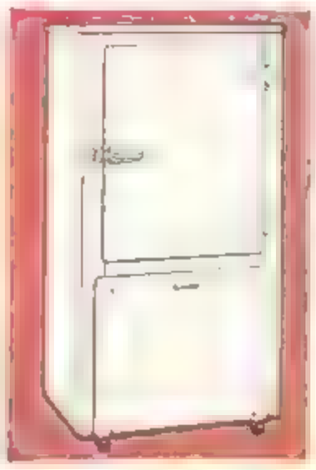
But all the time men and women have been planning and building and testing. Their dream has been the ultimate mechanical refinement . . . the New Frigidaire.

Years of experiment on a gigantic scale before production began. Experience in the production of more than half a million Frigidaires. The opportunity of checking these half million Frigidaires in actual service . . . these things *alone* could make possible the New Frigidaire. This master automatic refrigerator is incomparably quiet in operation. There is no sound of starting and stopping. It is as nearly noiseless as an electric refrigerator can be made. And this silence has been achieved without sacrificing one iota of Frigidaire's famous surplus power. The New Frigidaire freezes ice quickly and always. It protects foods and safeguards health . . . regardless of outside temperatures.

Millions of dollars were spent in creating the New Frigidaire. Not only the experience of refrigeration experts was called on, but even that of automotive inventors, chemical and electrical engineers and hundreds of authorities in dozens of different fields.

Unequalled in beauty and convenience, the New Frigidaire is built for the modern home. This Tu-Tone Frigidaire in white and glacier gray porcelain enamel, AP-7-2, is incomparably quiet as is every New Frigidaire.

Sound proof rooms were constructed for tests. Sound recording instruments were used, more delicate than the human ear. And all that the New Frigidaire should be noiseless, powerful and economical. The result is an entirely new and radically improved compressor . . . a new development in automatic refrigeration. Frigidaire has always been famous for its beauty

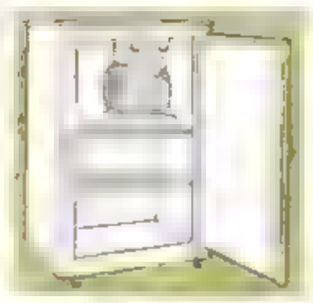


The New Frigidaire is not only low in first cost, but the operating cost of its quiet, powerful mechanism is extremely small. This model, the D-7-1, finished with white Duco, makes 42 full size ice cubes between meals.

PRODUCT OF
GENERAL MOTORS

The New Frigidaire, incomparably quiet and powerful, has a wide variety of new models of every size, capacity, and price. The exterior of this beautiful Tu-Tone model, the AP-9, is finished in white and glacier gray porcelain enamel. The one-piece lining is of porcelain enamel. The shelves are all removable. The four self-sealing trays will freeze 72 full size ice cubes, 10 lbs. of pure, sparkling ice, *between meals*.

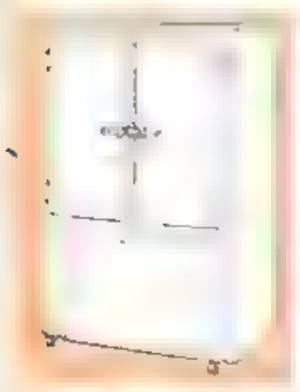
If your ice-box is in good condition, you need not discard it. Make it a New Frigidaire. Place this frost coil in the ice compartment. A quiet, powerful New Frigidaire compressor in the basement. You will have a New Frigidaire.



The New Frigidaire has eight special models for apartment houses, quiet and compact. Together with the household models, they form the only complete apartment house line of electric refrigerators in the world

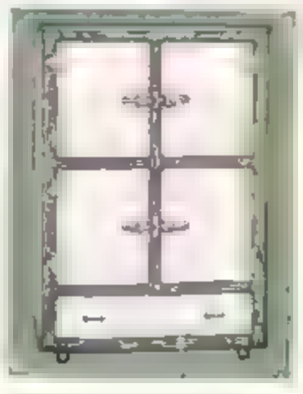
ad convenience. The mechanism as always been completely con-aled. There has never been any-ing to mar the practical beauty the cabinets . . . nothing to catch ust and dirt. And because the mpressor could be placed in a parate compartment at the base the cabinet or even in the cellar desired, the food shelves have ways been at a convenient height. And now the New Frigidaire has even greater beauty . . . even greater nvenience. These carefully mod-ed cabinets are designed by do-estic science experts to harmonize rfectly in line and color with the dern kitchen and to match in con-nience of detail the most ingenious dern methods of housekeeping. We suggest that you cannot delay ny longer the purchase of such a household necessity. Every day you put it off, every week, every month you are losing money. For the New Frigidaire will more than pay for itself as you pay for it . . . not only in ice savings but in the prevention of food spoilage and waste, and the opportunity to buy in larger quantities.

We invite you to go to the nearest Frigidaire dealer today and check these points: silence . . . ice freezing power . . . convenience . . . beauty . . . economy . . . simplicity. We want you to see the new and radically improved Frigidaire for yourself. We want you to test it, compare it, value it. And we want to tell you more about the liberal General Motors terms which make the New Frigidaire easy to buy . . . Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

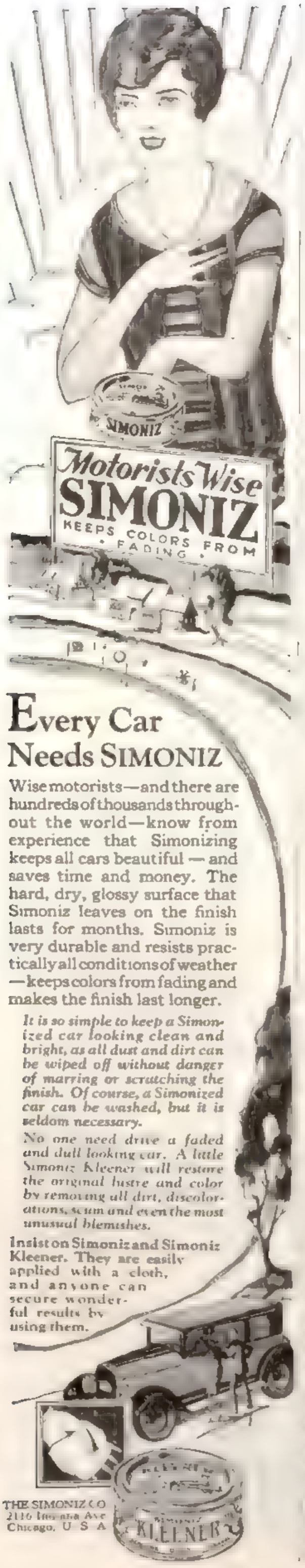


The incomparably quiet mechanism of the New Frigidaire compresses is concealed. This beautiful D-12 model, finished in white Duco, has 19 square feet of shelf space and freezes 13 lbs. of ice between meals.

There is a New Frigidaire model for every household large or small. Whatever the refrigerating requirements may be the New Frigidaire will meet them. This beautiful Tu-Tone model the AP-18 has 27 square feet of shelf space and makes 26 lbs. of ice between meals. There is a large storage drawer at the base of the cabinet.



THE
NEW
FRIGIDAIRE
SEE IT TODAY


SIMONIZ
Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ
KEEPS COLORS FROM
FADING
Every Car
Needs SIMONIZ
Wise motorists—and there are hundreds of thousands throughout the world—know from experience that Simonizing keeps all cars beautiful — and saves time and money. The hard, dry, glossy surface that Simoniz leaves on the finish lasts for months. Simoniz is very durable and resists practically all conditions of weather —keeps colors from fading and makes the finish last longer.
It is so simple to keep a Simonized car looking clean and bright, as all dust and dirt can be wiped off without danger of marring or scratching the finish. Of course, a Simonized car can be washed, but it is seldom necessary.
No one need drive a faded and dull looking car. A little Simoniz Kleener will restore the original lustre and color by removing all dirt, discolorations, scum and even the most unusual blemishes.
Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. They are easily applied with a cloth, and anyone can secure wonderful results by using them.
THE SIMONIZ CO
2116 Indiana Ave
Chicago, U S A
KLEENER

PLAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 19)

and talking foolish for her benefit. The Fairs also were Methodists, although rather lukewarm ones, and I amused them by making fun of the Campbellites in town, and didn't hesitate to cheat. The specialties I had performed in the country, mocking Methodists, I attributed to the Campbellites in Bethany, and attracted roars of applause. Even mother was amused a little. When I began noticing they were all sleepy I redoubled my efforts, but was finally compelled reluctantly to go to bed. Anna Fair, the adorable, had gone to sleep in her chair. It was fine to be a leader and respected, and I enjoyed it. I tarried as long as possible next morning, knowing my reign would close soon after noon, when we arrived at grandmother's, for she had no sort of respect for my wit or presence.

Mother was rather more cheerful as we drove along that morning, but still very quiet.

When we arrived at grandmother's and went into the house, grandmother looked at her daughter in a frightened way and said, "Elizabeth, what is the matter?"

Mother did not reply further than to answer "Nothing," and break into tears.

My Uncle Nate, only eight months older than I, was there, and we did not speak to each other at first, although we exchanged admiring glances. He went with me to the stable to put up and feed the horse, and while there he hit me a resounding whack on the back. Then I hit him and we felt natural and began to enjoy ourselves.

Grandfather Irwin was away. I heard he was thinking of moving again, as he was always doing, and had gone somewhere to look at a piece of land he had been offered in trade. Whenever Nate and I went into the house, I noted that grandmother and mother were seated in rocking-chairs, close together, as though they had been talking very earnestly, and I believed I knew what their conversation was about.

If Nate and I remained too long, grandmother would say, "You boys go out and play."

My Uncle Joe had married and was living in the vicinity. Frequently Nate and I went to see him, and though we got along with him, Aunt Mary, his wife, did not care for us. If we hung around hoping to be invited to dinner, Aunt Mary simply would not do it, and we returned to grandmother's, where there was always plenty for us and welcome.

When we left for home, grandmother said to mother, "I'll be up soon."

She came a week later, and though I did not hear the talk she had with father, I recall that after she went home, he hated her.

VII

ONE morning there appeared in our yard in Bethany a new covered wagon and matched pair of young horses. The harness was new and there were conveniences in the wagon for camping out—a bed in the back, a small stove in front and lockers under the bed. My curiosity was aroused, but I could learn nothing about it, further than that the wagon was ours. Never in my life had I dared ask father about anything, and at this time he was more unapproachable than ever. He was also very busy, as if setting his affairs, and it occurred to me he might be thinking of leaving Bethany. This impression was so strong in my mind that I told some of my companions that I might soon be going away.

Another morning, father and the wagon had disappeared and mother was sick in bed, with the neighbor women paying us all a good deal of attention. I was several weeks finding out the details, but in time came to know that father had been churched at Fairview and turned out in disgrace because of the gossip about him and Aunt Lu, who was no longer at our house. We heard she was visiting at the home of a relative we did not know, in another part of the country.

Mother knew about the church trial, and much more. From Aunt Sarah, who had lately been at our house a good deal and now seemed to be staying permanently, I learned that the night he went away, father asked mother to forgive him, saying he was in great trouble and doing the best he could. Aunt Sarah said that for the first time in his life he broke down, wept over the younger children as they slept in their beds and seemed as wretched as a man could be. I was out of the house that night and many of the details came to me long after.

He had arranged for our support, and we could write him by applying to a lawyer who had long been his special friend. In course of time letters from him began arriving, but we did not know where he was.

Aunt Sarah was a younger sister of mother, and we all loved her so much, and she was so useful, that we actually seemed to get along better than we did when father and Aunt Lu were there. With father gone, I had nothing to do, unless I found tasks and this I was slow in doing. I loved mother and Aunt Sarah, but we always impose on those we love and are not afraid of, so I became another family problem. My half brother Jim had gone to Gallatin to work on the North Missourian, and being appealed to, found a place for me. At the time I was fifteen years old and able to do a man's work as a typesetter. My compensation was to be five dollars a week and board. They gave me a paper to carry with me, signed by mother, saying I was at liberty to keep my wages.

I went on the stage, and there was one other passenger, who talked entertainingly. I was slightly ill because of an attack of an old complaint I had long been subject to. It was something like ague, of which the family seemed to have a taint from Indiana, and I recall with gratitude now that it gradually wore off as I advanced in age, finally disappearing entirely. I had it last in India, more than twenty-five years ago. The passenger and stage driver were much concerned about me and stopped at a farmhouse on the way to get something they thought would help.

The printing office at Gallatin was in the courthouse—a custom in pioneer days. One of the proprietors was named Kost, a married man with a considerable family of young children, and he was nearly always disturbed because some of them were ailing. It seems to me he never gave as much attention to the paper as did Day, his bachelor partner, because of his family duties. I think Kost was the stronger man of the two, but certainly not the more agreeable; he seemed to have twice as many troubles as Day because he was married.

It was first arranged that I should board at Kost's house, as Jim did, but I was soon sent away. Mrs. Kost, whom I greatly admired, said I was too noisy. Mrs. Kost was the most perfect example of a lady I had ever seen and I did my best to meet her favor. No one can ever know how humiliated I was because I was not satisfactory, although doing my best. Jim remained, as Mrs. Kost said his presence around the house was helpful. Mrs. Kost's parents and a considerable number of her brothers and sisters lived in Gallatin. They also were fine people, and admired Jim, which did not surprise me. I always said he was the best boy I ever knew, and was not envious.

I had never lived away from home before, and although my home had not been a happy one, I missed it sadly. One of my most vivid recollections is of the homesickness that assailed me. I thought I would never get over it, and must run away and return to Bethany.

Mrs. Ewing ran the boarding house to which I was sent, and I somehow knew she was a lady in reduced circumstances. And she was so much of a lady that I came to believe she almost equaled Mrs. Kost, who objected to my noise. I glowed with pride when I heard Mrs. Ewing liked me, and the better she liked me, the more I tried to deserve her good will. Mrs. Ewing had an older sister called Miss Hattie who assisted about the place, and I got along well with her, too, as I did with two children in the family and with the five or six boarders. Father had always said that temptation assailed those who went out in the world, but here I was out in the world and everyone kind to me. I was better cared for at Mrs. Ewing's than I had been at home. One of the boarders was a young lawyer named McDougall, who afterward became distinguished. I can remember none of the others except a man named Sankey, a saddler, and a milliner called Miss Belle.

Kost & Day were establishing another newspaper in an adjoining town, and Jim was going there as soon as he had trained me to take his place—much to the regret of Mrs. Kost and her aristocratic relatives. Two or three of her brothers later located in Kansas City and I heard of them many years later as fine and successful men.

I suppose it was because I was older and able to observe more, but my education advanced more rapidly at Gallatin. There were more notable men there than at any other place I had lived; among them a war hero who had killed Bill Anderson, a guerrilla leader, in a fair fight, and defeated his band.

After Jim went away, another hand in the office was a grown man with whiskers, named Charley Post. I was the better printer of the two and soon dominated him. He had worked in a good many places and I learned much from him. I do not recall a bad habit he had, but I think he was the first grown man I had ever known who was not smart enough. Charley had a brother who was prominent, as prominence went in that day, and I liked to hear him talk about his noted relative. He exaggerated, no doubt, but it was all schooling. There were plenty of people in the world who lived as well as Charley Post said his brother did, so his bragging was really information.

Charley Post and I were frequently asked to take orders on stores for our pay on Saturdays. In that early time the newspaper business was not what it is today. My employers for a good many years were not experienced publishers and printers—father was a preacher and farmer, Kost was a lawyer and Day a soldier lately returned from the Civil War with nothing to do, so he drifted into a newspaper office, probably with a view of later being elected county clerk or treasurer. Both at Gallatin and Maysville the printing offices had free rent in the courthouse. Editors were regarded somewhat as mendicants instead of the powerful aristocrats they are today. The old joke about the editor living out of his paste pot probably originated about that time. The main source of income was from legal notices—official publications concerning land and court proceedings, which carried what was then thought to be a high rate. I recall farmers grumbling viciously about the charges they were compelled to pay for such services. A tax-sale notice, occupying a page or more and running four weeks, made the editor's fortune. In 1928 a legal notice or tax list is rarely seen in the big newspapers, as the legal rate, once thought robbery, is much below the rate now paid by everybody. If we put in type an advertisement announcing the arrival of an extensive stock of spring and summer merchandise, it ran without change until we reluctantly changed it to announce the arrival of an equally extensive assortment of fall and winter goods; and when we made the change we found the type gummed together and were compelled to soak the advertisement in lye to get it apart. Merchants advertised as a charity, and lawyers and doctors ran a small card for the same reason. When I look over the newspaper field today I almost feel I was

(Continued on Page 78)

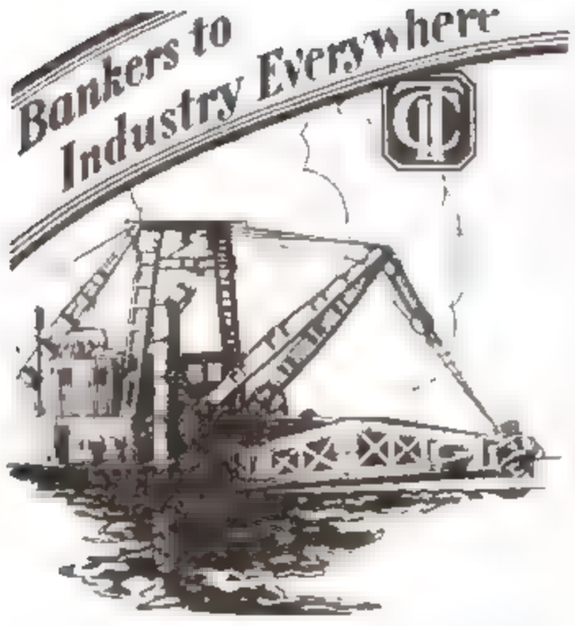
A better start -in life

A better hold -on life

The Willard owner is guarded against every avoidable repair. He is relieved of all battery care. He gets his money's worth, and then some.

Top-notch quality gives the Willard Battery a better *start* in life. Willard Service gives a battery a better *hold* on life. You, too, can bank on Willard Batteries and Willard Service to make your dollars go further.

Willard Batteries plus Willard Service



A $57,000 Sale made on the Instalment Plan

ON adding a fifth dredge to its fleet the_____Dredging Company came into the market for a complete equipment installation. Winding machinery, pump, frames, lifting tackle, etc., came to about $57,000.

This large order went to a manufacturer who offered facilities for buying out of income. Paying part cash and giving instalment notes maturing at the rate of about $3,600 a month, the Company now has a fully equipped dredge in service on contract, helping pay for itself. (A dredge with this equipment earns $500-$700 a day.)

The seller promptly discounted the instalment paper with C. I. T. for cash, thus keeping his regular credit lines intact for his own needs.

Whether dealing in large installations, or smaller equipment units for plant, office or home, today's market requires a sound instalment plan as part of your sales policy. Our experience over twenty years is assurance that the C. I. T. Plan submitted for your product will safeguard the interests of manufacturer, dealer, and customer.

C. I. T. offers a ready market to firms having on hand suitable purchaser paper in any amount which they may wish to convert from 'notes receivable' into 'cash on hand'.

Inquiries invited from all interested in offering customers new equipment upon sound instalment terms.

Ask about C. I. T. Plan for

Automobiles	Newspaper Machinery
Bakery Machinery	Oil and Gas Heaters
Barbers Equipment	Organs, Pianos
Canning Machinery	Phonographs, Radios
Contractors Equipment	Portable Houses
Dairy Machinery	Printing Machinery
Dental Equipment	Refrigerators
Dredges	Store Fixtures
Electric Appliances	Stoves, Ovens, Furnaces
Farm Machinery	Textile Machinery
Furniture	Theatre Equipment
Hospital Equipment	Washing Machines
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and many other products

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One Park Avenue, New York

Affiliated and Operating Companies with Head Offices in New York ~ Chicago San Francisco ~ Toronto ~ London Berlin ~ Branches in more than 70 Cities

Capital and Surplus $28,000,000

(Continued from Page 76)

never a publisher or printer at all, but a blacksmith—a charge frequently made against me in an early day—"blacksmith" being a word used by printers to denote a slouch.

As I worked in the printing office, I soon noted there was a jail in one corner of the courthouse yard and that a girl lived in the keeper's family. She was certainly twenty-two years old, while I was only fifteen, but in a month I was engaged to her. Her name was Libby and her sister the wife of the keeper of the jail. This keeper also had charge of a farm owned by the sheriff. Libby's sister was the real jailer, because she fed the prisoners and kept the keys. I soon made up with the jailer, although I often thought the sheriff, a burly sort of fellow, wondered why I was hanging around so much. I also knew the prisoners and carried newspapers to them every day.

Our engagement came about somehow. I know I never proposed, and realized that I would be compelled to get out of it. In consideration of her age, probably I had told her I was older than I really was. I do not remember, but she believed my purpose in hanging around her was marriage and helped me along. She soon expected an engagement ring and said it would cost nine dollars—a perfectly impossible sum to me, as I was always heavily in debt; mainly at the livery stable, for I frequently took Libby out riding. I soon arranged for a cut rate with the liveryman if I would put away the horse on coming in late at night, but in spite of this my earnings did not anywhere near meet my necessities. In making final settlement with the liveryman we had a row, as he said in giving me a cut rate he had contemplated cash and could not accept the order I offered him from Kost & Day against the yearly card he ran in the paper for fifty cents a month.

Libby assisted her sister in caring for the prisoners and was a good cook. In course of time I took half my meals at the jail and spent my idle time there. Libby's sister seemed to approve of our going together, and they made me so comfortable that I wonder I didn't stay there all the time. I do not know how the jailer felt about it, but he at least said nothing, and was finally friendly with me. The friction with the sheriff soon disappeared also; I think he heard about the foolish affair from the men around town, was amused and let me alone.

Libby had a girl friend she called Maidie. I never knew who she was, except that she was very nice. Maybe she worked for some family in town; I do not remember, but nearly every evening she was at the jail and usually went riding with us. In time I came to think a lot of her. When I could get out of calling on Libby in the evening, I called on Maidie. And that wasn't all of it. I was in love with the manager called Miss Belle, who boarded at Mrs. Ewing's. Miss Belle was certainly thirty, and Miss Hattie, with whom I tried to get up another flirtation, probably forty. I do not know how old the jailer's wife was, but I greatly admired her too. The amount of affection in a young man of fifteen is colossal. But I was engaged to Libby and she seemed to be content, except that I was always putting her off about the engagement ring. I think I told her my family was rich, which was fiction, and that when I came into my money I would buy a ring and pay at least twelve dollars for it, instead of nine, which was the price of the one she and Maidie had looked at and decided was satisfactory.

Because of sitting up half of every night with women, I was always sleepy and neglected my work. Mr. Day finally spoke to me about it, as he realized how absurdly I was acting, but I knew of no way out of it. I suggested that he speak to Libby about it, but although Mr. Day had been a gallant soldier and had veteranized, he was afraid of women. I also heard that Mrs. Ewing and McDougall and Sankey talked about the way I was carrying on. Their suggestion was that I quit going to the jail so much, but I feared that if I did, Libby would kill herself. Libby loved me so dearly that I could not see how she could ever get over it. Besides, I thoroughly enjoyed the affair, Libby was so agreeable. So were Maidie, Miss Belle, the jailer's wife and Miss Hattie. I often noted that Libby and Maidie talked bitterly about the men, which rendered me rather uncomfortable, for what they said applied rather forcefully to me. When a woman criticizes men she means some of it for the man she is talking to.

Of the four women I was in love with in Gallatin, I believe I thought most of Libby, because she never bothered me with jealousy. She must have known how fickle I was, but did not seem to mind it. I thank her memory with a whole heart, for the women I have known since have not been so considerate. Whether Libby had had other affairs and knew what to expect of men, I do not know, but I do know she was the only woman I ever knew who was not disposed to jealousy. Both Miss Belle and Miss Hattie were jealous in a motherly sort of way, and Maidie was at times violent, but Libby thought everything I did was all right. It pleased me also that I was able easily to deceive her about the engagement ring. However grossly I lied, she accepted what I said. A man likes that in a woman.

And while my friends were trying to save me, I was getting in deeper every day. I rather liked their attempts to save me too. I believe all men do. Drunkards must enjoy the efforts of their neighbors to reform them, as the wicked certainly enjoy the efforts of the pious to get them into the church.

Had I remained in Gallatin longer, Libby might have persuaded me to marry her, for I have never been able to resist women, and the only thing that prevented this ridiculous marriage was that I was compelled to go to the other town where Kost & Day owned a paper. Jim's assistant had quit and it became necessary for me to take his place.

I vowed constancy to Libby, Maidie, Miss Belle and Miss Hattie and departed in a buggy with Mr. Day. In the new town I was as homesick for Libby as I had been for mother when I first arrived in Gallatin. What would have become of me I do not know had I not soon formed another attachment. In a week I was in love with a sister of the proprietor's wife at the hotel where I boarded. This new girl could play the piano and I became a great nuisance around the hotel singing with her.

My love affair at Maysville never prospered very well. The sister of the proprietor's wife had a lot of admirers, and I have never been able to take much interest in a divided affection. There are so many hearts that I have always believed there should be a whole one for everybody. The new girl was tired of the talk that went so well with Libby, Maidie, Miss Belle and Miss Hattie, and in a little while I thought I would look further before permanently placing my affections again. She had a careless way when with me that soon made me indifferent too. I heard recently that she finally married a man whose name I see frequently in the newspapers, but she never seems to have done as much with her music as she expected to.

I think Libby knew that when I left Gallatin it was the last of me, knowing my affectionate nature. I am obliged to her memory, because she made the separation easy. Possibly she had had lovers before and knew, but I am certain they were as harmless as she found me.

VIII

WHILE in Maysville I was probably near sixteen years old and believed I was becoming quite familiar with life. I lived at a regular hotel, which had a comfortable office, a piano in the parlor and traveling men at the table every day, telling new jokes. One of these was "on" me.

"This is the hotel," one of them said at dinner, "where you get board (bored) for nothing."

It was a reference to my persistent singing and piano playing in the parlor, and the reproof almost took my breath away. I have not yet fully recovered from that terrible thrust.

A few years ago I met in South Africa a woman who, as a girl, lived in Maysville, and said I had serenaded her, assisted by a man who played a guitar. He was an Englishman, a civil engineer of twice my age I had picked up acquaintance with, as I did with many others. I became rather noted in Maysville because at the parties I gave imitations of the old revival services in Fairview; not impiously, but as recollections of a frontier day long past. When I was sixteen, the old days in Fairview seemed almost as remote and unusual to me as they do now at seventy-five. A long time ago may be six years, sixty or six hundred.

Mr. Day, of Kost & Day, for whom I worked in Gallatin, had charge of the Maysville paper, and I have the kindliest recollection of him; he was so steadily the friend of a noisy, active, mischievous boy in whom I hope there was not much real harm. I had become a fast typesetter, and Mr. Day had a way of managing me—mainly with a little praise and much kindness—and I could do in a day almost as much work as some of the lazy printers I had supplanted did in two. If I heard of an item I put it in type without going to the trouble of writing it out. I was encouraged in this, and my first attempts at writing were at Maysville.

I don't know how long I had been there when I received a letter saying mother was not very well and suggesting that I come home. Mr. Day was sorry to see me go, but found someone to take my place, and I arranged to go to St. Joe in a freight wagon and thence to Bethany in the same manner. A man boarded at the hotel who made regular trips to St. Joe with an empty wagon and returned with freight for the merchants. I think this plan appealed to me because we should see a railroad on the way. I had never seen a railroad, and the wagon driver, an old traveler who saw one every week, said he was always greatly impressed with the sight.

I remember we were traveling at night and the driver had stopped to water the horses, when he said the railroad was only a few hundred yards away, so I walked ahead alone to see it, as I did not know just how much I might be moved in the mighty presence. Soon I came to it, and it was as wonderful as I had imagined. The rails, the grade, the ties—how had men been found to do all this work? Where did so much material come from?

I did not see a train until next day, when we arrived in St. Joe, where I also saw a river—the Missouri—and I recall that the driver said it looked pretty rough to him; that he would not care to go out on it in a boat unless the boat were a large one in capable hands.

There was a man hauling freight from St. Joe to Bethany, also, and I at once looked him up to arrange for returning home. He handed me a letter from Aunt Sarah saying mother was better, so I determined to find employment in St. Joe, as wages were much higher there than in the smaller towns.

In the old days of hand typesetting, in all the larger towns there were extra men called subs, or substitutes. A regular hand could lay off at any time by putting on a sub, and these were always abundant. I often think this would be a good idea now in all trades. As an employer I was greatly annoyed by being short handed, employes laying off frequently without good excuse. Why not subs in all shops and offices to relieve employers of this trouble? In my day as a journeyman, employers imposed on workmen; now I see frequent cases of employers being imposed on by workmen.

I soon became a sub on the Herald, a daily paper, the first on which I had ever worked. All I had to do was to follow copy—"if it went out the window," the

(Continued on Page 81)

With a Radiola in your home you can hear all the big games

YOU hear the crack of the bat and the roar of the grand stands in world series baseball—the mighty choruses and tumultuous cheering of college football—colorful, expert reports of championship games right from the playing fields.

Over thousands of miles of wire to the broadcasting stations—then over the air to the Radiola in your home—the play-by-play stories of the big events of national sports come with amazing realism.

Radiolas are the achievement of the same engineers of General Electric, Westinghouse and the Radio Corporation of America, who build the great broadcasting stations. Your Radiola and RCA Loudspeaker are expertly designed by them to get the finest results from broadcast reception.

Radiolas—operated from your electric light circuit, or by batteries (if your home isn't wired)—range in price from $82.75 to $895. They embody all the world's knowledge of radio—and are the acknowledged standard of excellence.

RCA Radiolas and Loudspeakers may be purchased through RCA Authorized Dealers on the RCA Time Payment Plan.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

RCA RADIOLA 18—The sensation of the radio industry. Perfected, simplified operation direct from electric light circuit (110 volt, 60 cycle A.C.) Amazing volume and realism of tone. Solid mahogany cabinet. Electrically-lighted tuning dial. $115 (less Radiotron)

RCA RADIOLA 30A

Famous RCA Super-Heterodyne with RCA Loudspeaker in special cabinet.

RCA RADIOLA 31

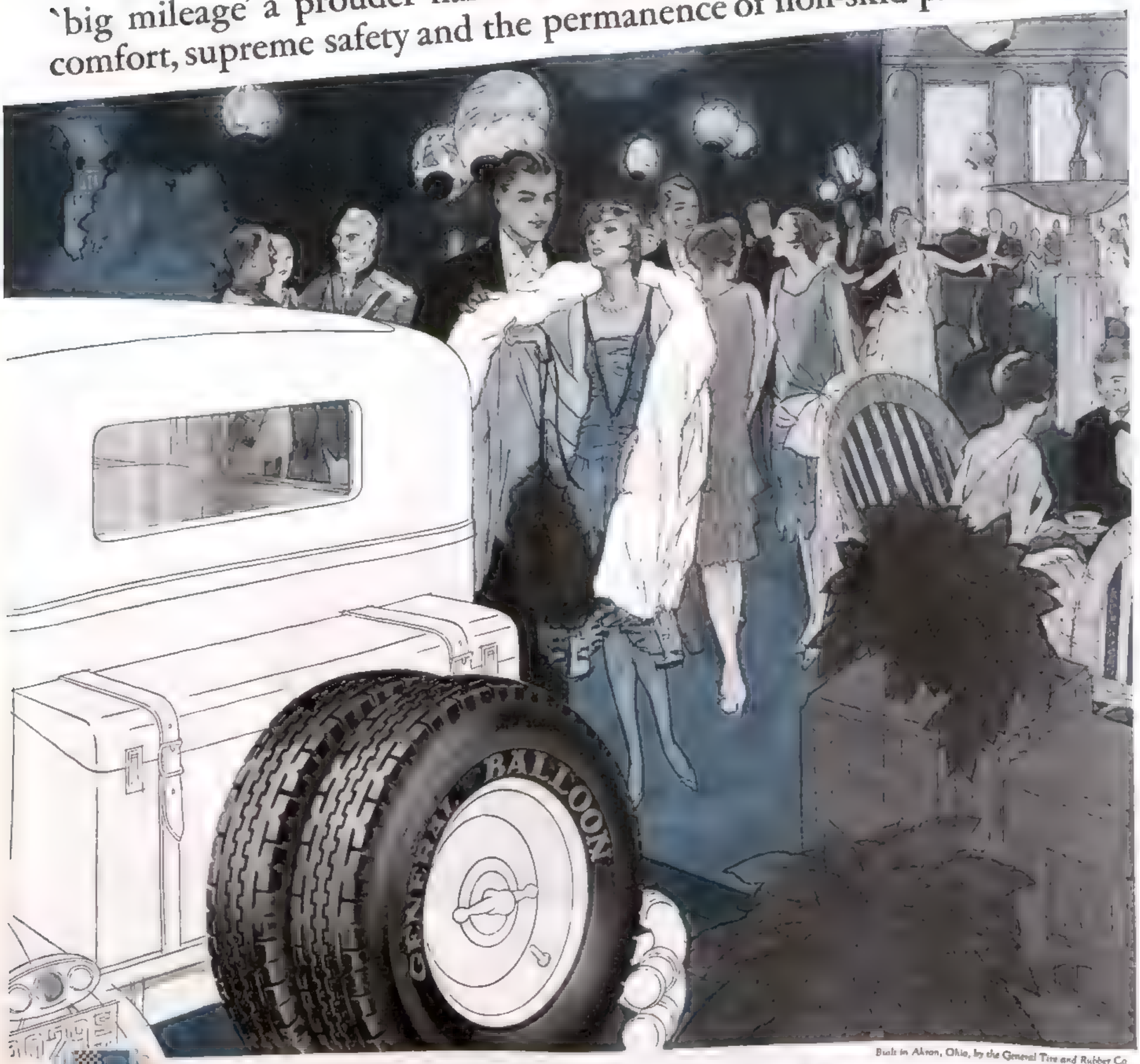
Cabinet model of Radiola 18 with RCA Loudspeaker.

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign*

"TWENTY thousand! . . Forty thousand! . . Sixty thousand miles!" The famous records of yesterday now give way to a greater achievement in fine tire building—the new General Dual Balloon —advancing beyond the balloon tire of yesterday. General gives 'big mileage' a prouder name—*uninterrupted mileage* with serene comfort, supreme safety and the permanence of non-skid protection.



Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

(Continued from Page 78)

printers said—so I got along easily. Usually I worked three or four days a week, but long hours, as the paper appeared in the morning. Being quite rapid, I could make a considerable sum at piecework from three in the afternoon until two in the morning.

One thing I immediately noticed at St. Joe I have noticed all my life—poor people get along better in little towns than large ones. In the little towns I had known everybody and lived about as well as anybody, but in St. Joe I was compelled to go to a printers' boarding house, an unsatisfactory place not at all like the comfortable places at which I had lived in Gallatin and Maysville. Besides, in St. Joe I could know the principal people only by sight, whereas in Maysville I knew the merchants, bankers, county officials and the judge of the court to speak to, and attended picnics where the best families were represented.

I complained about this one day to a young fellow who worked beside me, and he said he believed his mother could accommodate me. This was arranged, to my great advantage, for I had never seen an equally wonderful home. The mother and son were the only members of the family and they lived in a large house. The mother had been lately widowed, to find her affairs in a tangle, and I heard they would finally be compelled to move elsewhere. I had a room to myself, and the furniture was of an expensive kind I had never seen before—indeed, not imagined, for I did not know there were any such furnishings for a house. For all this magnificence, to me, I paid three dollars and a half a week. I believed my hostess was as fine a lady as Mrs. Kost, in Gallatin, and it has always been a source of much satisfaction to me that she did not send me away because I was so noisy as to disturb her peace.

If the son and I happened to be off the same night, we took the mother to entertainments, and she was so cultured and gentle as to be a revelation to me—my first realization of the heights women often reach. I saw my first play in St. Joe, and can remember the name of it—the Pearl of Savoy, but cannot remember, I am ashamed to say, the name of the mother and son I had invited to accompany me. My short residence in this St. Joe family did me more good than any other one thing that has happened in my life, because it came at the exact time when I needed most the lessons I learned there.

Across from the office where I worked was a music store, and as I threw in my case in the afternoons, I had a good course in music. The man in charge, who exhibited pianos, was a brilliant player, I thought, and I came to know him well. He had a friend who was almost a good violinist, and how I reveled in these two! So far as I knew, the violinist played entirely by ear, and in a piece he called Willie, We Have Missed You he achieved a sweetness I have never met with since in music. Perhaps if I should hear the man play now I would pick flaws, but one day in setting type I had to go to the italic case for the word "virtuoso"—new to me—and applied it to him. I admired the man with such enthusiasm that when I left St. Joe he came under my window late at night and I was awakened hearing him play Willie, We Have Missed You. I have lived fifty years within twenty miles of St. Joe, and have many acquaintances there, but have never been able to make any of them recall that violinist or the widow and her son who were so kind to me.

Having received a letter from Aunt Sarah saying I had better come home, I soon started with the freight hauler I knew. We camped out two nights on the way and the man cooked our meals over an open fire I built—a novel and enjoyable experience I recall now as vividly as though it had happened yesterday. How soundly I slept in my clothes on a blanket under the wagon! How I enjoyed the rough meals and the sights on the way as we moved slowly through the country! I slept a good deal on top of the load through the day, and the driver tied me on with ropes to prevent my rolling off at the rough places.

This man was of rather superior type. He had married one of the prettiest and best connected girls in Bethany, although he had arrived in the town as a floater. He later became one of the best men in the community, aided by his fortunate marriage. I have always believed men in big towns should marry in the small country places, the girls are so nice.

Mother's faltering step and pale face startled me when first I met her, but she was better within a few days and seemed to enjoy my visit. I spent more time with her than I had ever done before, and as Aunt Sarah made much of me, too, I keenly enjoyed what proved to be my last days in Bethany.

At St. Joe I had discovered that the fine woman at whose home I was living was a Democrat and I admired her so much that I thought all really refined people must be of that political persuasion; so I pretended I was a Democrat, although I did not know the difference between a Democrat and a Republican—and there isn't much, although there was more then than now.

So I rather made a specialty of the Democratic children in Bethany. Somewhere I had acquired a sword cane—a ridiculous affair that had hidden in the stick a dagger so dull it couldn't hurt anyone. One day there was a Democratic rally, and while I was around with the Democrats and pretending to be one, a Republican boy called me out and said he intended to make me eat that dagger, cane and all. But we had formerly been friends and I was able to make up with him. I was tired of the cane, anyway, and traded it to him for some trifling new thing he had that I longed for.

My particular friend in the town was a Democratic boy named John Devers, son of the old sheriff who had arrested father at Fairview, charged with inciting slaves to rebellion—an incident closed by the war. One day I was with John Devers, and somehow we procured a bottle of whisky and became sick. While we were in a stable, trying to recover, John's father appeared and took him home. The people believed I had acquired worldly habits at Gallatin and Maysville and was trying to lead John astray, but I had never been in a saloon except at Bethany, and went in that one to buy a bowl of cove-oyster soup. I had never tasted whisky until that day, and John had as much to do with the foolish prank as I had; but they all believed I was an abandoned wretch, which humiliates me to this day, as I was very fond of John's father and mother and the Bethany people.

Why did we engage in the folly? I have no idea, except that there is a streak of it in everyone, whether they live in Bethany or Mandalay. I think the humiliation did me good, for I have been a tiresome preacher of temperance ever since. I have never been able to see any sense in intoxicants; if I want to play the fool, I can find a dozen things more promising than whisky.

My old friend Humphrey Ramer, a much older printer than I, dared me to run a race with him, and almost won the victory by making fun of me, at which he was a master. We set type side by side and he could work and talk, which I could not do. All the time he was rushing and doing his best, he was making remarks about me to make me mad

"Look at his clothes," he said. "He thinks they are pretty, but he has only one suit and he slept in that on his way here in a wagon. Most respectable people travel in a stage." Or, "Watch me take the conceit out of the young puppy. Bud Behee made him eat his cane, and I'll show him up as a blacksmith."

We set the same copy and had to correct it, and I beat him only by a shade, I pied so many lines owing to the other boys standing around and laughing at Humphrey's wit. I was faster than he, but I have never been able to show off when I want to. Later I made up with him, when he confessed he did it just to rattle me and didn't mean anything. I was staying all night at his house when I was hurriedly sent for. Mother was worse, the word was, and she died within an hour after they found me.

Grandmother didn't get there until a week after the funeral, she lived so far away and communication was so slow, and the night she came she was sleeping in the front room with Sarah Jane; a bed had been put up there during mother's illness and had not been taken down. I had not gone to bed, and when there was a knock at the door I went to see who was calling.

It was father, whom we had not seen since he disappeared in the new wagon drawn by the young matched horses. It was a crisp night and there had been a fire in the room where grandmother and Sarah Jane were sleeping. I took father in there and stirred the fire, not knowing what else to do. I noticed he wore a leather belt and that there was a bulge at his hip indicating a pistol. He had come back to settle his affairs, and came armed, knowing the people were unfriendly.

Grandmother and Sarah Jane were aroused, and soon Sarah Jane attacked him as sharply and venomously as the evening when mother and Aunt Lu and all the children were present. Father replied heatedly, but always at a disadvantage, for he was in the wrong. Frequently grandmother would raise her head and say something bitter and father would reply to that. I recall father saying that night that Sarah Jane was not a child of his loins and had always been impudent and unmanageable. It was the strangest war of words I had ever heard, both sides holding their ground until near midnight. Then father went away, saying he would return at eight in the morning, when he expected both to be out of the house.

Later I learned he slept at the home of his lawyer, as he did not know how he would be received at the hotel. Both grandmother and Sarah Jane went to a neighbor's before he appeared next day, and neither saw him again. He remained two weeks settling up his affairs, and at the end of that time said he would take us all with him. Jim was away at work, I have forgotten where, and father said if I wanted to go with him, he could find me a place.

We started in the wagon which made regular trips to St. Joe for freight, the driver having put in chairs for our accommodation—father and I, a younger sister and three younger brothers. As we passed down the street, many of the neighbor women stood in their doorways and yards, occasionally wiping their eyes with their aprons. Some of them thought father might be taking the children away to dispose of them villainously, but I knew he was glad to be reunited with them. He had softened considerably since the day when I was little, owing to his suffering. We stopped one night at a hotel so primitive that in the morning we all went out to the well to wash our faces. It was kept by two old people so feeble we all helped them.

Arrived at St. Joe, he took us aboard a steamboat, and for a week we ran upstream when we could, as the river was low. At the end of the seventh day father began collecting his effects and we knew we were soon to land. At eleven o'clock that night we went ashore at a place where there was not so much as a house, although the men discharged freight. Then we started off through the darkness, father and I carrying the younger children or pushing them ahead of us. Presently we came to a lonely house, father produced a key and we entered. A match could not be found readily, and during the delay some of the children cried timidly, they were so homesick. When the flitting rays of a light appeared and I glanced about, I had a quick impression that my only sister, fourteen years old, was pleased that we found the house unoccupied.

Soon she was active in attending the sleepy children, and father said, "Well,

(Continued on Page 83)

You can *never* be sure that milk is clean and wholesome when you leave it uncovered! Impurities *will* get in, flavor escape!

For safety and convenience, use the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP. It provides perfect protection at all times because it is never removed from the bottle. You merely *pull* the hinged flap part way open for pouring—then *press* it back into place and *reseal* the bottle until needed again! *Always safe and sanitary—and the most convenient way to serve milk!* Ends messy waste of good top cream.

A Month's Supply FREE!

If your dairyman or dealer does not now supply this really sanitary cap, let us send you a month's supply free. You'll be glad to recommend it to him once you've tried it. Mail coupon today!

PERFECTION *pull and hinge cap*

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC.,
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Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE

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Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

The dainty, tasteful appearance of Kay sandwiches makes them ideal for bridge and other party luncheons, and because of their concentrated food value they are becoming first choice for picnics and all recreational outings.

"Great Expectations"

Greater excellence, it seems, is expected of a new product by Kraft than of others. Due perhaps to the supreme goodness of all Kraft foods—a standard early established and always maintained.

The phenomenal success of Kay as a spread for sandwiches comes, we believe, from meeting in every respect these high expectations—Kay has proven to be as delicious as it was original.

Bread and cheese have a natural dietetic relationship, and Kay for the most part is cheese—Philadelphia Cream Cheese, snow-white, rich and fluffy. To this we have added just enough savory relish and choice spices (no meat or oils) to give Kay that individual flavor so appetizing that it always leaves a desire for more. There is no spread on the market that is quite the equal of Kay—in food value, texture or flavor. It can be eaten by anyone and enjoyed by all. Your dealer has Kay.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company

(Continued from Page 81)

Minnie, you are now the mother of the family."

I had long marveled at Aunt Sarah's statement that he had broken down on leaving home with the new wagon and team of young horses; I could not believe it of so grim a man, but this night he was surely on the point of crying in the presence of all of us.

IX

THE place at which we landed turned out to be three miles below Council Bluffs, Iowa. The Union Pacific, the first railroad across the continent, was building, and everyone who amounted to much appeared there or at Omaha, just across the river, en route to the West, which has always attracted the adventurous. I hadn't been there long before I saw Schuyler Colfax, a Vice President, and heard him speak. The tremendous sentiments he uttered were new to me, although I have grown somewhat tired of them since. Not long after hearing Mr. Colfax speak, I saw a man hanged. When brought to the gallows, he screamed with terror and kept saying he was afraid to die; he fell on his knees before the officers and begged pitifully for mercy. I screamed and cried with him, as did others, and wanted to engage in an attempt at rescue, for the prisoner was pale and sickly and quite young. But they forcibly hanged him, and his screaming and struggling ended only when his neck was broken. It was a terrible scene, but I saw worse ones as I walked home that night alone, through the darkness—every noise was a scream and every shadow a scaffold.

I soon found work on the morning paper, the Nonpareil, and at first boarded at home, which was managed by my only sister, who seemed suddenly to become a woman the night we arrived. An elderly widow was employed to assist, but the fourteen-year-old girl was the accepted head of the household. I have never known a boy suddenly to become much older, as this young girl did, in the face of great responsibility. As I write this, I am disturbed by the thought I have not seen her in more than fifty years, although always highly respecting her. It has been said of us as a family that we have funny ways. Whether I am more to blame than the others, I do not know.

Father was mad at the Methodist Church and had formed a connection with some sort of Brethren who had a little church on the edge of town nearest his house. They held revivals so noisy that news of them reached town, and on my nights off I occasionally went there, noting that while father solicited others to join, he let me alone, as he had done at Fairview and Bethany.

The Council Bluffs Nonpareil was a rather notable morning paper, but printed on a Washington hand press of the kind we used in Bethany, Gallatin and Maysville. The pressman was a carpenter who had deserted his own trade because of the larger wages offered by the Nonpareil. He was the steadiest man on the paper and about the best paid. The editor was a man named Chapman, and father introduced me to him, but Chapman plainly gave me to understand the introduction wouldn't go after the subscriber left, and it didn't. I knew him only as a lordly character who frequently stalked into the composing room to grumble at someone who had neglected a correction in his proof sheets.

The printers were of a better class than I had known before. Some of them drifted in from the mysterious West which began across the river at Omaha. One claimed to be an Indian chief. He was so popular among the Indians, he said, that they had made him a headman. I heard of many such men during my life in the West, but never believed in them. I think this man invented the story for the purposes of a book he had written. Another was Sid Bennett, noted then as the fastest typesetter living. Night after night I ran races with him when he didn't know it, and increased my own speed. Sunday mornings, after we were through work, we all usually went to the storage vaults of a brewery, and while they drank a good deal, they would not let me drink; they said I wasn't old enough. I recall with gratitude that the men I worked with when young were very generally good teachers and behaved reasonably well themselves; the men I have known everywhere have been better than their reputation.

I soon found the walk home every night burdensome, as the distance was three miles, so I went to board at a little restaurant kept by an old German and his wife, and slept upstairs in a half-story room. The old people couldn't have been kinder to me had I been their son. They used a good many chickens in the restaurant, and my hostess having discovered I was fond of chicken livers, I had them every day. I think they closed up, after a time, owing to age, and the motherly old German woman took me to a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Lawton, highly recommended me and wept when we parted. I have greatly admired women from youth up. There is very little real meanness among them, except in their contests with husbands, and these may be necessary. I have also had quite generous admiration for the people generally, except in their attitude toward newspapers. A reader seems to have the same antagonism toward an editor that a woman has toward a husband—and perhaps editors, too, need regulating.

Mrs. Lawton had no other boarders except a Mrs. Hanley and her two children, who occupied the parlor and a room adjoining. Mrs. Hanley was as fine a lady as I had ever seen, not excepting Mrs. Kost, who found me noisy, and I soon learned that she had a rowdy husband who ran a variety theater in Omaha. Occasionally he appeared, and I thought him a fine fellow. Once a week he brought his show to Council Bluffs and gave me tickets to another phase of the new world opening up to me. For a time I had an ambition to become a song-and-dance man and associate with some of the beautiful women I saw on the stage. Those in Hanley's company were not very nice, but I didn't know it until he wanted to bring some of them to Mrs. Lawton's and she wouldn't have them.

Mrs. Lawton was a reduced gentlewoman, as was Mrs. Hanley. Mr. Lawton had been a preacher and was then a life-insurance agent, which kept him away from home a good deal. When he returned and found me there, he at once proceeded to sell me a five-thousand-dollar policy; his eloquence was so great I could not resist him, but I never paid him a penny on the contract. There were so many delights in Council Bluffs to spend money on that I never had a dollar ahead, though earning considerable wages. Both Mrs. Lawton and Mrs. Hanley might as well have been widows, for their husbands were almost never at home, so I took them everywhere when not at work and just about ran the house.

At the opera house, in addition to the variety show twice a week, there were all sorts of entertainments. I saw Sol Smith Russell there, with the Berger family of bell ringers. I met him many years later at a dinner I gave and told him some of the specialties he did in Council Bluffs. At that night's performance he repeated many of them, to my delight.

One day a new foreman arrived at the Nonpareil office, and when he had cases to give out and I was entitled to them, he gave them to a friend. This made me so angry I quit. I have always belonged to the union and employed only union men, but some of the greatest injustices of my youth were perpetrated by fellow union men.

Someone advised that I go to Chicago, where we were always hearing decent wages were paid. I think I finally decided to go for the experience of riding on a railroad train, which I had never had. But I soon found I had made a mistake. I think I have been afraid of big towns ever since because of that early experience with Chicago. When I found the Tribune office, I knew I should not enter at the big front door, so went to a back stairway leading up to the composing room on the fourth floor. The stairway was on the outside, like a modern fire escape, and lined with printers, and I thought they were all subs, so I sneaked away and somehow found my way back—to Omaha. I was mad at the Nonpareil in Council Bluffs and wouldn't go there. This was the only experience I have ever had with metropolitan journalism.

X

I HAVE observed that many men, writing of their youth, recall long conversations, dates, repartee, names and accurate record of incidents. I cannot remember how long I lived in Omaha, since my residence there was nearly sixty years ago. I was in the town recently and could not find the office where I worked or the place where I boarded. I only recall I was a printer employed by the Omaha Republican, a morning paper, and lived at a frame hotel with beer-garden attachment. The owner of the Republican was a man named Balcom, and though I saw him frequently, I do not recall the editor or reporters. Somehow I remember that the editor of the opposition paper, Dr. George L. Miller, was noted as about the best man in town in his line.

Below the windows of the Republican composing room was a balcony. Every evening a band appeared there to advertise theatrical performances in the same building. Our pressman was door tender, as he did not go to work until after the theater audience was dismissed. I knew this man, but recall he was honest and never passed any of us in. But I often attended. The first actor of note I ever saw, Edwin Adams, appeared there.

Everything in Omaha was an improvement on anything I had known elsewhere. Frequently I went to the railway station and saw trains from the West come in, displaying the first splendor I had ever seen. Excursions of notables were frequent and I was often in the crowd when the town welcomed them with music and oratory.

It was in Omaha I met one of the most remarkable men I have ever known—Joe Franklin, a printer employed on the Republican. He was also a musician and preferred to play the piano in concert halls and theaters to setting type, when such engagements were available. Although he drank intoxicants regularly, he did not become drunk; liquor only exhilarated him and made him brighter and more agreeable. But this pace soon told on him, and every few weeks he had a spell which laid him up. During his sickness he was very subdued and quiet, although still agreeable. But for his habit of drinking heavily and then paying the penalty by disappearing for a week or two, he would never have lacked employment as a musician, for he played several instruments well. After his spells he worked as a sub on the Republican for a time, and here I became his special friend. We were soon rooming together, and in all my life I have not known a man who was kinder to me or who more carefully watched over my welfare. When he was playing the piano in a concert hall—some of them were pretty rough; more than half saloon—I frequently went there at night to wait for him before going to bed, and he looked after me like a good father. He was a man of probably forty when I knew him first, for I recall his hair and whiskers were becoming gray.

Every time I went into a place where he was employed I noted the popularity of Joe. Those about the place were always wanting him to drink with them, and as he seldom refused, this made his connection profitable. In addition, he was entertaining and always kept something going on. No one could ask for a song or musical selection he did not know. I remember being greatly surprised once when someone produced a sheet of music, and seeing Joe read it at sight, first putting on nose glasses. I think he was the first man I ever knew who was well read and who kept up with the characters and events of the day. When famous

Continued on Page 85

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Cunningham RADIO TUBES

WHEN you look inside of your radio, be sure you see the monogram "C" smiling up at you on the top of each radio tube.

Thirteen years of experience and tireless research combined with a guarantee against mechanical and electrical defect stand behind this simple monogram.

Cunningham Tube *quality* has resulted in national leadership and public approval, two assets we zealously guard and is your assurance of faultless modern reception.

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Never use old tubes with new ones—use new tubes throughout

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Cunningham RADIO TUBES

Soft, summer sunshine. Deep, cool shadows. Luncheon kit overflowing with Heinz good things. Sweet, mixed pickles, crisp and spicy. Sandwiches of creamy peanut butter. Beans baked in real ovens. Plump stuffed olives. Sandwiches filled with a tempting, pickle-y Heinz spread. So very many wonderful things, what good flavor shall we try first?

There are so many, many delicious Heinz *picnic-y* things to eat that half the task of organizing a picnic is done when you call up your grocer and give him your order.

Heinz Peanut Butter, for sandwiches. Made by a special process with no oil on top. A moist and creamy blend full of the flavor of fine Spanish and Virginia nuts . . . *Heinz Sandwich Relish,* piquant with chopped olives and sweet gherkins . . . Mild, yellow *Heinz Mustard* that gives just the right zest to tongue or cheese sandwiches.

Heinz Olives, we grow in Spain and stuffed with spiced red pimentos. . . Crisp, spicy *Heinz Pickles* and *Sweet Gherkins* . . . *Heinz Apple Butter,* with the tang of the sound, ripe apples of which it's made.

And, of course, Heinz famous *Oven-Baked* Beans, with the real oven-baked flavor, good hot or cold.

For 59 years Heinz has been helping to make picnics a success. And *your* picnic will be all the merrier if you take along some of the good things to eat that Heinz makes.

H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH.

57 flavor

HEINZ GOOD THINGS FOR PICNICS

(Continued from Page 83)

men came to Omaha, he could tell why they were famous and quote them. I almost worshiped Joe Franklin, he was so wise, witty, tender and so genuinely fond of me.

When business in our line became dull in Omaha, Joe suggested that we venture into the mysterious country from which the splendid trains came every day, and for a time we roamed over the West. In addition to his other accomplishments, he taught singing. Going into a town, he would arrange a meeting at one of the churches and outline his plan for a musical convention. Then for a week he would teach, closing with a concert, the income representing his profit, except that he made something from selling the song books used. He had rare taste in music, and usually his concerts consisted of three or four choruses and as many quartets and duets as he could arrange. If he could not find a local violin player, he played a violin solo himself, or an obbligato to a song. If there was a cornet player in town, Joe played a duet with him. At these concerts I always appeared in numbers in which he carefully trained me.

In one place he made arrangements to play a little cabinet organ with a medicine man, who traveled about in a wagon, and for a time I sang with him on the streets to attract crowds. A famous duet then was Larboard Watch, and we sang it a good deal. The medicine man was not a very good talker, and Joe frequently relieved him, greatly to the joy of the crowds, for he was witty and good-natured. Of course we sold an Indian remedy represented as being made from herbs and barks, but I soon learned that it was made from ingredients to be obtained at any country drug store.

I remember visiting one town where no liquor was to be had at a public place and Joe was almost desperate. We called on a business man and Joe told him the situation. He said he had been drinking steadily all his life and was in a bad way without it. He was so persuasive that the man went home, got a bottle and gave it to Joe. Within an hour he was the sunniest man in town, and the best behaved.

I have had no fame since as great as I acquired in singing the first part of Larboard Watch with Joe. People used to call for it over and over, and I believe we really did it very effectively. Once when we went into a drinking place for Joe's nightcap the keeper refused to take any money, saying he had heard the duet and that it was magnificent. Another of our songs was the Marseillaise, which we sang in unison. Joe told me he once heard two French soldiers, one with a leg off and the other with an eye out, singing this song on the streets and that it appealed to him as the most impressive thing he had ever heard. We sang a good many duets, and I have since thought Joe may have thought some of them up, both as to music and words, for he was a great genius.

Soon we were compelled to quit the road and the medicine man, for my partner had one of his spells. We were regarded as show people in the town and attracted a good deal of attention. The editor of the local paper was quite surprised when I applied to him for work, as he regarded me as a professional singer.

In one of the towns where he was playing piano in a concert hall and saloon and I was setting type, a pipe organ had lately been purchased and there was no one to play it. A committee of women called on us and asked Joe to play on Sunday, which he good-naturedly agreed to do. For a time he had a key to the church and frequently took me there. He had once been a member of a circus band and gave band imitations I thought tremendously clever, as no doubt they were. He would show how the band slowed up to accommodate the waltzing pony, and other tricks he had learned on the road. He made up accompaniments to the old religious songs I knew, and these I sang at the church services with great favor. We left this town because Joe became ill from drinking, and after his recovery would not go back to the church. It was a very decent town and we had made some nice friends there.

Cheyenne, Wyoming, in that day was the roughest town I had ever seen. For a time both of us worked on the Leader, getting a dollar a thousand in gold. Many a night I left the office ten or twelve dollars better off than I was when entering it in the afternoon. The Leader office had been enlarged with a tent lean-to.

Although Cheyenne was booming and rough, the people seemed about like others I had known. The rough ones were floaters and always made to behave pretty well. The West I knew in early days was never so rough as has since been represented in fiction. If a bold man became very objectionable, an equally bold man was appointed as an officer to control him.

Board and rooms were high, and Joe and I lived in a shack half boards and half canvas. It was surprisingly comfortable, considering that we slept on blankets. Joe soon found work in his favorite line in Cheyenne and reveled in music and liquor. There were free spenders in the town, and Joe was always a favorite. He had one habit I have never noticed in any other man: he mixed his drinks—beer, wine, whisky—anything that had a kick in it, as he said.

In Cheyenne he lasted longer than usual without a spell, but when it came, he was pretty bad. Several of the women he had known at the concert hall came to see him, and two of them once remained all night, when he was particularly depressed. One of these was quite young, pretty and modest, and I wondered how she came to be in such company. A number of rough characters among his men friends also came in. During his illness and convalescence he never drank anything and always said he had quit for good. During this illness he reformed so completely that he talked of sending for his wife and engaging in the piano business. That was his dream all the time I knew him—to open a music store and sell pianos. I never knew he had a wife until we were in Cheyenne, but he was so determined to reform and engage in the piano business that he told me a good deal about her. She lived somewhere in Ohio and was a fine woman; he said he kept away from her for no other reason than that he wasn't good enough for her.

He was so long getting back in shape in Cheyenne that we went on a buffalo hunt. A man he had picked up acquaintance with sold buffalo meat in Cheyenne and we went with him out to the plains, as he had a comfortable wagon. Killing the animals was very tame sport, as we hid along the river bank until they came down to drink, and then knocked one over, usually with a single shot. We soon had a load and returned to Cheyenne and to the piano playing and drinking. I never took part in the drinking. Joe said he had been ruined by it and for me not to begin. Beyond an occasional wine drink a bartender fixed for me, with a good deal of lemon and sugar and water in it, I did not drink at all during my experience in the West. My partner may have kept me from it, but I do not believe I ever had any disposition that way. We later discovered that the man with whom we had gone after buffalo meat was a suspicious character and accused of killing two Eastern hunters on the plains in order to rob them. We were in no danger when with him, as we had nothing, and he took us along for company. Outlaws become lonesome as well as respectable people.

Joe Franklin had an adroit way of taking care of men who were carousing, and he knew many such because of his occupation. Once, when I had gone to bed without him, he appeared in the tent later with two tipsy friends, and they spent the night there. At first they wanted to be noisy, but Joe managed them so well that they soon quieted down, after one of them had fired a pistol ball through the roof and attracted a good many of the neighbors. Joe could manage any situation better than any other man I ever knew, and he soon had his two friends and the neighbors asleep. At another time there was some sort of celebration, late at night, in a saloon where Joe was playing and I was present. A man poured beer in the rim of another's hat and there was a fight and a pistol shot which put out the lights. In the darkness Joe Franklin made an appeal to the half-drunken and fighting men and pacified them. Soon the lamps were lighted and the belligerents shook hands and laughed at an incident rapidly becoming serious.

Counting Sheep in the Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

Later we went to Salt Lake City—part of the way on a stage—and I have never since seen a town so fascinating as Salt Lake City was then. When I met a man on the street, I wondered how many wives he had. Certain others were said to have been in the Mountain Meadows Massacre, although the stories may have been untrue.

Having been accustomed from early youth to attend religious services, I went to hear the noted Mormons preach and the big choir sing. I could not see that the Mormon services greatly differed from those I had been accustomed to, except that occasionally doctrinal sermons were preached and polygamy exploited. I still remember a statement I heard a Mormon elder make from the pulpit—that since a man may have more children with two or more wives than with one, polygamy was his duty, to increase and multiply being one of the commandments.

One of the apostles of the Mormon Church was an uncle of a young man I knew in the printing office, and I occasionally called at the apostle's house with him. There were three wives in the family, all quite elderly, and they seemed as nice women as I had ever known. The old apostle was much like the preachers I had long been familiar with, except that he was an abler and gentler man.

The News, the Mormon paper on which we worked, did not greatly differ from other newspapers. We boarded with a widow whose son Arthur worked on the News, but not as a typesetter. I think he was a subscription solicitor. The widow had left a man because he had two other wives, and talked a good deal to Joe about a book she intended to write exposing Mormonism. Joe formed a plan to take her East as a lecturer and invented a lot of harrowing experiences for her. I frequently heard her tell about her life, and it seemed rather commonplace, until Joe put in the high lights he said were necessary to interest the public, which he told her were always used.

I have never enjoyed life anywhere more than I did in Salt Lake City. It had a better theater than I had seen before, and better attractions. Frequently when I went there I saw Brigham Young come in; occasionally with two or three women, but more frequently alone or with other men. One day he came into the News office, the occasion being the publication of some sort of church report, and he called at the composing room with the business manager, looking up some detail.

I had worked on the report and produced the copy they were looking for. The prophet seemed to question some of the figures and wanted to see whether I had followed a copy. It turned out that I had, and there was no correction.

"You're right and I'm wrong," he said, patting my shoulder, which I thought a good deal from the head of the Mormon Church. I told about this incident later so much that for a time I was called Brigham.

I went about a good deal with the son of the widow with whom I boarded, who was about my own age. I met many Mormon children and remarked that many of them said they did not intend to remain Mormons; that they liked the Gentile way better

Joe Franklin's plan to get out a book from the widow's experience in Mormonism and take her East as a lecturer at least resulted in our having a good place to board, and we were happy there. But the inevitable reaction came, and when the widow nursed her manager back to convalescence he was more ashamed than ever, and made more solemn vows to send for his wife, engage in the piano business and quit drinking. He remained true to his wife some weeks; he even made preparations to join her in Ohio, and when he actually started, I went with him. He was still faithful at Omaha and I parted with him there, after exchanging vows that we would never forget each other.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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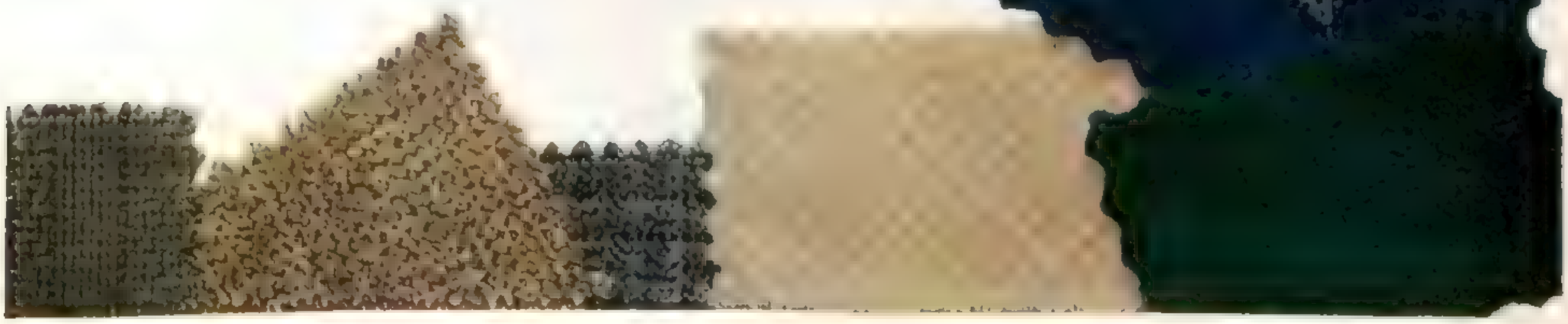


BEANY ESCAPES A FELON'S CELL AND IS PUNISHED BY AN OUTRAGED PARENT

(Continued from Page 31)

gumped on his horse with his calvery boots and his sloutch hat whitch he had gumped off of to lift his girl onto her horse. I dident want ennyone to think that the girl had to step so high as that for a girl coodent do that without being verry unproper.

then the horses went prancing sideways and looked splendid while they wated for the Boston feller whitch is always late. he had told Beany to lead his horse up and not to ride him becaus he dident want ennybody to know that a boy cood ride his horse. of course he dident say that but Beany gnew it. so Beany led the weezle mare up to the front of the hotel where the Boston feller was wating and slapping his shiny boots with his silver handle riding whipp. he had on a black velvit cote and white briches and a stovepipe hat with a long black string hiched to it.

then he put his gloves on slowly and then he walked round the horse whitch Beany held and took up the curb chane a hole and then he mesured the stirrups with his arm to see if they was two long and then took them up a hole. then he pulled them out and then he put one foot into the stirrup and gumped into the saddle. well the minnit his weigt hit that saddle old weezle made 3 or 4 auful gumps with her head down and her heels up and squeeling like a pig. then she humped her back and threw that Boston feller way up in the air with his legs and arms evry whitch way like a scare crow and his stovepipe hat on the string jest like a toy balloon. I never saw sutch a site. I have seen fellers threw from horses lots of times, but I never saw a feller go haff so far as he did. when he struck the ground flat on his back with his stovepipe hat squashed flat under him he was almost down to old Joe Boardmans corner where the store is and the weezle mare was in the stable.

well while they was picking him up Beany ran down and got the weezle mare and run his hand under the saddle and got the birr out so that nobody wood know what made her kick and squeel. the feller dident know whitch end his head was on for a few minnuts. his hat was squashed and his coat was split up his back and both gallusses busted and he had to hold his briches up with one hand and shake his fist and sware at Mager Blake with the other. I never herd sutch langage he sed he wood persecute Mager and haul him into court Mager swore back and sed he must have did sumthing to the weezle mare becaus she was as safe as enny horse in town and a boy cood ride her and the Boston feller sed if there was a boy in Exeter or ennywhere else that cood ride her he wood give Mager a thousand dollers and jest then Beany come up from the stable riding the weezle mare she canterred along as eezy as a cradle well everybody laffed and hollered wheres your thousand dolers and the feller sed that the hole thing was a trick that had been played on him and he wood get even with sumbody if it took the rest of his life

then Mager Blake sed he coodent ride a sawhorse and the feller sed he wood leeve the hotel and Mager told him where he cood go so that was the last of the Boston feller But Beany got his dolar and I know the naimes of the fellers whitch gave it to him but I told Beany I wooden tell and I wont

so that is the way Beany begun to go downhill. probly Beany woodent have thought of it if it hadent been for J —— gosh I prety near rote the naimes of those 2 fellers down before I thought that wood have been prety meen after promising Beany not to tell. of course nobody will ever reed this but me but sumbody might be poking round in my room and find it

well ennyway what those fellers did started Beany on the downward road and he neerly ended up in a fellons cell, so father sed.

2 or 3 days afterwerds Beany drove a horse hiched in a carryall to the hotel. they was 4 men to go and they dident give Beany ennything and they found a good deel of falt with the horse and the carryall and the hotel and evrything and it maid Beany mad becaus when a feller wirks for another feller he has to stand up for him evry time. so sence Beany has been wirking for the swampscott house he hasent been down to the American house, Ed Toles fathers hotel, so often, and I have seen lots moar of Ed Tole and of sumbody elce whitch lives there two.

well as I was saying Beany was mad with the fellers for 2 reesons. first they dident give him a single red cent and second they found falt with the horse and the harniss and the carryall and the hotel and they hollered to Mager good by old pot gut. ennyway they was drunk, and as they got their licker in the bar room Mager dident dass to say mutch. well as I sed before 2 times Beany was mad and when the driver hollered give me the ranes and dont stand there like a country gork gess what Beany did. he crossed the ranes and the driver dident know enuf to see it or peraps he woodent have gnew it if he had seen it.

then he hollered get up you raw boned old crowbate and he yanked the left rane to steer the horse into the road but the horse tride to go the other way and the man grabbed the whip and hit him a auful lick and yanked and swore. well I wish you had seen that horse gump. in less than 2 seconds he was acrost the sidewalk and haffway up the steps of the hotel.

well you never saw sutch xcitement. old Bill Morrill whitch is first selickman and whitch was setting on the piazza of the hotel got caugt in his chair trying to get out of the way and went rite over backwerds chair and all with his legs kicking in the air. old Gim Luverin and old Jug Stickney and old Tom Corner and old William Perry Moulton and old John Brown whitch had been setting on the piazza talking about the concreek sidewalks tride to get throug the hotel doors to onct to get out of the way and all got stuck and hollered at eech other to get out of the way and left old Bill Morrill hollering for help and stuck in his chair.

well when the horse gumped and went over the sidewalk the carryall dident becaus it got stuck on the cirb stone and over it went with the 4 rowdys heels over head swaring and grabbing for things and telling what they wood do to Beany when they got out. I dont know what wood have happened if Mager Blake hadent grabbed the horse by the nose and stopped him. and 2 or 3 hoslers pulled the men out of the carryall while the men whitch was stuck in the door got untangled and old Bill Morrill had crawled on all fours throug the door with the chair sticking to him like a old snail dragging his shell.

then there was a feerful gaw between the rowdys and Mager. they sed that that little welp, meaning Beany, had crossed the ranes and they wood kill him ded. and Mager sed they woodent kill ennyone ded and they were drunk and crossed the ranes themselfs. then they sed Mager was a lier and had let them have a fitty horse and they wood sew him for 50 thousand dollers and Mager told them to go ahead and sew and they went down town to Alvy Woods office, Pile Woods father, and told their story and he told them to hire a room sumwhere and sleep it off and they sed they wood go and get a reel lawyer.

and they went to General Marstin and told him about it and wanted him to sew Mager for 50 thousand dollers and General told them if Mager Blake sed it was a safe horse it was so and that was all they was about it. and then they wanted to persecute Mager for selling licker and old General sed who did he sell it to and they sed to us and old General he gumped up and sed you fellers are the cheepist skunks I ever had in my office. get out or I will kick you out and the fellers sed less see you do it and old General grabbed the biggest one and twisted him round and give him a kick that sent him fliing out of the door and then the others decided they had saw enuf and piled out.

then they got a hack and went to the depot and took the nex trane. but Magers best carryall and harniss was prety neer spoilt and he asted Beany to tell him the truth did he cross the ranes and Beany crossed his throte and hoaped to die if he did and old Mager believed him. of coarse Beany lied but I wood have lied if it had been me. woodent you.

so Beany got out of that all rite and you wood have thougt it wood have been a warning to him. but it wasent. sumtimes I think Beany is senceless and this was one of them times for Beany dident wate until Mager forgot.

well 2 days after that there was a chirch picknick at the beach. father woodent let me go becaus the last time I got into so mutch truble when I pulled up the big eal into the middle of the peeple setting on the beach of the river. well Deecon Aspinwall and Sofie Peezly and Rody Shattuck and Feeby Derborn and sum others was verry hard on me but they was the wirse and they maid it prety hot for me and Beany and Beany always sed he wood get even with them. I dident say so becaus I got even with them that day and they dident with me. they tride to but father got me out of it.

well sum of the peeple went in the Fliing Trapeze, the beach cart of Levi Towle, Ed Toles father and sum in the Wessacumcon, Charles Toles beach cart. but Deecon Aspinwall and old Rody and Sofie and Feeby Derborn went in a carryall drew by Magers best span of horses becaus they got the picknick up and the church paid Mager for the team.

well after the big 4 horse teems had went off filled with peeple waiving their hands and blowing fish horns, old deecon and the three women whitch father calls Faith, Hoap and Charity becaus neether of them has enny, come over to the hotel and Beany brought up the span of horses and the second best carryall. they wood have had the best one but that was the one that was smashed.

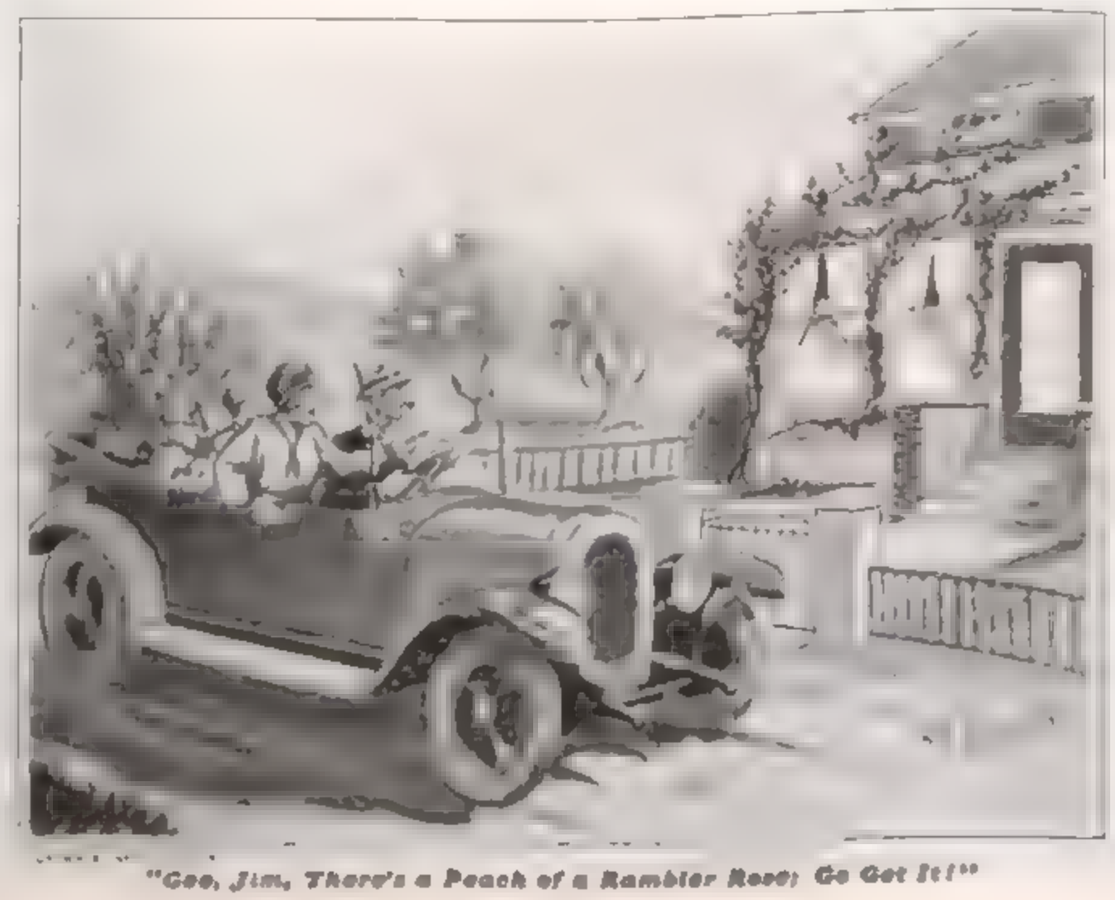
well Beany thougt it was a chanct to get even with them and he done the same to the decon that he did to the 4 rowdys. but Mager was waching him and he stepped up and sed to the decon hold on a minit and he changed the ranes and sed that is better I gess. and he wached until they went round the corner and then before Beany cood wink he grabbed him by the coller and Beanys legs dident tuch the ground onct until he set him down in his private room and locked the door. Beany told me that he never was so scart in his life. he tride to lie out of it but it was no go and finaly he told Mager that he done it to the 4 rowdys and to Decon Aspinwall. then Mager sent for Beanys father and told him about it and Beanys father is going to pay for fixing the carryall and will paint it himself so it wont cost so mutch but Beany lost his gob, got a auful licking whitch his father gave him and has got to stay in his yard until school begins and wensday and Saterday afternoon for a long tim afterwerds. peraps until Winter.

Beany desirved that I gess but the meenest thing is that he cant speek to me or have me over to his house enny moar. aint that jest the meenist thing ever done. I dident have ennything to do with it but Beanys father says he knows I incuraged Beany to do it. when I told father about it he sed it was a good thing for me and for Beany and the hoal naborhood to keep me and Beany apart and if sum way cood be found to keep both of us away from that Clarence Purington, Clarence is Pewt you know, it wood be the best thing that ever hapened in this wirld. but I think it is a pretty meen thing to say.

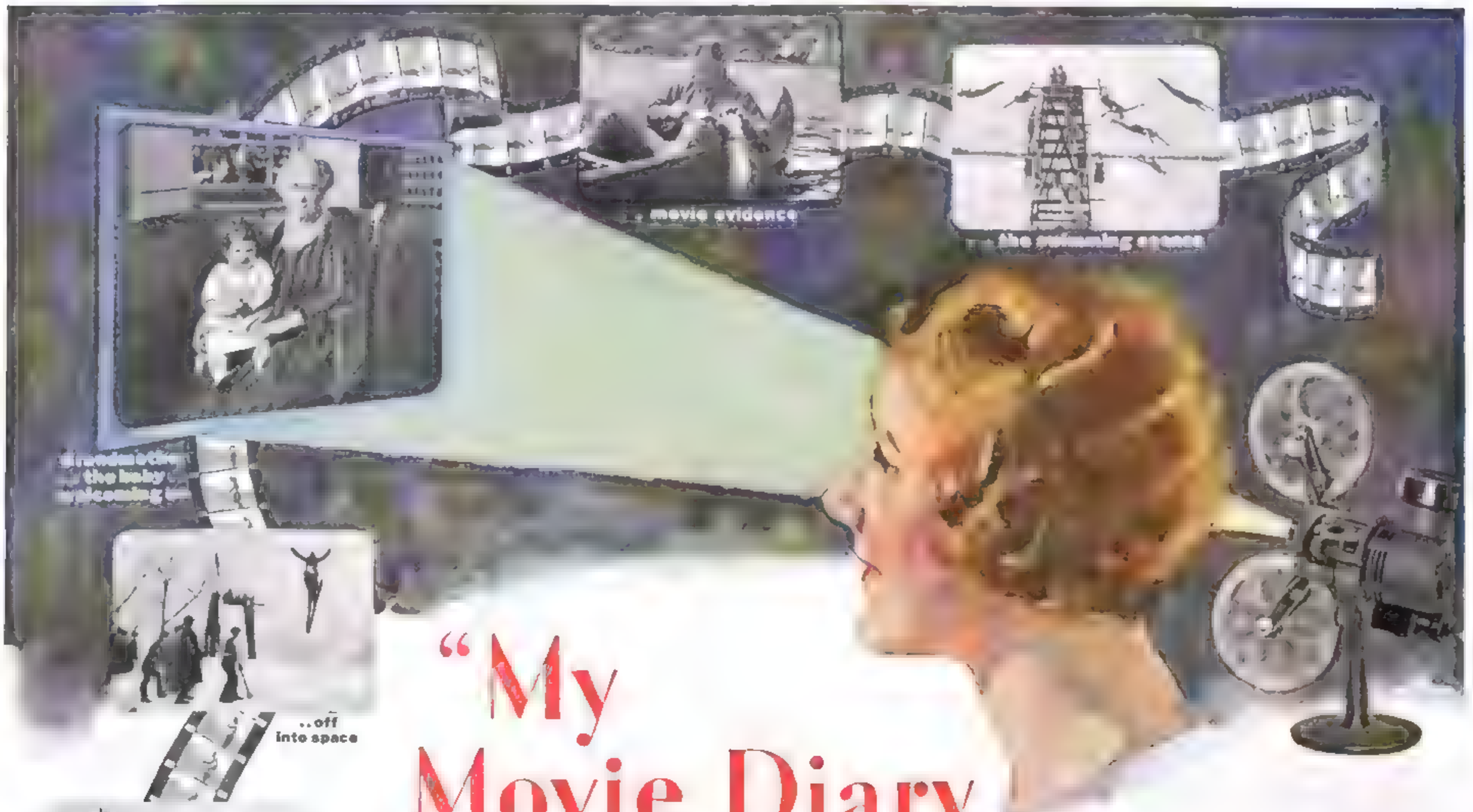
father says that a feller whitch will play a trick whitch puts another person in jepperdy of life or lim is viscous and hadent augt to be aloud out of jale. I gess that is rite two but this is the ferst time Beany ever did ennything like that. Beany is always doing funny things but he never wood hirt ennyone unless he got in a fite and if a feller gets in a fite he has got to hirt the other feller or the other feller has got to hirt him and most always if it is a good fite both fellers is hirt and the feller whitch can hurt the other feller most is the one that licks.

but I have gnew Beany for menny years and he is the leest viscous boy I ever gnew that amounted to ennything. and so I think it is mity tuff on Beany to keep him in the yard the last week or two of vacation and becaus they say he is viscous when he is the leest viscous of enny feller I know. I think it is a meen shaim.

it took 2 men to pull old Bill Morrill out of his chair. he says he will never sit in that chair again.



"Gee, Jim, There's a Peach of a Rambler Road; Go Get It!"



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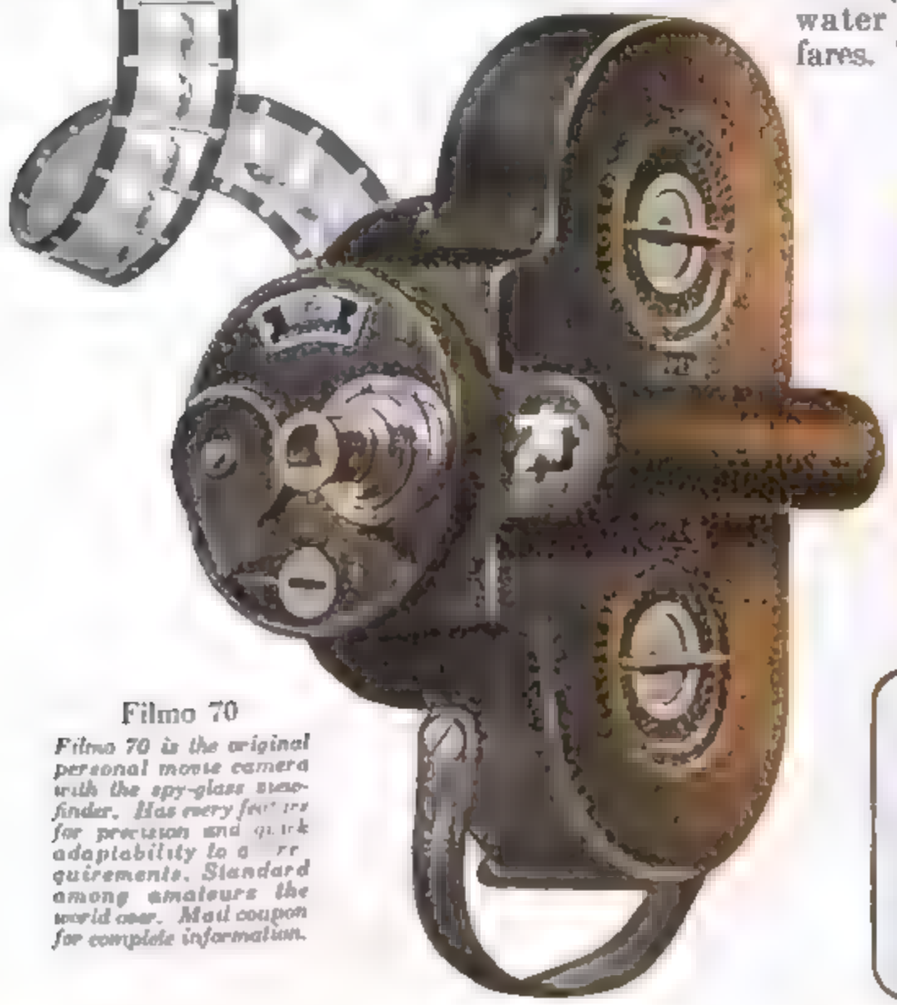

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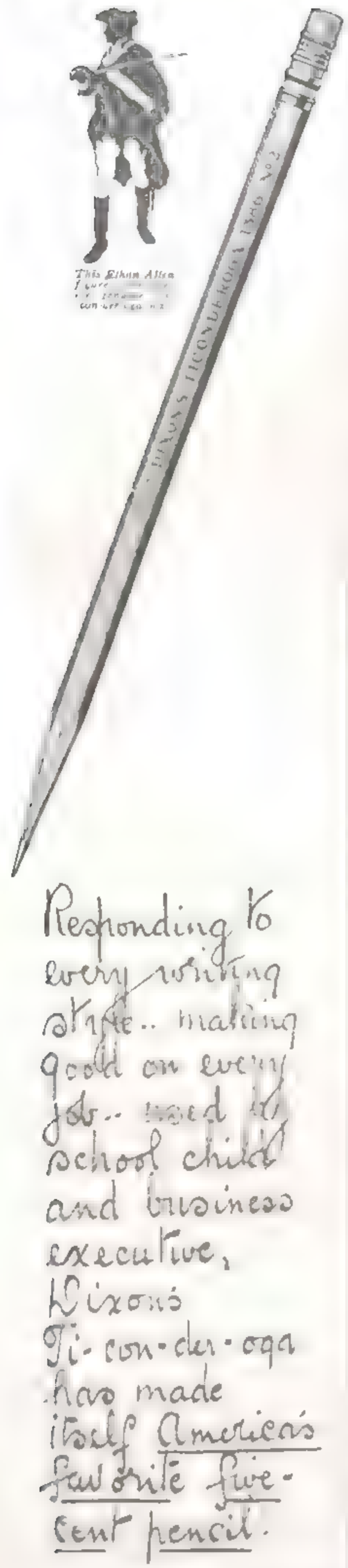

THE GOOD BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 9)

"No," he said, "I wasn't referring to gambling. My idea is simply this: That everyone makes a liberal contribution to a fund and that fund will be a prize, falling to the winner of an athletic contest."

There was a slight stir of interest, but only slight, for few of us were of the athletic element. In fact, painful as it is to say it now, we were all of us in the category of lilies of the field, giving our alma mater a touch of dash and refinement, without, perhaps, the earnestness which others might have believed essential.

"If you mean a hundred-yard dash or a two-mile run," said someone, "there's nothing to it."

Eliot made another gesture of denial.

"I had no such thing in mind," said Eliot. "But it does seem to me that none of us has really done anything for our college. Now my idea is one combining duty and pleasure, and at the same time appealing to the sporting instinct and broadening one's experience. They have just opened a Subway into Boston. We ought to use the Subway."

There was another stir of interest, more pronounced; some of us even assumed an erect, sitting posture.

"Well," said someone, "what about the Subway?"

At this juncture the door of our rooms opened and Beverley came among us. We regarded him with a certain amount of relief, because on such occasions as the present the fertility of Beverley's brain was more often than not a distinct asset, capable of adorning any ideas with a new color and a new allure. Beverley, however, at first glance did not seem in a mind to enter into gayety; his features were placid, it is true, with that perfect placidity which so often annoyed graduates of other institutions. He was dressed in that careless manner which one knew betokened the perfect gentleman. The collar of Beverley's tweed coat was up around his neck; his hands were plunged into his pockets, giving his shoulders that negligent stoop of the gentleman of fashion. His overshoes were unbuckled and flopping weakly about his ankles; yet, correctly attired though he was, in some indefinable way he seemed wilted and robbed of his usual steadfast, starlike courage.

"Beverley," said someone, "is anything the matter?" Beverley sank limply into a morris chair, stretched his legs straight in front of him and sighed.

"Yes," said Beverley. "I have just been having an interview with the authorities. It seems—I know you won't believe it—but honestly it seems as though my connection might be severed with Harvard University."

At this announcement we were actuated by feelings not entirely unmixed; there had been, one recalled, so many times when Beverley's connection had nearly been severed with Harvard University, and yet like a gallant ship he had been capable of weathering every gale. This was probably why we joined in greeting Beverley's announcement with a combined shout of somewhat raucous laughter, at the same time reminding him in a spirit of youthful exuberance that it was impossible that he should leave us—that President Lowell and the Fellows would not allow it. Though one might have expected Beverley's spirits to have risen with this winelike consolation, he still showed a tendency to droop.

"No," said Beverley, "no, this is no time for cheering. The matter is very serious. I have had delivered to me something in the nature of an ultimatum." Beverley sighed, as he always did on such occasions. "Of course," he added, "my connection has been severed from lots of things. Before I was severed from St. Swithin's I must have been severed from half a dozen lesser preparatory schools."

At this juncture some of us took up the refrain. "Yes," we shouted, "and six different summer camps and three unrelated Sunday schools!"

But Beverley did not brighten. "Really," Beverley sighed, "this isn't a time for jesting," and he passed his hand wearily across his brow. "I suppose I ought to be used to being fired from things, but I did hope—yes, I know I have said it before, but really, I did hope not to be fired from college. If only"—Beverley sighed again—"to have had a hearty laugh at the expense of my family. You know, they've become very pessimistic."

And then at last we perceived that the matter was serious. We rallied about him; we endeavored to divert his mind; we told him nothing was as bad as it seemed. We even recounted certain laughable anecdotes of our own when we had been brought before the authorities for disciplinary action.

"Don't!" sighed Beverley. "Don't go on. Really you don't understand. This is a serious matter—very serious."

"Well," said somebody, "what is the matter?"

"The matter," said Beverley, "is—really, it is most annoying. It seems I must be growing absent-minded."

Of course we told him that such a thing was impossible, but Beverley shook his head.

"Yes," said Beverley, "absent-minded. It seems I have been remiss in going to lectures. It seems, vulgarly speaking, that I have been cutting classes."

The comparative innocuousness of this peccadillo was immediately apparent. We even began laughing again, for in those days very few of us attended lectures when there were so many more interesting and vital matters to engage one's attention.

"That's right," said Beverley, "laugh, if you wish. I know it seems like a small matter to you, but apparently I am being watched by the authorities. I cannot imagine why, but they seem to think I am not a good influence here, and what is more, I must have been very absent-minded, for it seems—I cannot understand it at all—but it seems that I have not attended any classes whatsoever for the last two months." Beverley made a gentle gesture of resignation. "I tried to point out that it really didn't matter, but they couldn't see it. And now I have been told, if I cut a single other class, a single lecture or a single recitation from now till the end of the year, that I shall be removed."

At last we were silent, at last we were appalled. The heartlessness, the cruelty of such a restriction was enough to daunt the boldest of us. Of course we could see that it could not be done; even the most conscientious of our little group necessarily had his lapses and now and then missed a class.

"Yes," said Beverley, "that's just it. Though I am used to injustice, though I am inured to suffering—of course the thing is impossible. It's like walking on a tight rope. Of course, I will make a false step. I cannot remember everything all the time; of course I will miss a class between now and June. It's only a matter of time. It's really rather terrible."

Naturally we endeavored to console him in our own rough way, but for once our endeavors were half-hearted. For once we were chilled by bare reality.

"No," said Beverley, "it is no use. If I only had all my things in the morning—fairly late in the morning, say—after eleven o'clock, I might be able to manage it, but it's these lectures in the afternoon. I cannot remember things in the afternoon. There's too much going on." Again Beverley passed his hand across his brow. "You see," he said, "it's just occurred to me that I have a philosophy class in the afternoon. I'd almost forgotten about it till I thought things over. Philosophy 27A. The old gentleman who gives it lectures with his eyes closed and it ought to be easy, but I always forget it. I declare, I always forget it."

At this point one recalls that Eliot Fothergill coughed slightly—a sign that once again Eliot had an idea.

"Do you mean to say," said Eliot, "that you have not been able to arrange little things like that?"

"No," said Beverley. It was beautiful, though sad, to see how a new hope illumined his countenance. "No, how?"

"Easy as anything," said Eliot. "I always fix it. Do you mean to say you have been here as long as this without influencing those people who take the attendance at recitations and lectures? Well, I thought it out a long while ago. Young instructors and monitors and people like that take the attendance, you know, and they are all of them half starved, awfully pathetic. I find all one need do is to give them a kind word just now and then, just speak to them as equals and possibly take them into town to dinner. They are always awfully hungry. Now every time I join a class I make it a point to take the instructor or monitor into town to dinner, and after that there is seldom any trouble."

Beverley looked up; one could see that his mind was working—that powerful mind, so capable of facing any emergency.

"Do you mean corruption?" said Beverley. "It never occurred to me to do a thing like that."

"Well, it isn't too late yet to have it occur to you," said Eliot cheerfully. "Now, who's your instructor in this philosophy course? I have always noticed that these instructors in philosophy are the hungriest of the lot."

A slight frown disfigured the smoothness of Beverley's brow, as sometimes happened when he was endeavoring to remember.

"Let me think," said Beverley—"now let me think. Ah, yes, his name is Ferguson. He's pale, with bone glasses, and dandruff on his shoulders, and it occurs to me that he always wears the same necktie—a purple one."

Eliot smiled like a man who knows the world. "Exactly," said Eliot. "Could anything be better? That's exactly the type. Take the poor fellow into town to dinner. I'll bet he's never had a dinner. Give him a good time and all your troubles will be over. Give him a good time and I bet he'll always mark you present."

"Are you suggesting," inquired Beverley, "that I should corrupt this man Ferguson?"

"Now, see here!" said Eliot. Of course he had his ideals; all of us had ideals. "That's no way of putting it. You needn't say anything except in the most general way—after dinner, after a little refreshment, all you need to say is how hard it is for you to get to classes in the afternoon."

There was a moment's silence as Beverley frowned and stared at some holes burned in our carpet by stray cigarettes. Then he looked up.

"No," said Beverley, "I can't do that."

"But why the devil can't you?" said Eliot, and some of us also asked the same.

Beverley sighed wearily. "Because I have a conscience," said Beverley, "and certain general principles—broad, perhaps, but definite."

"But here!" we shouted. "What has this to do with principles?" We gathered about Beverley and strove to show him in our own rough way that principles did not matter in a crisis, but Beverley only shook his head.

"No," said Beverley, "no!" And there was a magnificence about Beverley as he said it. "It occurs to me that we are all here playing a game with the college authorities, and there must be rules to a game. And one of the rules is: If you don't attend lectures you get marked absent. No, in all my adventures with educational institutions I have always played the game according to my lights and I suppose I must still do it. It tempts me—you don't know how it tempts me—but I must give over influencing Mr. Ferguson. When my connection is finally severed, as undoubtedly it will be, at least I shall have the satisfaction of saying, 'I played the game.'"

(Continued on Page 93)

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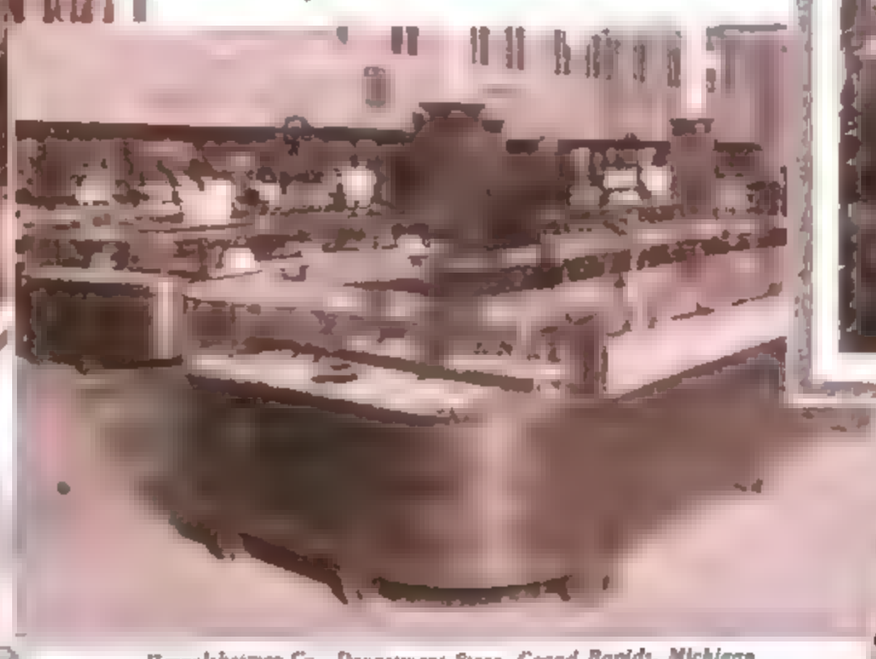

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(Continued from Page 90)

At this juncture we burst into loud cheering, partly derisive, yet not wholly so, for one recalls there was a magnificence about Beverley and the evidence of steel beneath the velvet glove. There was nothing more to be said. We knew as surely as we knew anything, that Beverley would not influence Mr. Ferguson. He had won his fight and was entirely beyond the thought. We were somewhat awed by this probity and somewhat ill at ease.

Instead of engaging further in useless argument, we harked back adroitly to that previous discussion, allowing Beverley the privacy of his thoughts. We reminded Eliot Fothergill that he had been speaking of the Subway.

"Oh, yes!" said Eliot somewhat coldly. "I was speaking of the Subway before Marcus Aurelius came among us. I had the idea of a race. Each one would have a chance to get to Boston by Subway and back, starting from this room, with a timekeeper holding the watch. Each one of us would go in individually by Subway, running against time, and stop at a given point and then return by Subway. I had the idea that the one accomplishing the trip in the shortest time would win the purse. It seemed like an innocent idea, but I don't suppose Beverley would give it his support on moral grounds."

Now, of course, this last remark of Eliot's was radically unjust, for naturally Beverley was a gentleman and a man of the world who would never allow his personal worries, however great, to cloud the gayety of his fellows. In fact, it was beautiful to see the control which Beverley exercised over his sorrows. As Eliot began speaking care erased itself from Beverley, until at the end he was quite himself again—calm and debonair.

"What purse?" asked Beverley, with his characteristic ability to perceive the salient point.

Stimulated by our friend's awakened interest, we hastened to tell him the details of Eliot's idea in all its logic, touching upon our limited resources and the advisability of pooling them into a prize. As Beverley listened, it was not strange to note an added color in his cheeks, for of course our little group had its traditions. Useless though our more serious contemporaries may have thought us, we all knew that it was a gentleman's duty to take part in any such bizarre feat without counting the personal cost. It seemed, in those days, that we owed it, though exactly why we owed it or to what did not readily admit of explanation.

It was only natural that Beverley should put aside mundane matters. He straightened himself and tossed his cigarette toward the fireplace, and glanced at Eliot in pained reproach.

"I don't see," said Beverley, "why you didn't tell me this before."

"You didn't exactly give us time," said Eliot.

"Old fellow," answered Beverley, "you ought to know I always give time to anything important. Where is it we stop in town?"

Eliot paused in thought.

"I hadn't got to that," he said at length.

"There," said Beverley, "that's your trouble. You always have ideas, but you never follow them straight through. I may not be here as long as you will, but at least I can finish an idea."

Once again we could see that Beverley was at his best, enthusiastic and heroic. Once again there was no doubt of Beverley's ascendancy over all of us, whether for good or evil. Clearly Beverley had forgotten already his trouble about classes and that courses in philosophy came of an afternoon. We were resilient in those days; we recovered from crises quickly.

"Oh!" said Eliot. "You have got an idea, too, have you?"

There was a moment of genuine expectation, for Beverley had an original turn of thought.

"If this thing's going to be done," said Beverley, "it'll have to be done properly. Here's what I suggest. We take the Subway into town, change into the other Subway and get to Morley's as rapidly as possible."

At the mention of this last name, any doubts we may have had as to the beauty and worthiness of our adventure left us. Morley's, as one remembers, was one of those bars, interesting stations of liquid refreshment, once situated not far from Tremont Street and now, it may be fortunately, gone forever. It was a small place, but curiously select; its walls were richly incrusted with mirrors, framed in elaborate brass work. Indeed the whole place glittered with glass and polished brass. Sometimes in the past we had invaded its decorous silences with the feeling of vandals entering a Gothic sanctuary.

"Upon arriving at Morley's," said Beverley, "the contestant will order two drinks of any sort and will consume them as rapidly as possible and then get back. The contest will be known as the Two-Drink Dash. Applicants to put down their names and begin running singly tomorrow afternoon, and I will be glad to start first, if everyone approves."

Yes, Beverley was indubitably himself again. He had relegated his interview with the college authorities successfully to the past. Needless to say, we fell in with Beverley's plan. It was contagious, the very thing we needed to raise us from our boredom. In another moment we were placing side bets, as gentlemen should; after which we all felt hungry.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley, "that I was under an unusual nervous strain. I need a cup of coffee."

"Let's go to the club," someone suggested, "and get some other entries for the race."

"No," said Beverley, "no, I'd rather go to a more democratic place. One of the lunch counters is good enough for me."

We emerged upon the sidewalk in the damp of early spring, in that negligent attire which showed our station—our overshoes waving in the breeze, our brown felt hats completely out of shape. We walked in that careless, slouching gait so envied and desired, with Beverley in the center of our group. For Beverley had taken complete control of the Two-Drink Dash by then, leaving Eliot in comparative obscurity. Just as we rounded a corner where the misnamed Gold Coast ended and a more commercial part of our world began, someone spoke to Beverley in a low voice.

"Who is that across the street?" said someone. "Who's nodding at you?" Beverley looked; we all looked. Across the street was standing a thin pale person with bone spectacles and a purple necktie, obviously not of our set. His countenance was far too ascetic for one thing; for another, his overshoes were fastened tightly on the outside of his trousers. His whole attitude was one of distasteful earnestness.

"Good evening!" he called. "Good evening, Witherspoon!"

"Good evening," said Beverley in that distant manner which we once used to the outside world.

"Who's that?" we asked as we continued our progress up the street.

"Now how the deuce should I know?" said Beverley. "Ah, yes, I remember now; his name is Ferguson, an instructor in philosophy. . . . I hope the sun comes out tomorrow to make the pavements dry."

Clearly enough, Beverley had forgotten all about philosophy, and Mr. Ferguson was only a distant shadow. Little did Beverley or any of us reck that Mr. Ferguson was soon to hold the fortunes of a Witherspoon in the hollow of his hand.

III

NEED one say that the next afternoon saw a choice gathering in our apartments? It did not represent, perhaps, the most worthwhile student element, which exploited the delights of culture, but rather the more debonair of us, who felt obliged to uphold a tradition of shining carelessness, mysteriously handed down from distant times. The name of the contest, the Two-Drink Dash, possessed a compelling quality, fit to fire the romantic imagination, and the altruistic purpose of such an interesting event was one which could not in common decency be thoughtlessly passed by. Aside from these advantages, however, the knowledge that Beverley was to exert himself in such an unparalleled fashion naturally excited one's curiosity, for as a rule Beverley was singularly against exertion in any form. Naturally his friends rallied to witness such an unusual performance, and when he appeared, ready to face the ordeal of a race, with his felt hat securely upon his head and his coat tightly buttoned, it was only to be expected that he should have been greeted by a hearty round of applause. Beverley, however, seemed pained at our enthusiasm.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley, "you feel it peculiar that I should run in a race. Haven't I always been willing to coöperate in any worthwhile enterprise? I ask you, haven't I?"

There was, of course, only one reply to such a question. In spite of ourselves we were overcome by Beverley's calm determination. We gathered about him to offer him our congratulations and advice, and even went so far as to press upon him a small amount of refreshment to speed him on his way.

"No," said Beverley, "no. This is grim earnest now and no mistake. Is the timekeeper ready?"

"All ready!" said Eliot. It seemed that Eliot, as was his wont, had disengaged himself from active participation and had made himself general manager and referee. "You can start when I say go, and the next entry five minutes after you, and so on. To Morley's—two drinks and back by Subway—and no cheating, understand!"

"Those last words," said Beverley, "are most unkind. "We're all gentlemen, I hope."

"Then, get on your mark," said Eliot, "get set—go!"

Beverley's actions forcibly reminded one that Beverley entered heartily into anything once he started. He burst through the door with a rush. He clattered down the stairs to the tune of our cheering and in almost no time was running up the street.

"And running toward the Subway entrance at that!" said Eliot. "I wouldn't have put it beyond him to have hired a taxicab."

It was an unkind remark of Eliot's, and unjust as well. As Beverley had said himself, he adhered rigidly to rules.

Though one recalls that the race was a great success, even to an extent that one can remember it distinctly still; though one recalls that dozens of contestants struggled eagerly for that prize, later to retail most singular accounts of their adventures on the way, Beverley's journey somehow stands out above the rest. It may have been that he was enabled to tell it without recourse to dull corroborative detail. Beverley's glowing personality alone may have made it brilliant and fantastic, but it stood out just the same. To hear Beverley tell of his hardships in later days, one was reminded of Stanley, or Lewis and Clark struggling across a continent. There was a menace in the roar of trains such as one would never have suspected; the surging crowds became waves of an inland sea. The tortuous tunnels and admittedly difficult directions of Boston's elevated railway system, so much of which seemed not to be elevated at all, but rather underground, were like tracks in an unexplored wilderness. After all, it was wilderness to Beverley—he never rode in trolley cars. This, perhaps, was what made his effort all the more splendid and caused one to understand and to admire his heroic fortitude.

Yet, curiously enough, when one strove to penetrate some of the details of his travels, which he always described in general and lurid terms, Beverley would turn aside inquiries with a weary gesture.

"No," he would say, "no, I cannot go into that. It is all too terrible to be specific over."

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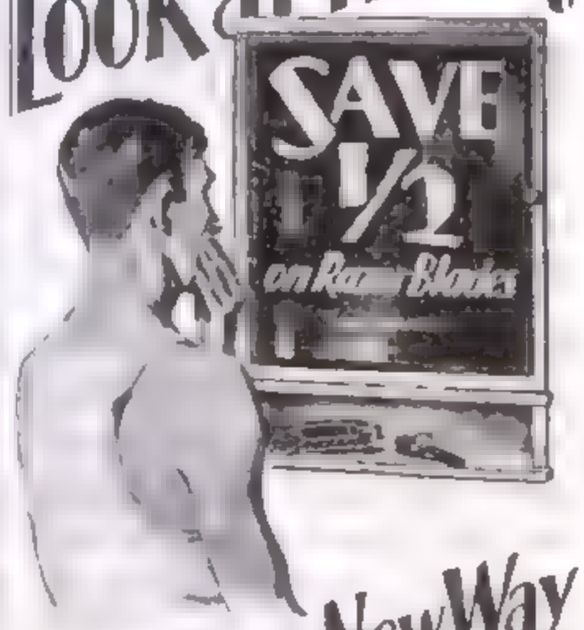

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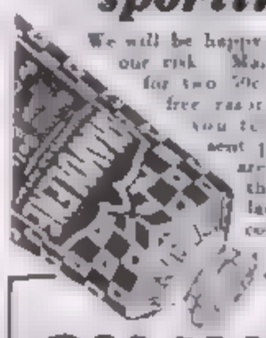

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Thus one is forced to leave it. Nevertheless, when Beverley reached the surface at last, and emerged from one of those shelters on the Common into the sun and the traffic, he was somewhat worn and out of breath, though his spirit was undaunted. Owing to clever planning and prodigies of thought, it had taken him but ten minutes to get so far. As he plunged through the traffic a light of excitement and of possible victory was in his eye. He went down a side street on a run and dodged a delivery truck.

"Here, young man!" cried a corpulent old lady. "Whatever are you doing?"

Now, one recalls that upon the narrow streets of Boston there were always corpulent old ladies, moving in slow majesty and stopping now and then. It appeared that Beverley had run clean into one of them, but Beverley's innate courtesy did not desert him.

"I beg your pardon, madam," though he was somewhat out of breath. "I am in a race; just a boyish, college prank."

Eleven minutes and a half had elapsed when Beverley reached Morley's. He was somewhat startled by his appearance, reflected in the brass-framed mirrors; his necktie was askew, his hair was over his forehead.

A corpulent and heavy-jowled person in a white coat, who dispensed refreshments from behind the mahogany counter, looked at Beverley sharply.

"Hey," he said, "what's the matter, boy?"

"Two sherries, please," said Beverley, "as quickly as you can."

Beverley's voice must have been unnecessarily loud, for conversation ceased about the mahogany counter and even about those bowls from which cheese, olives and dried fish were distributed gratis. Beverley had an uncomfortable feeling that everyone was looking at him; the barkeeper also was looking at him and rubbing his heavy chin, but more irritating than that, the barkeeper seemed in no hurry to fill Beverley's hasty order.

"Hey!" he said. "What's the big idea?"

"Idea?" said Beverley. His unusual exertions had left him very much out of breath. "The same idea as everyone else here, I suppose. Please don't argue; just give me those two sherries."

With irritating slowness the barkeeper removed his hand from his chin and slapped his palm gently upon the counter.

"Say," he said, and looked at Beverley in that regrettable manner which one recalls seemed frequently to come over the lower classes when they looked at us. "Say, is this a joke, or what?"

It was a most embarrassing position; not only were the seconds slipping by but Beverley was aware of a tittering all about him, and of almost audible remarks. Yet Beverley rose to the occasion.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley, "that you are here to fill orders and not to ask questions. I'm in a hurry. Won't you give me those two sherries?" And then the barkeeper said the most terrible thing, enough to shake anyone's poise.

"Boy," he said kindly, "I got a lot of kids myself and I won't get sore. No, I won't give you no sherries, see?" It was much to Beverley's credit that he remained calm, even under these trying circumstances. The minutes were slipping by; it was thirteen minutes now since he had started on his quest.

"Would you mind telling me," he inquired, "why you won't?"

"Sure," said the barkeeper. "Because you ain't twenty-one. Now, run along."

As one recalls, even in those bright days there were annoyances, and this difficult regulation about serving liquid refreshment to minors now and then caused trouble. The matter of the refreshment, one recalls, was not so important; but the vulgar grossness of having one's age discussed in a public place, combined with the scarcely veiled insinuation that one had not yet reached man's estate, was difficult to bear. Beverley drew himself up with injured dignity.

"You're mistaken," said Beverley. "I may look young, but I'm not. I'm almost twenty-five."

Now it scarcely seemed credible that one should not have believed him, but one remembers the unkindliness with which we were often treated. Instead of sympathetic agreement, that mirror-incased room echoed with raucous laughter. Beverley felt his face grow red; he was not thinking so much of himself, for perhaps he was not exactly twenty-five; he was thinking rather of what the confession of his failure would entail when he had to go back among the rest of us and explain it.

The thought of it made him almost dizzy, for naturally it was tantamount to disgrace. Besides this, the remarks of other persons present were becoming more audible and jocose.

"Put him out, Bill!" said someone.

"What's this—a boys' club?" inquired someone else.

And Beverley knew it was a crisis in his career. His very reputation as a man of the world was wavering dangerously and ready to crash in ruin.

"Look here!" said Beverley and his voice faltered slightly. "It's awfully important, really. I've got to have those two sherries, or two beers, if you'd rather, but I can drink sherries quicker."

Now one would have thought that any courteous employe would have melted before such an appeal, but not a single adamant line was altered in Bill the barkeep's face.

"Go on home, boy," he said kindly. "You have had enough already." And he turned to the room in general with a weary shake of his shoulders. "Don't it beat hell," said he, "how these college boys behave?"

Now it would be hard to think of a position more embarrassing. For some reason Beverley Witherspoon found himself close to tears, no longer feeling as if twenty-five years, or even twenty-one, were weighing hard upon him.

"Look here! Honestly now ——" began Beverley.

A hand was on his shoulder, a voice was speaking, vaguely familiar, "That's all right, Bill," the voice was saying. "Give him his two sherries. Look at the lines of care on his face; of course he's twenty-five."

Beverley turned slowly; he was aware of a purple necktie, of a threadbare serge suit and a somewhat pale face with bone-rimmed spectacles. He drew in his breath sharply, as well he might; for beside him was standing Mr. Ferguson.

"That's all right, Bill," said Mr. Ferguson. "I'll take the responsibility. Give him his two sherries. You ought to know a gentleman when you see one."

Now, of course it was a shock to Beverley. The idea of Mr. Ferguson, that ascetic, ground-down member of the community, standing by the bar of Morley's was a shock, but what surprised Beverley most was Mr. Ferguson's humanity and his worldly, polished diction, and more surprising still was the change in Bill's attitude. He looked at Mr. Ferguson and actually winked.

"Sure, he can have 'em, sir, if you take care of him."

An instant later the two sherries stood before Beverley on the bar. Beverley consumed them rapidly and coughed.

"Thank you," he said to Mr. Ferguson, and not at all in that distant way that one used to persons outside our world. "Thank you very much."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Ferguson, and smiled a tight-lipped smile. "There was a time when I used to be twenty-five myself. Besides, I have always liked you, Witherspoon. You've got imagination. Will you join me in another? What, must you be going now?"

"Yes," said Beverley, "I am sorry." He was out in the street and running, and Mr. Ferguson was beside him.

"Here," said Mr. Ferguson, "what's your hurry, Witherspoon?"

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94)

"It's a sporting event—a Two-Drink Dash," said Beverley, leaping forward. Suddenly Mr. Ferguson began to laugh.

"A Two-Drink Dash!" he said. "Do you mind if I come along?"

"Not at all," said Beverley, "provided you don't mind hurrying."

"Naturally not," said Mr. Ferguson. "You see I am tired of dealing in abstractions. I was practicing realities today. I have just finished a thesis on a rather difficult subject. I won't bore you with it. . . . What is this Two-Drink Dash?"

And once they were safely in the Subway train Beverley finally knew that Mr. Ferguson, despite his wretched blue-serge suit, was one of us, and not a hopeless employe of an institution whose object was to trap us and lay us by the heels. Indeed, when Beverley arrived once more in our apartments, his arm was through Mr. Ferguson's. He was shoving him through the door. Beverley had been gone a half hour. We hardly noticed Mr. Ferguson at first, but as the noise of our felicitations died, Beverley introduced him.

"This is Mr. Ferguson," said Beverley. "Give him some refreshment. He's finished a thesis, but just the same he's a friend of mine."

Then suddenly, as our polite phrases of welcome died away, the sight of Mr. Ferguson standing upon the carpet reminded us somewhat forcibly of a conversation the night before. It was Eliot Fothergill who remembered it first; Eliot began to snicker.

"Here," cried Beverley, "what do you think's so funny?"

"Your principles," said Eliot—"what's become of your principles?"

And then, before Beverley could answer, there was a distant sound; it was the tolling of the college bell. The sound caused Beverley to start as though he had forgotten something. His face became a blank; he passed his hand lightly across his brow.

"Look here," he said, "what day is this? It isn't Thursday, is it?"

"Yes," we said, "of course it's Thursday." Beverley sank into a chair and once again he passed his hand across his brow.

"Dear me!" he said. "I forgot—I completely forgot. I thought it was Wednesday all the time. A most unfortunate thing has happened. I have missed my class in philosophy again."

Mr. Ferguson also looked a trifle blank.

"By Jove!" he said. "That's right. It occurs to me I have missed it too. I rather think ——" He looked at Beverley and raised his glass. "Philosophers are always absent-minded."

Beverley sighed. "You don't understand," he said. "It's a serious matter for me."

"Ah?" said Mr. Ferguson.

"Yes," said Beverley, "very serious." And Mr. Ferguson's next remark showed us all that he was a man of the world, despite his rough exterior.

"Never mind! I feel I understand," he said. "Let's keep to the tenets of Berkeley—that nothing exists except our immediate surroundings. Besides" he looked at Beverley again and smiled in a tight-lipped way—"I think I can arrange it so you won't have been missed."

Yes, then we knew that Mr. Ferguson was a man of the world with generous and polite instincts. We hastened to congratulate him in a kindly spirit.

"Hooray!" shouted Eliot. "Hooray for Mr. Ferguson!"

Everyone had forgotten, all of us had forgotten that Beverley had his principles, until Beverley rose wearily from his chair and wearily shook his head.

"No," he said, "no, Ferguson. It's kind of you and I thank you, but there're rules in the game. I missed that class in philosophy and I cannot have anyone mark me present. Thanks, I'm sorry."

Mr. Ferguson looked at Beverley a moment without speaking. "Nonsense, Witherspoon," he answered; "but have it your own way. You cannot stop me marking you present. The professor never takes attendance. He is something of a romanticist; he always shuts his eyes."

But there was one thing about Beverley: he always stood by his principles. "No," he said, "please don't do anything like that, because if you do, I'll only be constrained to go to the office and explain I was not there."

Mr. Ferguson again looked at Beverley for a minute and raised his glass. "Then you will have to go to the office," he said. "Here's looking at you, Witherspoon. I'm glad to see a realist, and thank goodness, there're still some good black sheep left in Harvard University."

Yes, probably that's what we were—black sheep—every one of us—useless, rebel members of a docile flock, warily avoiding the shepherd's crook in our own devious ways. Yet perhaps, after all, we were good black sheep; some of us, at any rate. We may have been the kind they hated—the Yale boys, the Princeton boys and hundreds of our fellows—but when the war came the year after, not many of us dodged. And sometimes even now one wonders if Mr. Ferguson was not right and whether black sheep are not frequently good sheep, when all is said and done.

IV

NOW it is strange how those days still stood out now and then, in their own peculiar vividness, which made one strangely wistful. There was a something in those days—a bravery, a certitude—so gayly debonair, so inexplicably vanished in a limbo of facts and speeding hours. There we were sitting on the leather lounge of that midtown club where youth will vanish and youth will take its place. There we were older, but no longer the men of the world we had been once. Beverley alone seemed to have retained a touch of his ancient splendor that defied care and delicately mocked at acquisitive ambition. He sighed, stretched his legs to a position of greater sprawling comfort, and gazed at the smoke of his cigarette.

"Yes," he said, "that was the time that I was very nearly severed."

"But here!" I said. The past was growing dim again. "What did happen? You weren't ass enough to go to the college office and tell them you weren't present after all?"

Beverley raised his eyebrows in an expression of languid pain.

"Old fellow," he said, "you will misunderstand me. Naturally I did. Didn't I say I had my principles? I abided by the rules."

"But what happened?" I could vaguely remember, but I could not get it straight.

"Ferguson got there first," said Beverley. "And, do you know, now and then one encounters the most peculiar discrepancies in human nature. Really they were quite human. I explained my theory about rules and suddenly, quite naturally, I found myself telling the dean about that dash. And, do you know, he really seemed to enjoy it." Beverley sighed again. "But it's getting late," he ended. "Shall we go to dinner?"

"Here?" I asked. Beverley made a gesture of faint distaste.

"Certainly not," said Beverley. "The service here is too democratic, don't you think? No, on the whole I think we'd better go to Pierre's. Don't worry. It's entirely on me—and order anything you like, but let's begin with caviar."

"Look here!" I turned on Beverley somewhat savagely, for at times he was most exasperating. "Are you crazy? What if you have got two weeks' pay in your pocket? You'll spend it all at that place."

Beverley made a languid gesture of assent. "Which is exactly what I propose to do," he said. "Do you know, it occurs to me that the money may be tainted, and I do hate tainted money. And besides, have you forgotten what I said in the beginning of our conversation? I've made another arrangement, advantageous, if temporary."

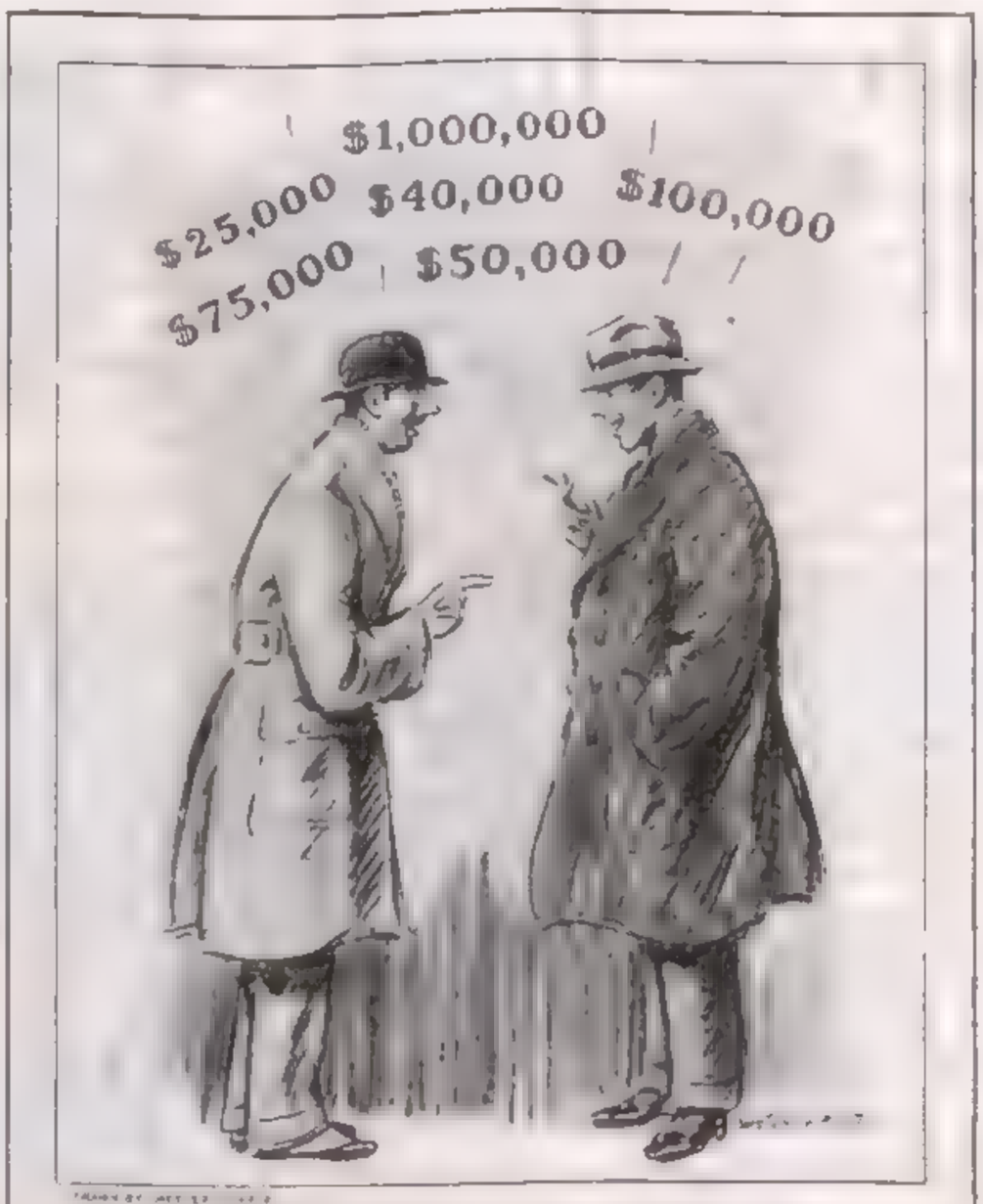
I looked at him, and once again I felt that ancient, if reluctant, admiration.

"What arrangement?" I asked.

"Yesterday," said Beverley, "who should I meet while resting here but Ferguson!"

"Ferguson?" I echoed.

"Yes," replied Beverley, "the philosophic Ferguson. It appears that Ferguson has made something of himself. I always thought he would. It appears that Ferguson is heading a committee to raise money for a new philosophy lecture hall. And Ferguson—don't laugh—Ferguson has asked me to help with raising funds because, as he said—— What do you think he said? He said I was the only philosopher he knew who had a wide acquaintance."



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SLAVES AND SERFS

(Continued from Page 37)

"Imagine that!" she said, pointing to a paragraph that said, "He never speaks to anyone for four hours before a lecture." "What," she went on, "does he think he is going to do at the reception before the banquet—pretend he is a dummy?"

I read on:

"He is not interested in seeing any local sights, however important.

"He wants a large, warm, comfortable bedroom and private sitting room.

"He requires dark window blinds in these rooms.

"He will not pose for flash-light or motion-picture photographers.

"His food must be carefully selected. Before a lecture he must have a glass of milk with an egg beaten in it and some thin dry toast of white bread without butter.

"The baron wishes supper after the lecture, and this must be a full meal, accompanied by some good claret or champagne; or, if these are not available, a dark beer."

"This to me," said Mrs. Romanay Jones, "who pride myself on observing the laws of my country! Claret, champagne, dark beer indeed!"

Eleanor Jones had come into the library and was listening.

"At least he is not a gin hound, mamma," she said.

I read on:

"He has no objection to being a guest at parties in which women—especially young women are included. He does not care for stag affairs, and prefers meeting girls or quite young women to any other kind."

"Libertine tendencies," said Mrs. Romanay Jones darkly.

"Rather a worm, I think, myself," said Eleanor; "or shall we say simply, not so hot"

"Go on, read all that about his food," said her mother. "The man is a vulgar gourmand."

I read:

"Salt butter, salt meats or salt fish, sour fruit and salads are barred from his menu.

"He likes spaghetti, rice and white potatoes, but not sweet potatoes.

"Food with rich sauces, frozen desserts, American sweet cakes and candies are his special abhorrence. Also he hates cocktails and hard liquor generally.

"His favorite food is broiled live baby lobsters—very fresh—white bread toasted, broiled chicken, rice, stewed prunes.

"Here is a menu for a typical favorite meal: Two fresh broiled lobsters, a broiled chicken, spaghetti, prunes and a generous portion of imported cheeses."

"I believe he wrote it himself," said Eleanor. "There's a literary touch about the word 'cheeses.' And doesn't he harp on fresh lobsters! Maybe he thinks we're all set to slip him a touch of ptomaine."

"Eleanor, please do not interrupt. Go on, read the rest," said Mrs. Romanay Jones.

"The baron urges that special attention be paid to his meals, as his mental comfort largely depends on them. He wants the hot dishes very hot."

"He sounds to me," broke in Eleanor again, "what that sweet English colonel so delicately calls a gutsy brute."

"Eleanor!" scolded her mother.

"I agree with Eleanor," I said. "I honestly do."

The remainder of the directions about the baron were concerned with having his laundry cared for, his shoes shined and his suits pressed, keeping reporters away from him, buying his tickets and putting him on the train and speaking to the conductor and porter about him, and being sure that he has a drawing-room or stateroom to himself—Eleanor suggested that we tag him, like a parcel for the post—yes, and he must have a high stand to keep his papers on when he speaks—this was vital, it seemed—and then the final paragraph, as follows:

"The baron has a delightful personality and is a fine and accomplished speaker when all has been done for him that he wishes, but he is not always able to control himself when he is neglected or his desires disregarded."

"Why, that's a threat!" I exclaimed. "We must do as he says or he'll make us suffer for it when he speaks."

"I interpreted it in the same manner," said Mrs. Romanay Jones.

I laid the paper aside. "My dear friend," I said, "what are you going to do? This will absolutely kill the reception before the banquet and the banquet itself, and you know how people expect to come up and congratulate the speaker after the banquet! Can we, perhaps, keep him in the seclusion he wishes and produce him at the final moment, after the guests have heard the preliminary speakers?"

"I have been thinking it over," said Mrs. Romanay Jones, "and I have come to the conclusion that we will carry out our original plans in their entirety—in their entirety."

"At-a-girl!" said Eleanor.

"But ——" said I, and then I closed my lips. When Amy Romanay Jones decides on a course of action, mine not to reason why, mine but to do or die. "If I can be of the least assistance, you only need to say the word," I assured her. And as it was high time I was getting home to see about dinner—it was the cook's night out—I picked up my cape and gloves and went along.

Not, however, in an entirely calm state of mind. I foresaw complications. I wished that Caleb Romanay Jones had not died, for he was a forceful man, and enterprising. With him in the house, the baron would not have had a Chinaman's chance to do anything Mrs. Romanay Jones did not choose to have him do. But without him! And knowing the baron's views as to the unimportance and inconsequence of women, and his belief that they were to be serfs, nothing more than echoes, and cushions for the male sex—well, I borrowed some of Eleanor's deplorable argot, and I felt, truly, it was not so good.

Another disquieting thing about the situation was Mrs. Romanay Jones' own concealed trepidation. I knew perfectly well that her courageous determination to carry out our original plan of the banquet and reception covered an unusual hesitancy. No matter how bravely she talked, she felt alarmed. And if she, our captain, felt alarmed, there was no need for us, the lieutenants, to pretend that the matter was not grave. I wished I had reminded her of the line in Shakspere which so wisely says: "The better part of valour is discretion," though I dare say she would have pished and tushed it.

At dinner Wilbur remarked my abstraction and wanted to know whether we ladies of the W. P. E. C. had struck any snags, but I said no, I was merely feeling the responsibility of getting the programs away from the printer, who had been unusually slow. This allayed his suspicions, and he went on to say that he had been reading some of the baron's newest books, and he felt that the lecture he was going to give would be a humdinger, and he for one would not miss it for a farm.

"If he pulls the same line in talk that he does in print," said Wilbur, "I have an idea that the indignant matrons of Newton City will organize a lynching bee, with the baron as headliner."

I would not continue this conversation, but turned it to a description of the gown I had ordered for the banquet, thus reminding Wilbur of the bill which would be along at the first of the month. Suffice it to say, he at once forgot the baron and his books in this new train of thought, and, as I knew he would pay the bill eventually, I did not mind in the least his gloomy reflections.

The baron was to arrive in the morning of the day of the banquet, which dawned fair, as I recall, for I was awake when the sun rose. He came on the sleeper from Chicago, where he had last spoken; and as I was one of the committee to meet him, I hastened to dress, drink a cup of coffee and dash off

(Continued on Page 101)

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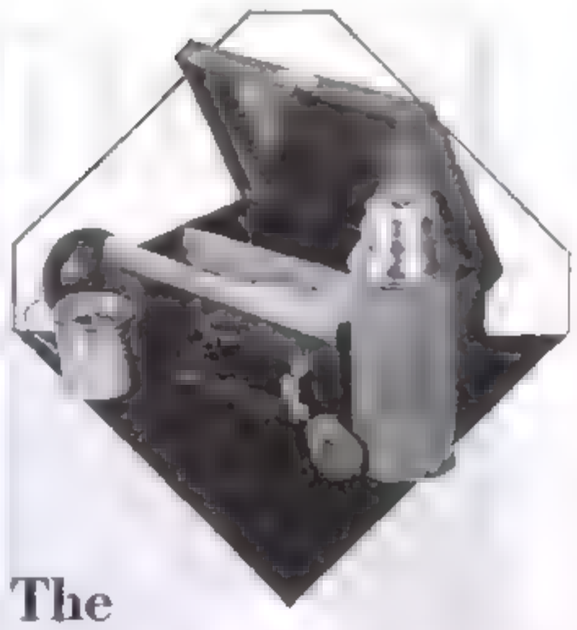

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The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

(Continued from Page 99)

to the station. Mrs. Romanay Jones and Mrs. Elvira Delphane were already there when I arrived, and we three stood together, with Mrs. Romanay Jones in the center, as the train pulled in. We had not permitted any reporters or photographers to come, because we wanted him to think we were humoring his wishes.

It was a long train, all sleeping cars, and at first we did not see anyone getting off and thought perhaps the baron had lost his way and got on the wrong train, which added a fearful apprehension to our already none too bright emotions. Then, at the last car, we saw a great commotion, a knot of porters and trainmen milling around and running up and down and waving themselves loosely and shouting in a strange hoarse way. From the very midst of them came louder and even hoarser shouts, and a sort of fiery glow could be observed now and then as the group shifted from side to side.

"There he is—I know it," said Mrs. Romanay Jones, so we walked down the platform, preserving our formation.

As usual, Mrs. Romanay Jones was right. It was the baron, and seven men were engaged in assuring him that this was the place he wanted to get off, that he had all his baggage, that he had all his clothes, that he was perfectly all right and that he couldn't get back on the train. When the conductor saw us approach, he nearly burst into tears.

"Look, here's the ladies to meet you—here's the ladies," he said, and fended the baron off the steps which he was determined to remount. "He thinks he's not in the right town," the conductor explained quickly to us as we came up. "I've told him a hundred times—we've all told him—but he's the original wild man of Borneo ——" He paused and made signals for the train to go on, which it did, the porters scrambling aboard frantically; and yet, it seemed to me, in spite of their rapid movements there was a certain relief and joy in their bearing.

So we were left, facing the baron, and now we knew that the fiery glow which we had observed from the platform came from his whiskers. His face was almost obscured by the most violent and lush growth of red whiskers I have ever beheld. It was positively tropical. We had seen his photographs, which showed a beard, of course, but they must have been taken just after he had been to the barber shop, for they gave no idea of the extent and aggressiveness and protuberance of the brilliant crop which started at his temples and descended to his second vest button. If you looked patiently, you saw that he had two eyes and that he had a nose, but they were not in the picture with the whiskers. The reddest! The most riotous! I felt Amy Romanay Jones' arm tremble against my own. I knew she had taken an intense dislike to the whiskers. But she advanced.

"Baron Holtzapfel, what a pleasure to see you!" she said gracefully. And she introduced herself and us, and added, "The motor is right over there," at the same time motioning to the station porters to pick up the various valises, suitcases, carryalls and hatboxes and walking sticks and umbrellas which belonged to the baron.

I hope I may die if the baron acted as if he had so much as heard her. He began raving at the porters and counting his baggage and declaring that it was not all there, and his whiskers waved and glittered so, and his voice sounded so angry and strange, coming out from the midst of them—oh, it was terrible! Much of what he said was in his native tongue, and unintelligible—and perhaps better so—but some things he said in English made me wonder who had taught it to him, for it was not literary and it was not refined. It was rough.

After a time, by shushing him and shooing him on, we managed to herd him into the motor, though he was still muttering violently; and we got the baggage in, and Mrs. Romanay Jones got in, but Elvira and I elected to return together, though we did feel cowardly to desert our leader at such a moment.

"But he will quiet down sooner with fewer people around," I said to Elvira, and she agreed with me, and we got into my little sedan and sought our respective homes. We were very silent, but I recall that Elvira made one comment.

"I do not like that man," she said, and in her tone were all the forebodings and misgivings which filled both our souls.

All that day I went steadily about my duties, which were manifold, as always on the day of a banquet, but I kept thinking of the baron and what might be going on between him and Mrs. Romanay Jones. I was certain that he would not fall in gracefully with our plans, as any gentleman would. It would be a death blow to our banquet if we did not have the reception, as our guests were accustomed to it and enjoyed it. And if the chief speaker did not sit beside our president during the meal it would be exactly like losing a front tooth. I kept sending thought waves toward him that he should be pliable and gracious and do as we wished, but I could not help wondering if the thought wave was ever made strong enough to get through whiskers like his. I sent thought waves of help and cheer to Mrs. Romanay Jones, also, and these I know were received, for about an hour before we should be starting for the reception my telephone rang.

"Please come over as soon as you are dressed. Mother wants to see you," said the voice of Eleanor Jones.

I scrambled into my clothes, laid out Wilbur's things—he had mercifully been detained late at the office—and went right over, with my heart beating like a drum in a jazz band.

Eleanor and Genevieve Jones met me in the hall and motioned to the library. "The battle's on," they said. "Run along in. You've got a ringside seat."

I paused at the door and peeped. There stood the baron, in rumpled pajamas, dressing gown and slippers, with arms uplifted and his whiskers rampant, while sitting quietly before him was Amy Romanay Jones, looking perfectly stunning in a black velvet dress and her pearls. She had not yet put on the sash insignia; otherwise she was ready for the evening.

The baron was shrieking: "I will not do it! I will not do it! I tell you that! I was never so insult in my life! I was never so abuse! Already my peace of mind has been gemurdert. I cannot speak if I have not the peace of mind. It is all over! I wish my bags pack up and I go! I leave instantly! I shake the dust of this house off my feet!"

Mrs. Romanay Jones saw me and nodded to me. "Come in, Lucetta," she said quietly. "I asked Eleanor to send for you, as I wanted a reliable witness outside of my family. Baron, this is Mrs. Kreston, whom you met this morning at the station. Now, baron, listen. We are asking nothing out of the way. All you have to do is to go and get dressed, comb your whiskers down less like a burning bush, and the car will be here, you will ride to the hotel, meet some pleasant people, have a delicious dinner, listen to two of our leading citizens make the shortest of speeches; then you will have a large high stand—I say you will have a large high stand—and you can make your own speech, and then you can return here for a nice supper, with broiled lobsters, and a peaceful night; and tomorrow I, personally, will put you on the train for Kansas City, and you will have a drawing-room all to yourself all the way. Everything is all right—everything will be all right ——".

"Everything is not all right—everything is not all right! I am not to be disturb. I am not to be spoke to for four hours before I speak. Look at that gedamned clock over there! You want me to go and dress—I tell you I will not! And comb mine whiskers—you dare suggest such an impertinence! I will not comb mine whiskers! I will not get in a motor car! I will not meet nice people—pah, your nice people, swine!—and I will not speak one word! Get me my bags pack and I go—I go!"

"Where will you go?" asked Mrs. Romanay Jones, reasonably. "The best hotel is where we are having our banquet, and if you go there they will take you right to the reception. You can't go to any private house, where they are not expecting you—even you must see that. You don't want to sit in the railroad station all night, do you? You've never been here before and you could easily get lost and not get your train for Kansas City, and you might never be found—this is the Wild West, you know; bandits and Indians are maybe all around for all you know. Better do as I suggest and we will all have a happy and successful evening."

"Be silent!" he shouted. "Never in mine life have I heard a woman talk so much! Never in mine life could I have believe that I could be defied and commanded by a woman! What are women? Creatures without souls, without brains, without strength, with no place in the universe save as man wills. And a woman dares tell me what to do! Gott, I could laugh, it is so silly and foolish!"

"You are not speaking of American women, baron," said Amy Romanay Jones, and she rose to her full queenly height. "It is plain you do not know the A B C of American women. And I must confess I am losing my patience. I have been respectful of your wishes all day—you have had your laundry done, and there was a perfectly enormous amount of it and very dirty; you have had a long ride in the car with Eleanor, who tells me that you tried to hold her hand and kiss her most of the way; you have had a luncheon of two broiled lobsters, two broiled chickens, a large dishful of spaghetti, a pound of prunes, and I actually demeaned myself and was a traitor to my principles by having a loathsome bootlegger bring in a quart of champagne for you; you have been resting and sleeping all afternoon, for your snores were plainly audible to the first floor; and now—now, after I have made all these concessions and put myself and my household out abominably, you refuse to attend the reception and the banquet, or to speak. Is this fair? Is this gentlemanly? I leave it to your own sporting spirit—if you have any."

"Woman, you are full of idle words! Why should you not do these things for me when I honor your barbarous country and your uncivilize city by my presence? Have you no sense? You are losing patience! I laugh—ha-ha—I laugh! A woman lose patience with Gregory Nicholas Hugo Wilhelm Carl Frederick Johannes Holtzapfel! And he is suppose to be impress with that! Now hearken to me! I go to my room. I stay there until the train leave tomorrow for somewhere else. And you had better attend to my commands or it will be the worse for you."

With deliberation, but determinedly, Mrs. Romanay Jones picked up the long sharp library shears.

"Come up to his other side, Lucetta," she said softly. And we closed in on him. I caught his left arm with both my hands, Mrs. Romanay Jones caught his right arm with her left hand, and with two deft, sweeping cuts of the scissors she sheared off both sides of his whiskers as neatly as a barber could have done it. She gave a final quick cut across the ends of them, and then, as the astonished baron began to kick and jump, she dropped the shears and helped me hold him.

"Push him to the door," she said, and we pushed. I am not an athletic woman, and I have a good deal of neuritis, but in a moment of necessity, I can do my bit.

"If you bite," said Mrs Romanay Jones to the baron, "I will smack your head till it rings." Eleanor and Genevieve came running down the hall to help in the struggle. "We will get him upstairs," said Mrs. Romanay Jones. "Hold him, Lucetta! Push, Eleanor! If he kicks, pinch him hard on the calves of his legs, Genevieve."

Desolate, animal-like bellows of fury came from the baron as we half lifted, half dragged him along. The suddenness and novelty of the attack had so surprised him that he did not at first put up much resistance, but halfway up the stairs he began to fight like a demon. But we did not falter. And aided by the two girls, who are champion tennis and golf players and as strong as horses, we reached the upper hall without any casualties.

And really he wasn't so very powerful. He looked awfully big and husky, but he was soft. Why, where I gripped his arm my fingers simply sank into fat! He was a lot more like a jellyfish than a man. Too much rice and potatoes! Still, he wriggled and twisted, and tried to kick and tried to bite and tried to hit, but he did not succeed in any of these unmanly acts.

"Into his room!" directed Mrs. Romanay Jones, and we took him into his room. "Hold on to him!" she went on, and we held.

"Now," she said to the baron, "will you put on your clothes and do as I say, or shall we put your clothes on you and take you to the reception and the banquet by force? For you may as well understand right now, you are going to the reception and the banquet if you have to be handcuffed and carried on a stretcher."

I have heard Amy Romanay Jones speak many times, in many places, and never have I heard her speak with more absolute conviction than at this moment. She was just like an old Roman emperor saying "Thumbs down" on a lot of damaged gladiators.

There was a moment of tense silence, but believe me, the baron knew he had met his Nero. He collapsed, sobbing like a child.

"Put him on the bed," said Mrs. Romanay Jones. "Eleanor, bring my spirits of ammonia."

We put him on the bed and he lay there all disheveled, his solar plexus heaving up and down, his eyes closed.

Now and then he groaned that he was dying. He looked so funny I wanted to laugh. I never felt less international-minded in my life.

"This will bring you round," said Mrs. Romanay Jones, and she poured a stiff dose of spirits of ammonia and water between his lips. "It will help you to get up and get your clothes on. We have no time to lose."

"Leave me alone and I will dress. I will do as you say, heartless, cruel she devil!" moaned the baron.

"Eleanor and Genevieve, go out," commanded their mother. "Now, baron, I do not trust you. Mrs. Kreston and I are middle-aged women. She is married and I am a widow. It will not be too immodest therefore if we stay and keep an eye on you—which we are going to do. And now step lively!"

I did not tell this part of it to Wilbur, for though he has a keen sense of humor, I felt it would not be active in such a matter. In fact neither Mrs. Romanay Jones nor I ever breathed it to a soul until long afterward. But it was the strangest part of the whole strange performance. She and I, in our grand new dresses, got out the baron's evening clothes, put the studs and links in his shirt, hunted up his tie and handkerchief, his scarf and his silk hat and overcoat, filled his cigarette case and generally valeted him, in a sort of grim, inexorable way that made it seem less shameless. And all the time we gave each other thought waves of moral support.

He looked like a different person when we were through with him. I slicked his hair down myself with some brilliantine, and Mrs. Romanay Jones gave his whiskers a slight additional trim, as they were a trifle too cubist from her first three slashes. And if I had never believed it before, I would now see how true that old story of Samson and Delilah was, for with every bit of the burning bush we snipped off the baron's countenance there departed also some of his truculence, his bullying, his conceit and assurance. Why, he looked rather like old Doctor Prescott when we were ready to start, and everybody knows Doctor Prescott is a lamb for gentleness.

When he was all dressed, with his manuscript in his hand, we marched him downstairs and took turns watching him while we powdered our noses and rearranged our appearance, for we were a weeny bit awry

(Continued on Page 105)

MISSOURI PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
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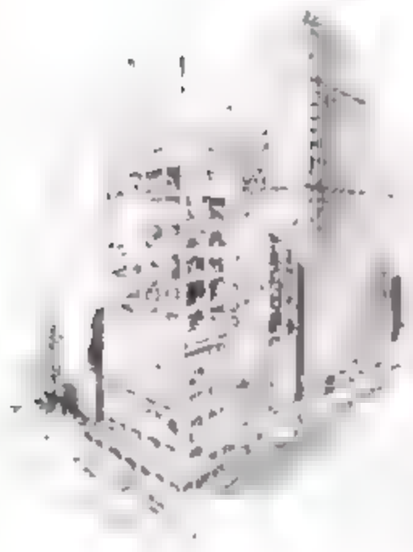
Costs little more than standard portland cement

Makes concrete you can use in 24 hours

Place it today -use it tomorrow

America's prosperity has been attained by speeding industrial processes. Now Prestolith Velo Cement brings new acceleration to the building industry.

THERE'S a new magic in speeding construction—Prestolith Velo Cement. All over the world, at any moment, men are waiting for concrete to harden. Often this means the loss of many thousands of dollars in wasted time while overhead goes on. But concrete—the most versatile building material the world has ever known—has still another chapter to write in the progress of construction—a chapter which introduces Prestolith Velo, a high early strength cement that makes concrete you can place today and use tomorrow.



There is something inspiring—something almost magical—in the rush of power tied up in a bag of Prestolith Velo.

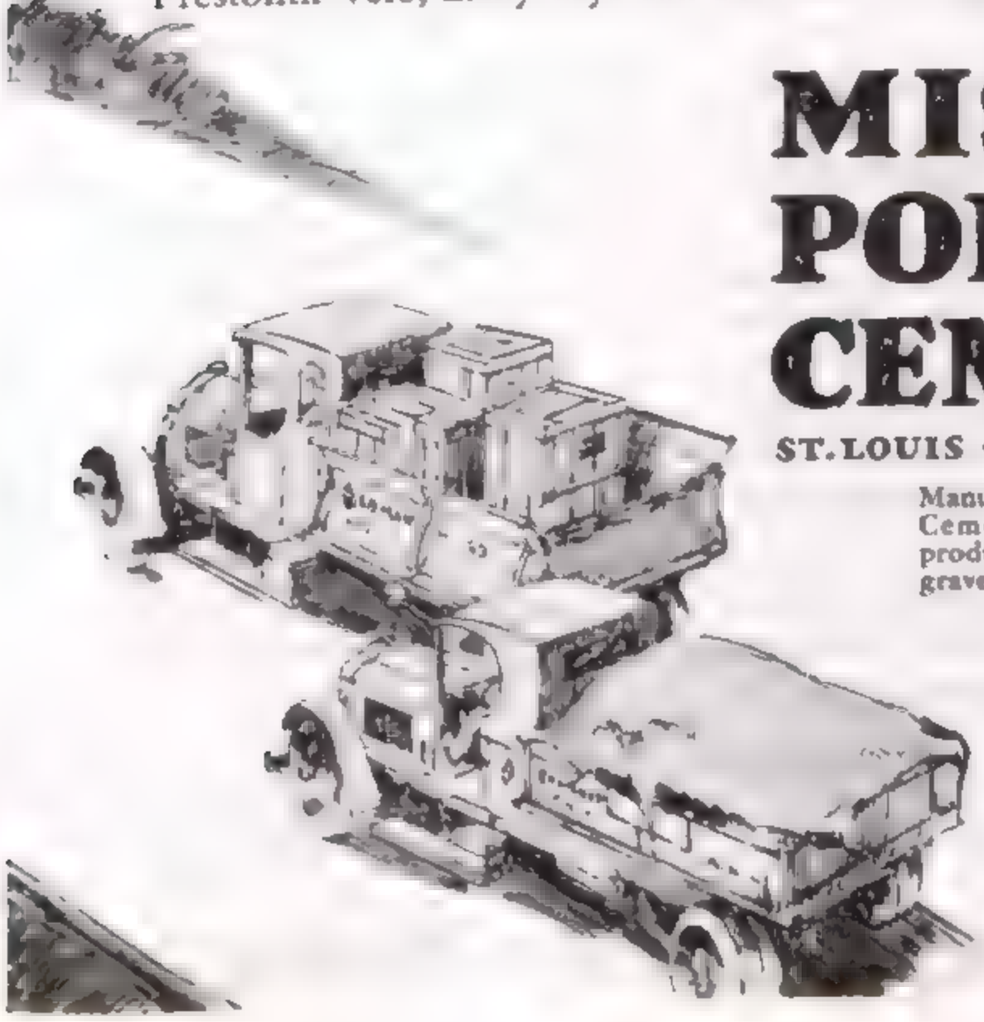
Imagine a concrete street in a busy city on which traffic can be admitted 24 hours after it is poured. Consider a factory whose production is valued at many thousands of dollars a day, saving weeks of time on construction or replacements. Think of the construction of a large office or store building on an expensive site. Its earning power begins only with occupancy. Every floor delays all the work above it until it is finished. With Prestolith Velo, many days can be saved on each floor. Prestolith Velo practically eliminates the costly delays before concrete can bear heavy loads. Yet for all its remarkable time-saving qualities, it costs only slightly more than standard portland cement.

The introduction of Prestolith Velo to the building industry indicates an inherent capacity for engineering service which has had a vital part in the rather unusual growth of the Missouri Portland Cement Company.

It represents an absorbing interest in the improvement of construction methods and materials which has prompted the investment of ability and money in the most exhaustive and conclusive tests of Prestolith Velo Cement in the laboratory and in actual work on a commercial scale over a period of five years.

And it represents the vision of complete usefulness which has caused, as a result of these tests, the building of a new $2,000,000 plant at Prospect Hill, St. Louis, for the exclusive and commercially adequate production of Prestolith Velo Cement.

Further tests and inquiries are heartily invited. Send for our interesting booklet, "24-Hour Cement." The coupon below will bring it to you by return mail.



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The *Shoulderbilt* heavy duty balloon shown in illustration is an oversize balloon of unquestioned strength. Extra plies in the side wall, extra content of toughest rubber in the tread—qualify the *Shoulderbilt* as a heavy duty tire, bigger, stronger and heavier than most others.

Our tires are sold only through LEE *of Conshohocken* dealers. If the LEE dealer is hard to locate, we'd be glad to direct you.

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The Republic Rubber Company of Youngstown was bought outright by LEE *of Conshohocken* five years ago in order to get greater plant capacity.

The "Republic" brands of Fire Hose, Garden and Steam Hose, Floor Coverings, Transmission and Conveyor Belting, Packing, etc., were continued.

Purchasers of LEE Tires and Tubes, as well as the "Republic" brands of mechanical rubber goods, find a uniform degree of excellence which conforms to the years-old LEE tradition of trustworthiness.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. *and* YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

WHO MAKES IT MEANS MORE THAN ANY PRICE TAG

(Continued from Page 101)

from so much motion, and there were a good many wisps of red whiskers here and there on us to brush off. I took a sip of the spirits of ammonia too. I needed it. Then we put on our wraps, and Genevieve and Eleanor came down, looking as pretty as pinks, and we all got into the car.

We let the baron sit between the two girls, to cheer him up a bit, for I have seldom seen a man so sunk in gloom. He was not only gloomy—he was scared, and when he looked at Mrs. Romanay Jones or me there was terror in his eyes, and when we spoke to him, he jumped and cringed. But the girls smiled at him and jollied him along and told him he looked like a million dollars and how they were crazy to hear his speech, and so was everybody else in town, and what with this and that soothing falsity, he began to sit up and preen himself and lose his timid-bunny expression. A little sirup, a little apple sauce, a little banana oil from an attractive girl, and any man's wounded vanity soon heals. By the time we got to the hotel, he was almost perky. Not, of course, so consummately perky as he had been before the fracas, but wonderful to what he was immediately after it.

Well, the reception and banquet were the most successful the W. P. E. C. ever had. Mrs. Romanay Jones received the guests and introduced them to the baron, who stood beside her, and his genial, friendly manner was much remarked. I stood on the other side of him, and Eleanor and Genevieve were just behind him, so it is no wonder that when Mrs. Romanay Jones whispered to him, as she did at intervals, "Smile," and "Be more polite," and "Act as if you were really glad to see them," that he obeyed. At the banquet he ate a little of the food set before him and listened cheerfully and respectfully to the two speeches which preceded his, and Mrs. Romanay Jones only had to pinch him once to make him applaud when everyone else did.

When it was time for his own speech we had a music stand brought in for his papers, and he got along very well, though his speech was somewhat shorter than we had expected. I felt sure that he was omitting a good deal of his regular prepared address and making up little extempore paragraphs to fill in, and I suspected that he feared to talk too much about woman being a serf and a slave. When he did come to such statements he prefaced them with: "Some of my countrymen believe," and "In certain backward nations there is a tendency to consider," and little side steps and crawfishes like that, which took a good bit of the pep out of it and disappointed many husbands, who, like my Wilbur, would have liked to garner the spicier bits to joke us wives about afterward. Still, by and large, it was a very fair speech the baron made. And he did not wince when the photographers set off the flash lights. The finished picture shows that he stood arm in arm with our president, Mrs. Romanay Jones, in a comradelike fashion.

As soon as everything was over, and he had finished shaking hands and autographing programs and listening to the compliments and talking to reporters, Mrs. Romanay Jones signaled to me and to Wilbur and said, "Come home with me," which we did. And it just goes to show what a noble, tolerant woman she is, for as soon as she had got her own way with the baron, she buried the hatchet and tried to humor him in every way possible. There in her palatial dining room was a beautiful sitting-down supper, as he quaintly called it, with lobsters, broiled chicken, spaghetti, rice, potatoes, prunes, toast and cheese in abundance; and what is more, there was another large bottle of champagne. Could magnanimity do more?

After the baron had been seated and liberally served, and had lapped up a couple of glasses of champagne and a lobster, and everyone else was eating, it became quite a genial occasion. Of course we did not touch the wine, but took ginger ale or sparkling grape juice, as we chose; and Mrs. Romanay Jones, in a few well-chosen words, proposed a toast to our honored guest as we all drank. Whereupon the baron rose and stood very straight and clicked his heels and raised his own glass.

"To the American woman!" he said. "No other woman in the world is like her!"

Wilbur says he muttered "And God be thanked for that" in what was left of his whiskers, which, as I immediately pointed out to Wilbur, is the only place where he would dare utter it. Slaves and serfs! As Eleanor says, *and how!*

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 15

mind, when Stephen F. Austin, commissioner for Texas to the United States, arrived in Louisville and made a stirring speech on behalf of the republic south of the Sabine River. A Mr. Dangerfield, agent for Texas, possessed Johnston with stories of the heroic and embattled Texans; and Johnston in return gave them his instant sympathy and a not inconsiderable sum of money. He determined to give himself, to offer his sword, to the cause of Texan independence. Johnston proceeded at once, by way of New Orleans, to Alexandria, Louisiana; from there he continued on horseback and crossed the Sabine the thirteenth of July, 1836. At Nacogdoches he met Gen. Sam Houston; he went with Leonard Groce to his plantation on the River Brazos; and finally he arrived at the headquarters of the Texas army on the Coleto near Goliad.

It was an amazing and wholly new body of troops, since the Mexican Government had made its first grant of land to an American, Moses Austin, only fifteen years before. Moses Austin had died before he could take possession; the grant was continued to his son Stephen, and the impatient independent spirit of American settlers at once commenced an informal war on Mexican tradition and rights. The purpose of Mexico was far different—it had hoped, with the peculiar vanity of its Spanish blood, first to erect a barrier of colonies against the possible aggressions of the United States, and second, to suppress the violence of the Indians who wasted the whole of a majestic country. It was the first belief—that American character could be bound to the alien institutions of Mexico—that led to revolt.

The Mexican Government made a fatal mistake in forgetting the controversy over the southern limit of the Louisiana Purchase. It had been settled, finally, at the Sabine River, but a great number of Americans contended that the Rio Grande was the logical and proper boundary; and the Northern settlers on the various grants that followed Austin's felt little sense of obligation or loyalty to Mexico City. They considered that the land south, between the Sabine and the Rio Grande, should have been and was part of the United States. They proceeded promptly and vigorously upon that supposition. The first American immigrants arrived in the future state of Texas the autumn of 1821; they reached the La Bahia crossing of the Brazos in December and camped on what they called New Year's Creek. Within a few weeks Josiah H. Bell, from South Carolina, joined the settlement and located a headright grant of two leagues of land on the west bank of the Brazos.

In 1823 Stephen Austin was directed to confer with the Mexican governor of Texas and locate a town central to the colonists as a seat of local government; the village of San Felipe de Austin was accordingly established and the Baron de Bastrop was designated to issue titles to the settlers. A criminal code was written by Austin: Gambling was prohibited under a heavy fine,

THE WALLOPS

[No. 21 of a series. No. 22 will appear Sept. 15]

Back to the city

"Well that was a great vacation," said George Wallop. "I never saw Lake Wanneketchie look so pretty as it did the morning we left. I thought we'd never be able to tear Lily away from that sheik with the ukelele."

"Mother," called Lily from upstairs. "I can't get any hot water for a bath. The water's just *dribbling* from the faucet, I mean it actually *is*!"

"Oh Lord," said Wallop. "Back to rusty stopped-up pipes again! I curse the day we ever tried to save money by putting in cheap pipes." _____.

"Good enough" pipe is good enough for a time only. Then rusty water starts and water pressure goes down. It gets harder to draw hot water upstairs for the pipes are getting filled up with rust.

But it's not so expensive to replace them, a line at a time, with Alpha Brass Pipe which *can't* rust and will always give clean water at full pressure. Why not ask your plumber to estimate how much it would be?

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

but horse racing, being calculated to improve the breed of horses, was not held to be gambling; it was a high misdemeanor for a man and woman to live together without marriage; five sections were devoted to offenses concerning slaves and slavery; the civil code fixed adequate terms of labor on the bodies of fraudulent debtors. Three hundred and seven separate colonial grants of land were made under the decree securing Austin's rights; the only restriction prohibited Northern settlement within ten leagues of the Gulf Coast, but even that protective area was soon surrendered.

Almost at once the Fredonian Rebellion began -while Stephen Austin was in Mexico City, endeavoring to have his father's grant confirmed by successive and even different varieties of government, a Hayden Edwards was there moving toward a Texan settlement of his own. He occupied a house and entertained lavishly—and with roulette wheels—and, successful in his aim, he established himself at Nacogdoches. The opening of Texas to Northern immigration soon brought some very accomplished rascals to Nacogdoches; they combined with the lowest Mexican element present and furnished the innocent settlers on the Edwards lands with an increasing and highly undesirable excitement. A Mexican, Sepulveda, and an American named Norris arranged to have Norris chosen alcalde; everything promptly became far worse, and Edwards informed the governor at San Antonio of the precarious state of local affairs. Governor Blanco, however, who had no talent for Americans, preferred any influence that might be Mexican, and replied by expelling Edwards and his colonists from their grant.

Hayden Edwards, with his brother Benjamin, had already spent a fortune in their land project, any interruption to it would mean ruin, and he determined to defy the Mexican authorities. Benjamin, on the sixteenth of December, 1826, rode into Nacogdoches and declared the establishment of the republic of Fredonia. He bore its flag with him and promptly raised it in a violent Texas norther, a wind that tore the pine trees from the ground. This was largely bravado—the Edwardses were in a difficult position and they turned for assistance to the Cherokee Indians. An alliance was formed—after independence was secured the Fredonians and Cherokees were to divide equally the whole of Eastern Texas. The arrangement in particular lay between the Edwardses, an adroit citizen of the world named John Dunn Hunter, and Richard Fields, the Cherokee chief.

The Fredonian army of fifteen persons created an enormous disturbance in the Mexican Government; the Fredonian Rebellion was looked upon as the first effort of the United States of the North to conquer Mexican territory; a large sum of money was voted for an expedition against the rebels. It was commanded by Col. Ellis P. Bean, who had come down into Texas in 1812 and become a naturalized Mexican citizen; a detachment of two hundred men joined Bean from Bexar; in January—it was 1827—they were close to Nacogdoches. Before they could go into action, however, the alcalde, Norris, raised an army of sixty-seven loyal souls and marched against the Fredonian forces. Only twenty of them were available, eleven white men and nine Indians, but—one Fredonian was wounded—they surprised and totally defeated the Mexican Government.

Colonel Bean, more penetrated by a local spirit, moved differently—he conducted an intrigue with the Cherokee tribe. At a council of war he persuaded the Cherokees to deny their agreement with Hayden Edwards and support the Mexican authorities. In proof of their better understanding they immediately killed Richard Fields, their chief, and the cosmopolitan John Dunn Hunter. After some useless skirmishing the Fredonians dissolved their republic.

Its effect, however, continued to trouble Mexico; rumors that the United States was planning to move its boundary from the Sabine to the Rio Grande persisted. Henry Clay, then Secretary of State in the cabinet of John Quincy Adams, felt that it was necessary to address an expression of regret to the Mexican minister Obregon. In April, 1830, Mexico passed the momentous decree forbidding further emigration to Texas from the North, but it had no effect on the American wave of settlement; thousands of colonists continued to arrive. There were a thousand American families in Texas in 1826; ten thousand Americans there in 1828; four years later there were more than thirty thousand. Men of note were among them: R. M. Williamson, from Georgia, who became known as Three-legged Willie and the Patrick Henry of the revolution; Gail Bordon, from New York; David G. Burnett, of New Jersey; and the Whartons, John and William, from Tennessee

Further difficulties were brought about by Col. John Davis Bradburn, who had been born in the United States, but was in command of the Mexican garrison at Anahuac on the east end of Galveston Bay. He incarcerated two Americans, Travis and Jack, who had questioned his elevation of mind, and announced that he would transfer them to Vera Cruz for court-martial. A committee was sent to him from Brazoria, demanding the release of the prisoners; this was refused and a small force was raised to effect their freedom. Bradburn sent a company of cavalry against the expedition; the expedition was repulsed with great ease and William J. Russell shot and killed a Mexican sentinel. This was the first blood shed in the direct contention between Texas and the Mexican Government.

The American force captured Anahuac; they allowed Bradburn an unreasonably short time in which to reach the Louisiana frontier, and they decided to extend their activities to Colonel Ugartechea, at Velasco. The volunteers for that affair made John Austin captain—he was from New England and not related to Stephen—and the attack was conducted by land and sea. The sea operation was carried on by a small schooner armed with two cannon and eighteen riflemen. The action lasted for a day and a night, seven Texans were killed, the Mexican losses were forty-two dead and seventy wounded, and the terms of surrender sent Ugartechea south of the Rio Grande. Soon after, Colonel Piedras, at Nacogdoches, commanding the only remaining Mexican garrison in Texas, agreed—when some forty of his men had been slain—that he, too, would benefit everyone by moving into a more Mexican atmosphere.

The charges Mexico made against the United States at the time of the Fredonian Rebellion were repeated with a greater animation, and in July, 1836, Colonel Mejia, a supporter of Santa Anna in his revolt against the government, left Tampico with six ships and four hundred men to restore the sovereignty of Mexico in Texas. The Texans met that immediate difficulty by receiving the colonel with a great cordiality and proclaiming for Santa Anna; there was an impressive banquet at the plantation of William H. Wharton, on Eagle Island, below Brazoria, with floods of rhetoric, music and champagne; and as a result of all this Mejia returned south convinced of the propriety of affairs in Texas. In August, however, Horatio Chrisman, first alcalde of San Felipe, with John Austin, the second alcalde, issued a call for a general convention of all the colonies of Texas. Fifty-six delegated from sixteen districts—the Mexican inhabitants of San Antonio could not be induced to join such an enterprise—assembled on the Brazos and a memorial requesting separate statehood was presented to Mexico City. It accomplished nothing and a second convention met the following year. A period of formless local contentions led to General Sam Houston and the triumphant year 1836.

It began badly. The fourth convention of all Texas had no more than adopted its declaration of independence when the massacre at the Alamo occurred; a Dr. John Grant, who had taken it upon himself to

(Continued on Page 109)

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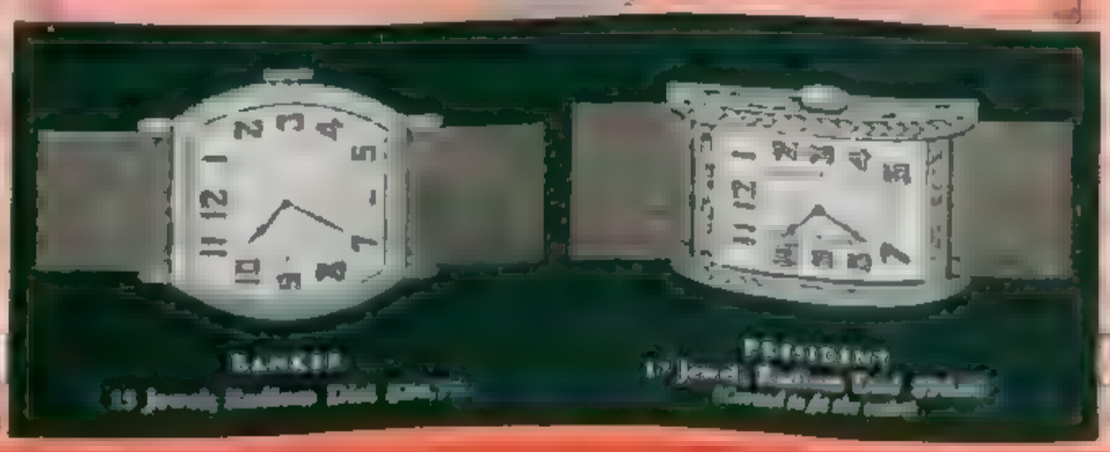


AT THE BETTER JEWELERS .. EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 106)

invade Mexico with less than two hundred men, encountered a division of the Mexican army near San Patricio and all but one of the Texans were killed or captured; a battle followed at Coleto, and the northern force, without artillery or ammunition, surrendered to humane promises and reasonable terms. They were removed to Goliad, where, with a command of men from Nashville, Tennessee, under Colonel Miller, captured at Copano, they were—three hundred and sixty-four souls—marched out and shot to death in a glimmering March dawn.

General Houston, at Gonzales, had a few half-clad men without ammunition, and he was forced to sanction a general retreat. One wagon, drawn by four oxen, was reserved for his munitions of war, and all the rest were filled with women and children. Fresh recruits joined Houston; at the Colorado River he had five hundred men, but there was no artillery, they hadn't a cartridge. The news of the Alamo was followed by details of the losses, the outrage, at Goliad; a detachment of the Mexican army appeared on the south bank of the Colorado, but without ordnance Houston could not go into action. The American army—the population of Texas—fell back to the Brazos. The Brazos was swollen by April rains, the confusion there—a single ferryboat could carry but one wagon at a time—destroyed the last semblance of decent order. The crossing, however, was at last effected, and Santa Anna, with the best of his troops, followed over the river at Fort Bend.

He rode hard, with six hundred men, and reached Harrisburg on the fifteenth of April. Santa Anna sent a negro to Houston with the message that when he had cleaned out the land thieves—the Texas civil government—he'd pay his respects to him. That night General Houston slept on the ground in wet clothes, with his saddle for a pillow. But Santa Anna, who had moved into Texas with nearly eight thousand men, wholly confident of an easy victory, had ridden far in advance of his supporting troops. Houston marched his absurd command to high ground on the San Jacinto River, and there, after consulting with his officers, late in the afternoon of April twenty-first, he decided to attack the Mexicans. He ordered Colonel John A. Wharton to form an army for an immediate offensive.

The destruction of the Mexican troops was complete; Santa Anna, Cos and General Almonte were captured; Castrillion, who had led the charge at the Alamo, was killed. Two Texans were killed and twenty-three wounded. The government, which had retreated to Galveston Island, returned to its affairs, and two treaties, one public and the other secret, were concluded with Santa Anna. In the second he bound himself to see that the cabinet of Mexico would receive a mission from the Texas Government, settle all existing difficulties, and acknowledge the independence of the republic.

That was the position of Texas when, in the July of 1836, Albert Sidney Johnston joined Houston's army. It was, specifically, under the command of General Thomas J. Rusk, but it was more notable for desperate individuals than for discipline. The wide bounties of land offered to soldiers, the prospect of spoils, the sheer fact of war, had attracted all the wild youth of the Mississippi valley. The army, in reality, threatened to become more dangerous to Texas than to its enemies. Johnston, who was so fortunate as to possess a horse, joined the few mounted men who composed the cavalry, as a private.

In a portrait made at that time he has high cheek bones, an irregular nose and a clear red-and-white color; his chin is delicate and handsome, his teeth white and regular, his mouth determined; brown hair falls across an impressive brow; his eyes are direct and steady and intensely blue. He was more than six feet high, with broad shoulders and a deep chest. His bearing was stiffly military, dignified rather than graceful. Johnston had no great skill with firearms, but he rode with perfect command of himself and his horse. His manner was vigorous and decisive; it was, at the same time, kindly and frank; he was pleasant, informal with children, and rigorously formal in all his contacts with women.

General Rusk, soon after Johnston's arrival in Texas, offered him the post of adjutant general, explaining that he would have to defend it from other candidates, and Johnston promptly accepted both responsibilities. President Burnet appointed him colonel in the regular army; General Sam Houston commissioned him aide-de-camp with the rank of major. He was called to Columbia, where the Texas Congress was sitting, for affairs of the government, and then sent on a mission to New Orleans. While Johnston was in Louisiana, Rusk, unable to keep order among his troops, resigned his command to Felix Huston, a Kentuckian who had emigrated to Texas by way of Mississippi politics. He was a large, impressive-looking man of proved gallantry;

The Battle of Bad Axe. The Black Hawk War

Beware of Spiders

BACK of a partition where passers-by cannot see him, the loan shark spins his web—and waits. In his show-windows he displays generous-sounding proposals. He says, "We will trust you when nobody else will—*if* you have a job." He sends smoothly-worded circulars and letters marked "Personal," telling how he has been able to assist "your friends," and how he will gladly do as much for you—and no outsider will be the wiser.

Sometimes he boldly tells his story on posters and handbills—"Money for salaried men. No mortgages—no indorsement—no collateral—no questions asked. We let you have money at the time you apply for it." He pledges strict secrecy and low rates of interest. He describes himself as "the wage-earner's only friend in time of need"—spider-webs to catch the unwary.

Perhaps you have never known a desperate need for an immediate loan. But the loan shark knows that the world is full of unfortunate men and women who will promise to pay almost any price in the future for a little cash in hand *now*.

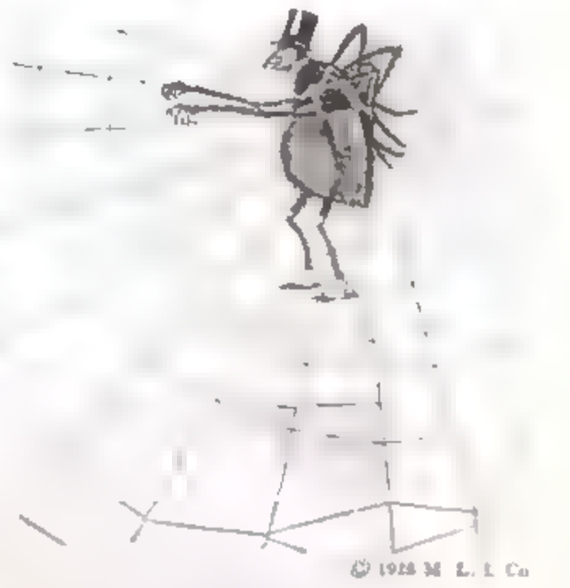
Driven by extravagance or unexpected misfortune, the needy one, when caught, pays a truly terrible price.

The loan shark knows that many of his victims will be unable to pay on the appointed date. He, therefore, extends the time but increases the amount of the loan. Month by month it grows till it crushes. The loan shark's favorite lash on the unhappy victim is "Pay—pay more—or I will expose you. Pay or I will make you lose your job." Sadly enough, sometimes his threat is carried out and the job is lost.

Imagine a frightened employee paying $2.00 a week "interest" on a $10.00 loan for three years—156 weeks—and still "owing" the original $10.00 although he had paid $312.00. The man who paid this lived in the capital of a great State.

A man who made $60 a month borrowed $75 from a loan shark. For a period of three years, he paid each month $21.85 interest—more than one-third of his wages—without reducing the principal debt.

Fortunate is the man who has honest employment which pays him a better wage than he needs for actual necessities. Out



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of his surplus, week by week, he can make himself safe. The man past middle age who has never saved a cent can hope perhaps for but little more than continuing health and steady employment, but younger men and women can and should plan complete financial independence for themselves in their later years of life.

If you must borrow, make sure the lender is licensed and supervised by the State.

A booklet prepared by the Metropolitan will be of assistance in showing how to save, and thereby avoid the loan shark's web. It will be sent free and without obligation on your part. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Number One Madison Avenue, New York City, and ask for Booklet No. 98-E.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

Many millions of dollars are loaned annually by loan sharks. These millions in loans cost borrowers as much more in interest, together with untold mental distress.

Prosecution, though helpful, is not a permanent remedy for the loan shark evil. People still need money and will make any promise for the future in return for present relief. Legitimate remedial and business institutions are therefore necessary. Most States permit the chartering of limited-dividend, semi-philanthropic remedial loan societies.

The Uniform Small Loan Law drafted by the Russell Sage Foundation is in use in twenty-three States and has done much to better commercial money lending conditions in those States.

This Foundation has also assisted in the development of credit unions which are mutual loan and thrift associations. The credit union collects the savings of its membership and reloans these savings to finance the individual needs of the same group.

The Department of Remedial Loans offers its assistance in organizing credit unions and remedial loan associations or in advising loan shark victims. Address, Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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his ambitions were greater than his knowledge of military science, but he announced that he would challenge any officer who attempted to supersede him. In the face of this, President Burnet, who put a certain dependence on military ability, made Johnston brigadier general with command of the army and reduced Felix Huston to junior brigadier. When Johnston arrived, Huston's supporters in camp—they called him Old Leather-Breeches—were in a dangerous state of revolt. Huston met Johnston civilly and then addressed a letter to him:

HEADQUARTERS
CAMP INDEPENDENCE. FEB. 4, 1837.

Sir: From the acquaintance I have had with you, and your high reputation, I wish to tender you my regards as a gentleman and soldier.

Your assuming command of the army would have excited in me no feelings but those of respect and obedience to you, as my superior officer, were it not for the fact that your appointment was connected with a tissue of treachery and misrepresentation which was intended to degrade me and blast my prospects in the Texian army.

You, in assuming command under an appoint. connected with the attempt to ruin my reputation and inflict a stigma on my char. of course stand in an attitude of opposition to myself.

This situation might not in ordinary cases lead to serious results. But as I have not made up my mind to leave the service, and cannot consistently with honor submit to overslaughed under humiliating circumstances, I prefer taking a plain and direct course, to one which would lead to a similar result from the mere force of circumstances.

I do this, as I really esteem your char. and know that you must be sensible to the delicacy of my situation.

I therefore propose a meeting between us, in as short a period as you can make convenient. My friend Major Ross has authority to make all necs. arrangements. Reiterating my respects and regards, I am

Your most obedient, humble servant,
FELIX HUSTON.

In a brief reply Albert Sidney Johnston accepted the challenge. There were, it was discovered, no dueling pistols available, and it was proposed to use Huston's horse pistols, crook handled and twelve inches in the barrel. Johnston agreed to them; although—Huston was a celebrated shot—he could have chosen rapiers; and while Felix Huston closely buttoned his coat, presenting as inconspicuous a mark as possible, Johnston laid his coat aside, binding his sash about his waist, offering his body as a target in a white shirt. This Huston—but with an angry impatience—was forced by pride to copy.

Johnston, who was fully aware of his disadvantage, had determined on a course that required an absolute command of head and nerves—the pistols had hair triggers, and he planned, by shooting first, to cause an involuntary contraction of Huston's finger and draw his fire. This he was successful in doing at the first encounter—he missed Huston and Huston missed him. Johnston successfully repeated his endeavor. He did it a third, a fourth, and then for the fifth time. Felix Huston was increasingly exasperated, but his superior ability, in the sixth exchange of shots, overcame Johnston and he fell with a ball in his hip. Huston asked leave to approach him and express his regret; a surgeon declared the wound to be so dangerous as to allow little hope for recovery; and Felix Huston, riding, pale and agitated, back to camp, waved aside the throng of men that hurried forward to greet and congratulate him. His influence sharply declined and he returned, disregarded, to the United States.

Johnston's wound was first thought to be fatal, it was then dismissed as slight, but in reality it was extremely severe, it was the source of constant pain and lameness throughout his life. He was obliged because of it, to turn the command of the Texas Army over to Colonel Rogers. This was in May, 1837, and he spent the summer and fall in Kentucky. A profound depression settled upon him; he tried to resign his Texas obligations, but President Burnet would not release him. He returned south, Mirabeau B. Lamar was elected president, David Burnet vice president, and in 1838 Johnston was appointed Secretary of War. He had, in the service of Texas, first suffered from malaria and the exposure of frontier life and later, neglecting private affairs, his material possessions were greatly reduced. At the beginning of 1840 he felt obliged to address General Sam Houston formally:

CITY OF AUSTIN, JAN. 5, 1840.

Sir: I have just been informed that on last evening, and also on this morning, you thought it necessary to use the most vituperative language with regard to me, for what cause I know not. In doing so you bore in mind the responsibility you incurred, and you will not be surprised that I inform you that immediately after the termination of the present session of Congress I will hold you accountable

A. SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

General Houston immediately disclaimed all intention of speaking except in the highest terms of Johnston. Before that Johnston had written in a far different mood to George Hancock: "I would be pleased to hear that you will settle here. Standing alone, without a relative in the country, I feel like an exile. What more could a man desire than the countenance of kind and devoted friends to sustain him? These are mine, in the finest climate and most beautiful and lovely country that the blazing eye of the sun looks upon in his journey from the east to the west. Yet I am not contented. I sometimes fancy myself most miserable. I stand alone. But here I have cast my lot; and here, come weal or woe, I shall, unless fate has otherwise decreed, spin out the thread of life. I hope you will make up your mind to come to this fine country. In a gallop over the hills this morning I frequently noticed the beauty of the flowers. Here you will live ten years longer, which is a consideration with most persons. For myself, I look to the end with more concern than to the length of life. I feel that I can encounter the grim monster unflinchingly wherever he may present himself."

He resigned from the Government of Texas in February, 1840, and again returned to Kentucky—he had become deeply attached to a Miss Eliza Griffin, a cousin of his first wife's, and they were married near Shelbyville in the autumn of 1843. He had bought China Grove Plantation, in Brazoria County, Texas; it held fifteen hundred acres of cotton land and more than four thousand acres of deep prairie; but he had given sixteen thousand dollars for it, and that price Johnston found to be oppressive. His properties in Kentucky were sacrificed to maintain China Grove; Johnston was at the point of leaving again for Texas to administer it personally when the war with Mexico began. He was appointed inspector general of field division of volunteers under Major General Butler; the American Army was concentrated at Ceralvo and Johnston moved forward upon Monterey with the First Ohio Regiment. He met Jefferson Davis in the converging fire of the Mexican salients; his horse was wounded three times; all the other officers about him were dismounted or disabled, but Johnston was obliged to stay, a conspicuous mark, in the saddle, since his efficiency was limited on foot.

He went back to Texas, to Galveston, where he was received with a clamorous applause, but he was again depressed in spirit—he had no fixed rank recognized by the Government of the United States; it was the fashion to give military commands to consequential politicians, party leaders were transformed into generals and became the centers of factions and heroes of the press, and no attention was paid to Johnston's very great abilities. His children now required education, and in their interest he surrendered all the property he had inherited from his wife Henrietta. Johnston had very little money left; he lived at China Grove, in a double log cabin covered with clapboards, with a wide, rude porch; his household owned the primitive simplicity of pioneer existence—pine tables and hickory chairs, the utensils and supplies, the stock and farm implements, that were absolutely essential.

Four hundred acres of China Grove had been cleared, the forest covered a thousand

(Continued on Page 112)

Fatigue Comes From "the Ups and Downs" —Not the Distance Traveled

You have noticed how even short automobile rides over bad roads leave you exhausted—nervous—irritable and physically done up. You recall having driven much farther over good highways with far less fatigue, in the same car.

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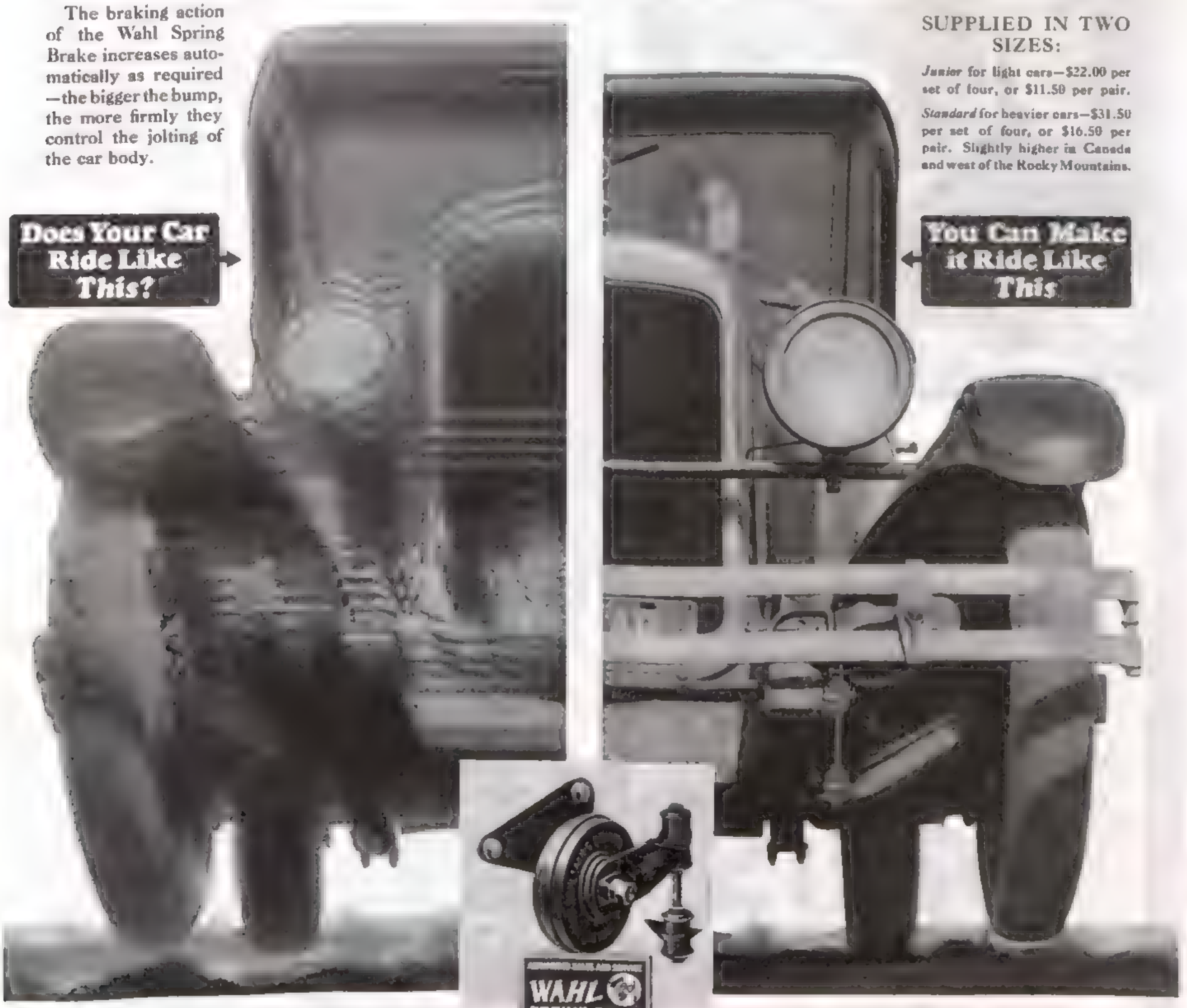

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DEJECTED! BLUE! Just chasing rainbows! Bad luck! A hundred different emotions seized him! Always seemed to "almost get there," but never connected! Success just failing to arrive—year after year. Great fellow; hard worker; honest. But careless beyond belief. His careless [garterless] fallen socks are an excellent example of his "What do I care?" attitude. And he wonders why success never arrives.
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NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
25c to $2
Dress Well and Succeed
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(Continued from Page 110)

more: to the south and east there was a square league of prairie; the thick belt of woods was filled with a wild life. There were jungles and swamp that, in the spring overflow, reached to the threshold of Johnston's house. From the porch the prospect reached over a grassy plain beyond sight; in early spring the grass was bright with blue lupin; there were crimson phlox and fragrant mimosa; herds of brown deer were scattered through the herds of long-horn cattle; great flights of birds settled in the pools left by the winter rains—cranes, heron, wild geese, brant, ducks and sea birds, gulls and curlews. In summer the deep grass turned golden. The winter was a season of long driving rains, of tonic northers. A grove of China trees shaded the house; the yard held live oaks, tall pecans, beautiful native forest trees closed in by a hedge of Cherokee roses.

Johnston's family was made of his wife and an infant son, a negro with his wife, two negro boys and a girl. He only intended to stay on his plantation until it could be sold, but continual disappointment mocked his design. He made a crop of Indian corn for bread—food for his family and animals—he raised cotton and a small crop of sugar cane for the purchase of supplies; he grew vegetables and worked, through the evening, in his flower garden. A single shot brought down a dinner of rice birds. Johnston shot an eagle at very long range; its wing was broken and it lived chained to a log. He played chess and was a slow but persistent reader—Shakspere and Dickens and Gil Blas, but he preferred Mrs. Somerville and Sir Charles Lyell. His great literary accomplishment was the slow translation of Herodotus.

He was at once melancholy, regretful of lost activities and events, and happy; his marriage was successful—after five years he wrote that no single unpleasant word had passed between his wife and himself—and he was delighted with two children, both sons, born on the plantation. The monotony of his existence, however, increased his inherent sense of melancholy; fever followed the floods to his doorstep. The family at China Grove became sallow and gaunt, ague-stricken in appearance. Johnston was, he felt, alien to his surroundings and occupation; nothing he accomplished was what he had wished for, nothing about him was appropriate to his abilities. In mind and spirit he was a soldier. The small inconquerable happenings of life, the firmness of his character, had combined to keep him from his different desire.

When General Zachary Taylor was made President, Johnston's friends labored to secure an adequate appointment for him, and Taylor offered him the semimilitary post of paymaster. He accepted this, hoping to be transferred to active service, at the end of 1849, and resolutely fulfilled his minor duties. Pierce became President, Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, and Albert Sidney Johnston was at last recognized; he was made colonel of the Second Regiment of cavalry and ordered for immediate service in Texas. He was, it is conceivable, a radiantly happy man, leading a regiment of United States regulars, near eight hundred strong, down the road to Fort Mason.

In 1857 Colonel Johnston was put in command of the expedition against the Mormons. He arrived at Fort Leavenworth the first part of September, completed in a week all necessary arrangements for the undertaking, and marched, with an escort of forty dragoons, over incredibly bad roads, deep with mud, nine hundred and twenty miles in twenty-seven days. At South Pass he organized a military force, he prohibited all communication with the Mormons and decided to change his base for the winter to Fort Bridger. It was November and his troops encountered an early winter storm of furious violence. The oxen, the mules and horses, already half starved, died literally by hundreds. They progressed only thirty-five miles in fifteen days. Before retreating the Mormons burned and destroyed Fort Bridger and spoiled the crops there—Johnston found only the ruins of a trading post. He fortified it, constructing two lunettes, and went into winter quarters at Camp Scott.

During a winter of extreme hardship, of innumerable difficulties met and conquered or turned to his advantage, Johnston was still followed by the old animosity of Gen. Sam Houston. The general was in the United States Senate and indulged himself in a bitter criticism of Albert Johnston.

Commissioners from President Buchanan arrived it was June, 1858 they accepted Brigham Young's submission to the United States and issued the President's proclamation of pardon. Johnston moved his command to Cedar Valley, Camp Floyd, midway between Salt Lake City and Provo, where he assisted the civil authorities in the establishment and execution of law. There was nothing further for him to do; he asked to be relieved of duty in the Far West, and in February, 1859, he returned to New York by way of San Francisco and the sea. Through the summer that followed Texas men of influence urged the Government to give Johnston command of the Department of the Southwest. In November the adjutant general made that appointment; but because of the increasing difficulties between the South and the United States, Johnston asked to be sent to California instead. He sailed from New York with his family, by the Isthmus of Panama, on the twenty-first of December.

The swift approach of the War of the Rebellion gave him a new source of trouble—he was an officer in the Army of the United States, but his deepest allegiance was to Texas. He, too, occupied the impossible position of believing that the Southern States were justified in leaving the Union without approving of the method they adopted. Johnston hoped war might be unnecessary. Nevertheless, he presented his resignation; a successor to his command arrived from Washington. Johnston's position was increasingly precarious, soldiers had been placed in Los Angeles to watch his movements; he was virtually a prisoner in what had been his own department; his only way of escape, of return to Texas, lay across the desert.

He left Los Angeles with his negro servant Randolph on the twenty-fifth of June, 1860, and went to Chino ranch and then to Warner's ranch: on the thirtieth of June he was at Vallecito. He left Vallecito that Sunday night and rode eighteen miles to Carrizo Springs. He left Carrizo Springs three o'clock on the afternoon of July first and reached Indian Springs, thirty-seven miles distant; leaving the next day for Alamo Springs—it was twenty-eight miles. He went on at once—this was the third of July—thirty miles to Cook's Wells, and on the fourth he continued to Fort Yuma. Johnston left Yeager's Ferry, at Fort Yuma, on the seventh, and followed the Gila River two hundred and seventy miles to Tucson. He reached there on the eighteenth, departed on the twenty-second and rode thirty miles. On the twenty-third he rode forty miles, to arrive at the bitter disappointment of a dry desert camp. The twenty-fourth saw him first at Dragoon Springs, fifteen miles farther, and then at Apache Pass, another fifty miles distant. He traveled from Apache Pass to the Rio Grande—a hundred and sixty miles—in three days, and he arrived at Mesilla on the twenty-eighth of July.

His journey lay through one of the hottest lands in the world: the thermometer often reached to a hundred and twenty degrees in the shade; Johnston was surrounded by swarms of flies, dense masses of mosquitoes, stifling clouds of dust. Most of the water, where he had water to drink, was brackish. The Colorado Desert is a depressed basin, treeless and arid, one hundred and thirty miles across. For sixty miles there is no trace of water or of any vegetable or animal life. The mules that accompanied Johnston's small party sank

Continued on Page 114.

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(Continued from Page 112)

to their knees in dry sand; a hot wind lifted the fine, loose metallic particles in pillars that fell and rose again like ashes. Marauding bands of Apaches and Navajos were a constant menace; between Tucson and Mesilla he encountered two wrecked stage coaches, the guards, drivers and passengers—fourteen persons—murdered. They held the attention, the meticulous care, of wheeling and falling buzzards. Traveling toward Carrizo Springs, Johnston saw a brilliant and fateful-appearing comet.

Before he reached Richmond deputations to the Confederate capital had requested the assignment of Johnston to the command of the West. General Polk was present for no other end. Mr. Davis was in full agreement with this and he was given charge of the Second Department—Tennessee and Arkansas, Mississippi west of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern and Central Railroad, and of military operations in Kentucky. He was made a full general—the highest military rank in the Confederacy. Johnston proceeded at once upon his commission, and found himself, his army, in a position of immense difficulty. The Federals were in possession of nearly the whole of Missouri; their heavily massed forces at Cairo were an extreme menace to his left flank in Kentucky. Although General Johnston had practically imperial power, he was forced to recruit his troops through the inadequate machinery of the states; he was never able to procure sufficient supplies of war.

His command included three armies—Buckner at the center, about Bowling Green; Zollicoffer was on the right at Cumberland; Leonidas Polk extended at the left to Columbus. At the battle of Belmont, Polk counted the Federal losses to be not less than fifteen hundred. There was six hours of tenacious fighting—honorable to both North and South—and after an hour's pause the broken and retreating Confederates formed again, and with an irresistible charge, were finally victorious. At Woodsonville, Colonel Terry, commanding the Texas rangers, charged with seventy-five of his men on established Union nests; he led with six rangers, employing his revolver with extraordinary skill, a fatal effect, but he was killed by a ball in his brain. The Texans bore his body off from the field. The rangers left Houston with eleven hundred and sixty men, five hundred more joined them in their term of service; when, at the war's end, they surrendered, two hundred and forty-four were left alive.

In 1862 Fort Henry fell before the Union assaults, and the surrender of Fort Donelson soon followed. The Federal troops were assembling in the West in overwhelming numbers; and with the destruction of Fort Donelson, almost half of the Confederate soldiers in Tennessee were killed, captured or hopelessly scattered. Their positions at Bowling Green, Nashville and Columbus were all turned; the valley of the Cumberland was lost. Johnston's line of retreat, however, was safe if his flanks were unbroken. He kept Bowling Green as long as it was humanly possible and then silently prepared to withdraw. Nashville, filled with a disorganized mob, was in a panic; a rabble on the wharves robbed the army supply boats. It was indefensible, and General Johnston withdrew to Murfreesboro, determined to effect a junction with Beauregard near Corinth. His staff officers, Colonel Mackall and Colonel Gilmer, held that it was a sheer impossibility, but he collected an army of stragglers, moved through Shelbyville to Decatur, saved his provisions and stores, removed his depots and machine shops, obtained new arms, and the end of March, 1862, with Beauregard at Corinth he commanded fifty thousand men.

Some of Hardee's troops had arrived from Bowling Green; Leonidas Polk was present with part of his command from Columbus; men from Pensacola and Mobile and New Orleans were gathered under Braxton Bragg; there were additional new levies, hastily raised, badly equipped. It was an army with more enthusiasm than knowledge, more valor than discipline. There was an extraordinary variety of arms rifles and smooth-bored and rifled muskets, percussion locks lately changed from flint and steel, original flintlocks, and shotguns of all calibers and patterns. Albert Sidney Johnston, who had brought a smaller number of men than Beauregard, offered him command, but General Beauregard refused to take Johnston's place. The plan of the battle of Shiloh, which immediately followed, was Johnston's, however, and not Beauregard's. General Johnston's order for his army to advance silently was immediately disregarded; there were rebel yells and calls and the discharge of guns. The presence, the weight, of the Southern Army, had been entirely unsuspected by the Federal forces late Saturday night, the fifth of April, 1862; past midnight the Union bands were serenading at different headquarters.

Friday night Johnston slept badly; at half-past five in the morning he was on horse, moving to the front with his staff. He continually sent an aide to ask Bragg why a division had not appeared. At half-past twelve, with no report of the delayed men, he exclaimed, "This is perfectly puerile! This is not war! Let us have our horses!" He galloped to the rear and discovered the missing column. The Confederate Army was drawn in three lines of battle late Saturday afternoon; after four o'clock the celebrated council of war on the issue of a battle at Shiloh was held. Johnston and Beauregard and Polk were present, with Gilmer and Breckinridge; General Hardee was not. General Johnston, in spite of confusion and noise and loss of time, still hoped to surprise the enemy. He ended, finally, all discussion:

"Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight tomorrow."

Saturday night, after storms of rain, was clear; Johnston slept quietly in an ambulance wagon. The morning was cool, with the pure freshness and scents of spring. As he mounted, General Johnston said confidently to his officers, "Tonight we will water our horses in the Tennessee River." Sharp skirmishing began before he reached the front. He met Colonel Marmaduke, who had been with him in Utah, holding the center of the Confederate line.

"My son," Johnston said, "we must this day conquer or perish." He cried, "Men of Arkansas, they say you boast of your prowess with the bowie knife! Today you wield a nobler weapon—the bayonet! Employ it well!"

He moved from position to position supported by men who loved, who adored, him: Leonidas Polk, his friend all through life; Hardee, for six years his major; Breckinridge, bound to him by old and indissoluble ties; Gilmer was his engineer. His staff followed him, surrounded him, with reverence. Preston and Brewster were part of it, Jack and O'Hara Hardcastle and Bowen and Rich, a score of young officers, had been his pupils at war. Basil Duke followed him from civil life, Morgan and Colonel R. A. Johnson and Colonel Ben Anderson were sons of early friends. Gibson, many others, were allied to him by blood and marriage; Wharton and Ashbel Smith came with the Texans.

The lines of the Federal troops, under the flag of the Union, were in uniform blue; the Confederates wore every conceivable garb and color—gray and domestic butternut, and blue in a Louisiana regiment that later became perilously confusing. Every Southern regiment advanced under a corps battle flag: Polk's was a white cross on a blue field, Braxton Bragg's had a blue cross on crimson; Hardee's charged a white medallion on a blue field. There were, in addition, state flags—the lone star of Texas and the pelican of Louisiana floated with the heroic bunting. At each wave of assault there was the shrill indomitable rebel yell. The men from Kentucky advanced with a steady step, singing, "Cheer up, boys, we'll march away to battle!"

General Johnston rode slowly along the line; his hat was off and his sword was in its scabbard. In his right hand he held a little tin cup; earlier he had reprimanded an officer for plundering a Union tent, and then, regretting the severity of his tone, he had taken the cup, saying that was his part of the spoils. He rode easily, on a Thoroughbred horse named Fire-eater.

His voice was compelling. "Men," he cried, "they are stubborn! I must lead you!"

A sheet of fire burst from the Federal position along the crest of a ridge; the Confederate line sank in death through the dark valley; the Confederates went up to the crest of the hill; the Union troops fell back. Johnston's horse was shot in four places, his uniform was cut by bullets, his boot sole was torn by a Minié ball, but he had escaped serious injury. Governor Harris rode up to him from the right; Johnston spoke to him; he sent him with an order for Colonel Stratham. Harris returned. The retreating Federal soldiers were shooting with an angry persistence and a second Minié ball struck General Johnston.

Harris said, "General, your order is delivered and Colonel Stratham is in motion." Johnston reeled and Harris put his left arm about his commander's shoulders; he grasped his collar, righting him in the saddle. He asked, "General, are you wounded?"

Yes, he was told, it was feared seriously. Captain Wickham helped to lift him from his horse.

Governor Harris kneeled on the ground and demanded, "Johnston, do you know me?"

Albert Johnston smiled at him. There was no other response. Harris untied his cravat, unbuttoned collar and vest, and tore open his shirt, searching for a more serious wound than the swift bleeding in his right leg, but he was unsuccessful. He raised General Johnston's head and gave him a swallow of brandy; he gave him a second swallow, but the brandy only gurgled with the breath in an inert throat. After a few moments breathing stopped. In addition to the wound that killed him, Albert Sidney Johnston had been hit by a spent ball midway of his right thigh, a fragment of shell had cut him above the right hip, and he had been shot in the left foot. His surgeon, who could have saved him with little difficulty, Johnston had dispatched to establish a hospital for soldiers of both the North and South.

In 1866 the legislature of the state of Texas made appropriation for the removal of General Johnston's body from New Orleans. Sheridan and Griffin, for the United States Army, prohibited a funeral procession in Galveston, and when the remains reached Houston the emotion and sorrow of Texas rose to an uncontrollable and appalling pitch. The city was covered with placards: "Our honored dead must and shall be respected." Every house was draped from street to roof with crape and illusion, every store was blank, Houston was a vast *memento mori*. The coffin lay in state at the Academy, with tall silver candlesticks, burning candles; it was banked in rich flowers.

Above hung portraits of Mr. Davis, with General Lee on his right and General Jackson at the left; in the center there was a framed representation of the Weeping Confederacy. The funeral cortege was escorted by five hundred ladies on foot, the procession of gentlemen reached for a mile. The hearse bore six pairs of large black plumes, equally spaced, it was drawn by six milk-white horses.

Johnston had said, "When I die I want a handful of Texas earth on my breast."

If he had lived it is probable that the battle of Shiloh would not have been finally lost by the South. If he had lived perhaps even the Confederacy might have survived for a period long or short. Men like Albert Sidney Johnston—men of honor and of valor, calm with decision—have limitless power over events.

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POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

¾ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	2 eggs, well beaten
1½ teaspoons baking powder	3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt	⅔ cup milk
1½ cups Post's Bran Flakes	2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, melted

Sift flour once, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine eggs and sugar. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Add butter and beat well. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling each about two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 9 to 12 muffins.

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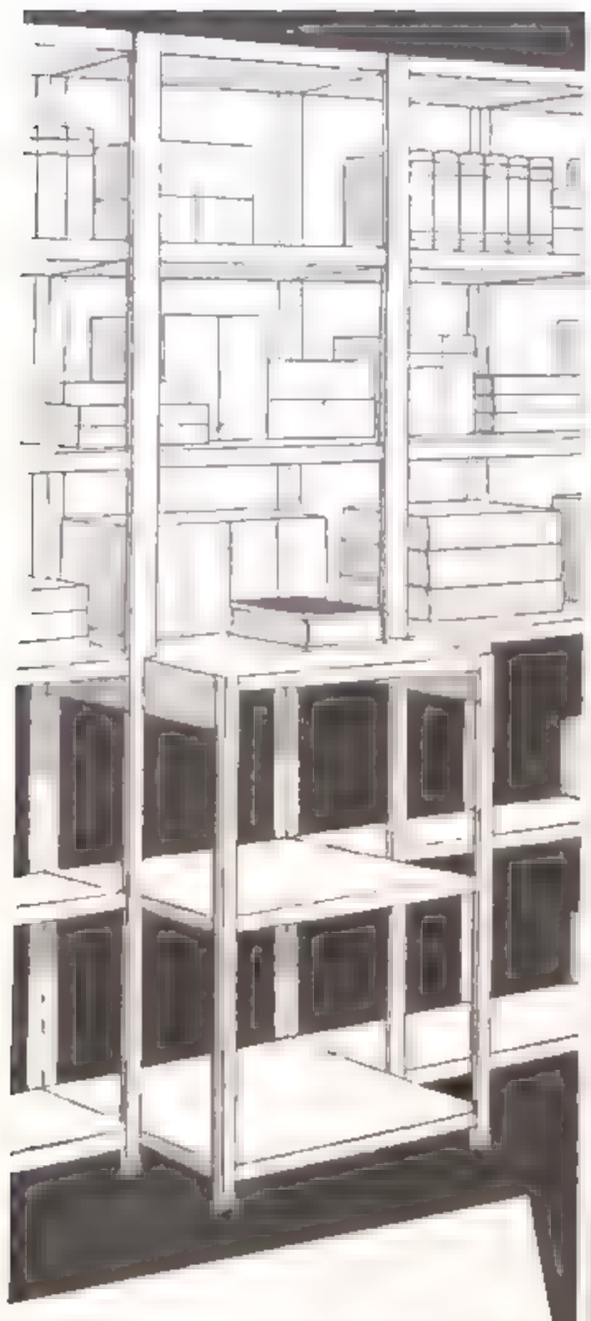

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MOTHER ÉGLANTINE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Quit that, son."

"Aw, she don't care. Saw her downtown yesterday. A lot of frogs were kissin' her hands. I was down watching troops come in at the station. She's a countess," Private Dickman explained. "A baggage wrastler told me."

He came across the room, after stunning a waiter with a tip of fifty francs, and leaned on our table. Two pints of champagne had not affected Dickman, except that his voice fairly bounced on the bronze walls.

"You're a lawyer," he asked me, "huh?"

"I've been forgetting about it for two years, Dickman."

"Yeh, but the law about gettin' a crook sent back to America—what do you call that?"

"Extradition."

"That's the baby! Say, is there an American consul here?"

"Must be," Scott said. "Why?"

We were so relieved because he had stopped staring at madame that we would listen to anything he had to say. The big lad stretched and yawned before he said anything.

"They got a swell crook here in town. I think I ought to do something about her. Dad would, if he was here. He got bail for her and she jumped it. Served him right! But he's soft-hearted when it's a shemale. An' she was the kid's nurse. Her name's Rose Wilde. Saw her on the street this mornin'. Mamma fired her in 1912. . . . She came runnin' to dad to get bailed out in 1915. Anyhow, she picked up the stuff in our house. He felt kind of responsible."

"What stuff?"

"Oh, this fortune-tellin' bazoozis. Have an aunt that's nuts on it. Horoscopes and all that chicken feed. If you get born under Capricorn, you'll meet a blind nigger with a bale of hay on a wet road after dark when you're forty-eight years old. Mamma fired Rose and she set up for a fortune teller in Santa Monica. Got mixed up with a bunch of con men and grafters. They'd have her in prison now if she hadn't skipped her bail. Smart as paint. Been doublin' all the orders from stores on mamma for six months and sellin' the stuff on the side to some nigger store down by the station in L. A. Mamma just fired her. She'd been a good nurse to the kid. . . . Gee! She looked all around me. Saw her over in front of the big movin'-picture place. Wouldn't speak to me."

"Better be careful about reporting her to the consul, Dickman," I advised. "The law's very much the law in this country."

"It's her, all right. I was lookin' at a poster, and I felt someone lookin' at me. Then I saw where she'd lost a little finger on her left hand. She's Auntie Rose, all right."

"Colored woman?" Scott asked.

"Yeh, about one per cent. You wouldn't know it. Mamma picked her up in New Orleans," Dickman yawned. "Well, you boys want a ride back to Rezzy?"

"Rezé, Dickman. . . . No; but take the car back. I know the war's over and discipline is relaxed and all that, but we are the staff of a division and you're not supposed to use that car without orders."

Dickman tried to look impressed by this slop, and even said "Yes, sir," decorously. He went out into the thinner rain and got into the car. It pulled away from the curb and I watched it politely, because madame was looking at us now and it was possible to see that her eyes were blue.

"Be funny if that's the fortune teller Mary Lee was wastin' money on," said Scott. "I spose that old game's good in any country. Folks superstitious around here?"

"Notoriously. The country's chock-full of ghosts, anyhow. It's why I drove down to Machecoul the other day. Ought to have been ghosts standing on every wall in the village."

"How so?"

"One of Bluebeard's castles—Gilles de Rais. The fellow who sacrificed kids to Satan. His town house was just around the corner here—the Hôtel de la Suze."

"What became of him?"

"He got hung—down on the meadow by the river, just across from where we are. That's in 1440 or 1439. None of the jury is still alive."

"The woman that's got my laundry was there, I bet," Scott said. "How many kids did he kill?"

"More than two hundred, by a conservative estimate. It paid to be a great nobleman in the fifteenth century. Nobody interfered with your little caprices. It took a whole political party to get Gilles in jail."

"And what was this Billy after?"

"Wealth and power," I said. "He'd mortgaged his lands—he owned about a third of Brittany and pieces of Poitou. He was in up to his neck, and he wanted a polite arrangement with the devil about a subsidy. He'd mortgaged ——"

"Monsieur," this lady said, "you are 'istorically in error. Gilles de Rais had sold his estates. Many of them to the duc. His relatives did not like this. You interest yourself in 'istory?"

She was standing just where Private Dickman had been standing. We got up and Scott spilled his kirsch on the table.

"The—the story's always amused me," I said. "It's so insane—superstition. A man of his brains oughtn't to have believed ——"

"In what," she asked, scraping her cane on the floor, "do men not believe? Even the mos' intelligent of them. But if this story interests you, my 'usband has some old papers—very amusing. His ancestor was concerned. De Rais had borrowed money from him. It is written in an old manuscript. Do please pardon my English. I have not talked it in such a very long time. Down here, you know, we have not seen so many English and Americans until of a recent time. . . . If you would be amused to see this, my 'usband would be charmed to permit—at our 'ouse."

She had left Mr. Commissioner at the table. He was watching her in the smoke of a thin cigar. He did not wholly approve.

"I should be delighted."

"Please come then. It is not a long way."

This is how I abandoned Scott in the Restaurant P on December 24, 1918, and was allowed to squire madame through the streets of Nantes. It had stopped raining and the silver dome had resumed place above the Loire and the town. I was enchantedly walking down one street and up the next with a woman who was not even pretty and whose black gown was plain as an ash barrel, but who should be Duchess of Brittany and a Princess of the Holy Roman Empire, and a Knight of the Garter, if she liked. Every now and then a blue officer or an old gentleman bowed tremendously to madame from a car or from another sidewalk.

"It will be a gay *réveillon* this evening," I said, more or less in French.

"Yes. My brother returned yesterday. My husband has been at home for some time, discharged from hospital. Nantes is never very gay. It is, as you were saying to the handsome captain, a country full of ghosts. He is a Southerner?"

"You have lived in America?"

"Oh, yes. My father was at the embassy when I was a child, and afterward in England. The captain was a Southerner—such a nice voice—and the big boy was from—perhaps—California?"

"Yes. Los Angeles." I bungled over a possible French name for real-estate dealers. "He is the spoiled son of a millionaire."

"So I imagined . . . We turn again here. What was he saying—or was this a private story?—what was he saying about a woman who should be extradited?"

"He saw her on the street. A servant who had been"—I hunted for the words "fortune teller" and could not find them—"she had been a sorceress."

"Interesting. And her name?"

"Rose Wilde."

We had turned from a gray alley into a street where white fronts triumphantly told me that the eighteenth century had been honored in Nantes. Bare trees were politely stiff before the formal fronts of white stone. I had not seen this avenue. We walked into the year 1750 so completely that I was aghast and waited for a gilded sedan chair borne by footmen in powder to hitch from a door.

"And that boy means to complain to the authorities?"

"Eh? . . . Yes, he thinks he should do something. . . . What a street!"

"It is so dull in the country that we have come to town," she said. "And you are at Rezé? A stupid little hole."

"Not too amusing," I said, and tried to be funny clumsily about the wreck of a division's headquarters camping in Rezé because the camp at St.-Nazaire was too full. A young person in short blue pants and bare legs galloped abreast of us and observed civilly, halting the stick on which he rode, that I was losing the belt of my raincoat.

"You were to read to your father, Alain," said madame.

"Oh, the old woman has come to see him," Alain told her. "And Angélique wanted to come out."

Angélique, who had yellow hair and a lot of mud on her stockings, suggested that her mother ought to stay at home, anyhow, when this was Christmas Eve, and that lunch had not been interesting for some reason. She was about six and Alain was all of eight. He opened the green front door of an alarming house for us and bowed us in.

"Go up to the library," said madame, "and excuse yourself for intruding on your father, but say that I have sent you for the portfolio of the Vidame de Cousets. It is the green one in the tall case."

Alain took his socks and muddy shoes discreetly up a staircase curving nobly around in the height of the green hallway and vanished. Angélique sat down on the bottom step and pondered balloons. Blue and pink balloons, she observed, were what she needed for her *réveillon*. They would be very gay and go up, up, up to the ceiling.

"If you take your nap at five, my daughter," madame told her, "there may be balloons. . . . Let us go in here. It is warmer."

This room also was green, in that soft, traditional painting that seems only to have been known in the elder France, and the fireplace was masked in a pearly marble. Above the mantelshelf, though, a woman glowed in a golden frame—a rose of a woman, slim and breathing smartness from her tight frock and her glistening flesh. Just one man painted women so.

"Ingres?"

"Yes. My husband's great-grandmother. The family portraits were burned with the left wing of the castle in 1793. To judge by the description in an old catalogue, they were furiously stupid. But that is good," said madame, and nodded to the portrait. "He made everything a little vulgar—a little obvious. I fancy that he was a little stupid. . . . Do sit down."

I did not. She rested her cane on the edge of the mantelshelf and looked up at the portrait of her husband's great-grandmother, shutting me out of her mind completely. She was not even thinking of the picture. This affair that was annoying her rode in madame's mind. She did not move until Alain trotted into this ancient room with a green morocco case, stamped dully with a coat of arms.

"Mother Églantine has brought papa some oranges of Califorina. They are enormously big. Presently I shall eat one."

Continued on Page 118

Spur Tie

All tied for you

50¢ - 75¢ - $1.00

Leila Hyams
and
Monte Blue
Two of Warner Brothers leading film stars

For a love game ... or any other

Spur Tie holds the national title—the only bow tie with smartness, convenience, beauty, comfort, neatness all in one. All tied for you to save the old-fashioned fuss and bother of doing it yourself. Like having a valet to tie your bows. Exclusive silk patterns. Exclusive new colorings. Plain blacks or whites, too, for formal occasions. Early fall patterns on display at haberdashery counters everywhere. Styles for men. Styles for boys.

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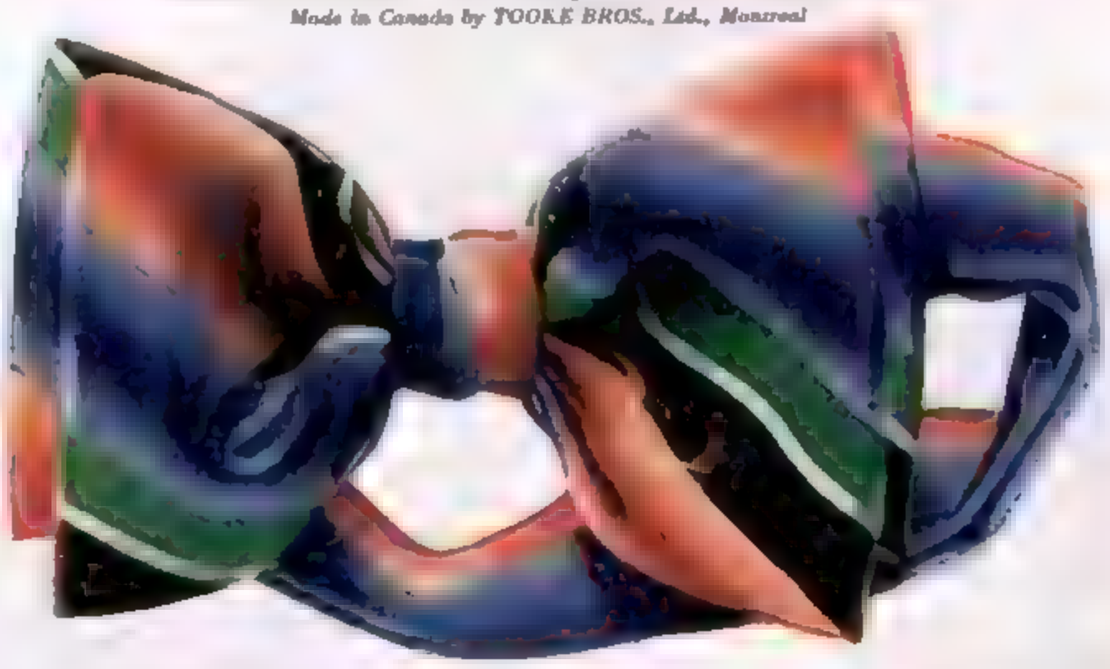

The Spur Tie worn above is the Monte pattern, a 75c Band Bow. The Spur Tie shown actual size is the Hyams pattern, a De Luxe Dollar Bow. Whatever style or pattern you select will stay fresh-looking because the patented invisible feature keeps Spur Tie from rolling, curling or wrinkling.

Insist on seeing this red label. It is tucked in the knot in the back of every genuine Spur Tie.

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Film stars off the "lot"

Everybody is talking about the new 48-page rotogravure book, "Off the Lot," filled with photographs and stories of your favorite film stars. For your free copy, mail post card to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

SPUR GARTERS, SPUR SUSPENDERS, SPUR BELTS—QUALITY HIGH AND SMART AS SPUR TIE

How Pipe-Smoking Gold Prospector "Went Scotch"

Runs out of his favorite tobacco, far from civilization —tries an old trick

You've heard of the Scotchman who packed the tobacco in so loosely that it wouldn't burn when he filled his pipe from his own pouch, and who packed it in so hard that his pipe wouldn't draw when he filled it from another man's pouch.

Here's a new version of the story. It was the only way Mr. Bahr could get some Edgeworth, out in the gold fields of Canada. Read what happened.

Minneapolis, Minn.
Larus & Bro. Co., April 30, 1928
Richmond, Va.
Dear sirs

Two years ago last winter I went into the Red Lake gold fields in Canada. It was a tough trail from H[illegible] over 130 miles of snow and ice. Consequently not an ounce of provisions or supplies was carried that was not absolutely necessary.

There were fourteen of us on the trail going in, and frequently at night when seated around a big camp fire, some one would ask me for a pipeful of Edgeworth. These Canadian boys sure like our Edgeworth.

It was four weeks from the time I left the "steel" until I returned, and the last week I ran out of Edgeworth. I was glad to get 'most any old tobacco.

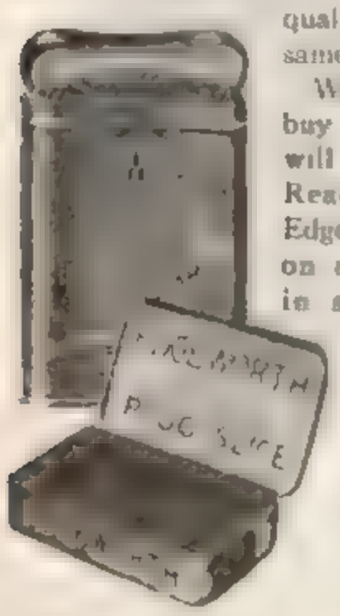
One day, however, I dropped in to Dad Brown's tent, a 72-year-old prospector, and seeing a can of Edgeworth on an improvised table, back there 150 miles from the "steel," I perked up at once, saying, "Dad, I'm plum out of tobacco—how's chances for a pipeful?" "Help yourself," he said. So pulling my heavy duty pipe from my pocket, I loaded it with Edgeworth, packing it in so tightly that I couldn't get the least bit of a draw.

I excused myself for a moment, and stepped outside to remove about three pipefuls to put in my pouch. Dad stepped out, saying, "You're worse than any Scotchman I ever saw." Then I confessed. I told him what happened to my Edgeworth—that I was just dying for a smoke, and he understood right away. He said, "Boy, Edgeworth is mighty scarce in these parts, but I reckon I can spare what's left of that can. Help yourself."

You can just bet your last nickel that I guarded this Edgeworth with extreme care until I got back to the "steel."

Yours very truly,
C. M. Bahr

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth. Just write to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like the samples you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, because the quality is always the same.



When you want to buy this tobacco you will find Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice on sale everywhere in small packages which can be conveniently carried in the pocket, and in various other sizes up to the handsome one-pound humidor.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA Richmond Va —the Edgeworth Station Wave length 254 Meters Frequency 1180 kilocycles

(Continued from Page 116)

"California, my son. Monsieur will be shocked at your ignorance of his fatherland."

Alain examined me with the frightening civility of French children.

"Monsieur is from California?"

"No."

"No? Presently we are going to Californa"—he preferred his version of the name—"and be millionaires, making oranges. And ——"

"Alain, go and amuse thy sister."

"Yes, mamma," he said, and went grandly out into the hallway.

But her face was dusted by some unseen brush with a sprinkling of red. Color washed her cheeks while she bit a lip, and then she was pallidly madame again, composedly lighting a cigarette made, I think, of slightly perfumed grass.

"You would not care for these," she said. "Now here is this historical oddity. It has no importance at all. We have given a copy to the archives of Nantes. I am a bit of a bluestocking, and this is my translation. Bad Breton French of the fifteenth century is impossible. I worked a week on it, after we found the papers. They say it is correct. See?"

I admired the sheet of old vellum, with the bewildering script of some secretary to that noble lord, Prégent de Coëtivy, and history for a moment intoxicated me. This had been written in 1451. I could make out the Latin date and a word here and there of the barbarous French. Then I read madame's translation. The noble lord Prégent de Coëtivy, husband of Marie de Rais, undertook to inform Yves, Vidame de Cousets, that it was simply no use trying to collect the sum of three thousand pieces, Breton money, from the aforesaid Marie de Rais, who was in no way responsible for the bad debts of her father, the noble and mighty Gilles, lord of Rais, of Champtocé, of Machecoul, of Pouzauges, of Suze, Count of Grienne and many other places. This Gilles, being led astray by the advices of accursed enchanters, nigromancers, thieves, evil priests and parasites, had squandered his estates in luxuries and debaucheries, on alchemy and sorcery, as Yves, Vidame de Cousets, knew. The last sentence was a polished intimation that Yves, Vidame de Cousets, could go to blazes for his money. I had to grin. This vulgar squabbling followed the great downfall of the Lords of Rais in 1440, when Bluebeard was hanged in the meadows by the Loire and his body dropped into a burning pyre under the scaffold.

"Curious, is it not?"

"There's no record that your ancestor collected his loan."

"It would be amusing to know. Have you seen the ruins of Tiffauges? It is interesting," she said, thinking of something else. "There is something left of the chapel where De Rais sacrificed the children to Satan. I have seen it. . . . Is it not a strange story? Disgusting and terrible! A man who had fought beside Jeanne d'Arc, a man brilliant and profound, offering blood to demons—and for money!"

"It was a little vulgar," I said.

"I detest superstitions," she exclaimed. Her voice rose and was once more this whirl of hot silver. "Is it not abominable? These things—these beliefs of the cave men—these shadows—come up out of some crack in our civilization and take us. That is abominable." And she said again, "*Immonde!*"

It was just here, staring at this lady who leaned, a little flushed, on the mantel-shelf of pearl-colored marble, that I knew why I was in this long room where furniture made before 1800 was dim in corners and one vast modern couch seemed an intrusion. I had not been brought here to see a letter about the ruined estates of Gilles de Rais. I was to be useful. Well, but I wanted to be useful.

"Tell me, is there a mania here also for the new sorcery? The horoscopes and numbers and names to be changed and all that?"

"Is it so in the United States too? . . . Is it not detestable," said madame, slowly, "that our nerves and our morale permit us to be such fools? It is atavism! . . . I saw it in Cairo in 1913. There was an evening party at the Prince Murana's villa. They had in an old Arab who scattered sand and cinnamon bars on a brass plate. Some of us laughed. But Europe leaned over the plate and gaped at this trickery. An English earl, some Russians, three Italian princes, watching an old fakir spill sand and tell lies about the future! This is what we are—under our skins—savages! But"—her voice rose—"some of us are a little wiser. It can be fought—this mania! If it is not a matter for the police, it is a matter for civilized society." She was speaking at me, her cigarette in her fingers, but not to me. Her voice flowed coldly over her black shoulder toward the doors into the hall. There was a woman descending the long stairs. "Yes, these charlatans! They are allowed to amuse us. They make their shrewd guesses. They tell neurotic ladies to change their names for luck. They say to the man of thirty that his thirty-third year will alter his life for the better. How simple! But they must merely be allowed to amuse us—that is all. Beyond that, monsieur, society must fight them. This is not the fifteenth century. We are not wholly fools."

There was a fat woman coming slowly down the stairs against the soft green wall, a plump shadow pulling black gloves on her hands. She was just a stout old party in a bonnet such as you can only see in rural Europe, and some kind of black shawl. But this was La Mère Églantine. I knew that.

"America is full of fakirs," I said. "We have developed a neurotic streak. We have the stupidities of Europe, without your traditions. I know a woman who has changed her name three times because an old Irish laundress in Washington told her to."

"It is not neurosis," madame said, aiming all her words across her shoulder, "but it is fear. Perhaps fear is a neurosis—you mean that? I bungle about in the psychological terms. Yes, it is fear—fear of the future! They trade on that. They play on that. They hold their victims with this fear of the future. . . . Good day, Madame Églantine. You have something to say to me?"

Mother Églantine, prim in the doorway, said, "Monsieur the Count has one of his headaches, madame. I have advised him to lie down. If he could sleep ——" Her voice was the drone of a great bee in the high green room. It came gently buzzing from her flat yellow face. Meanwhile she was patting Alain's head, beside her in the doorway. "If he could be made to sleep, madame, it would be better."

"A thousand thanks," said madame, "for your advice."

She was insolently telling this fat old woman to go to some hell, but she spoke in the silver cold melody, playing with her cigarette.

"He excites himself," said Mother Églantine. "He showed me the papers from the California company. I? What can I advise? I am an ignorant old widow. I cannot help him to decide, madame. That is for you."

"Odd," said madame, leaning always on the pearly marble, "to see the future but not to know what is best. . . . Madame Églantine," she assured me, "reads the future in the stars. Is it not remarkable to have such powers? How useful at the Bourse or in your Wall Street!"

"Madame Églantine," Alain chattered, "knew the date of the Armistice."

"It is true," said madame, glancing once at her son. Églantine was in Martinique. A power from on high made her write November 11, 1918, on a piece of paper and put it apart in an envelope. This was in 1912. She did not know why she had written this. A hand made her write. It touched her neck and she wrote."

"It is true," said Mother Églantine.

Yes, but I believed her, as she said it, even with madame's scornful voice in my ears. I believed that the fat old woman had been told the date of the war's ending while the war was being hatched. I believed it, because her voice was this droning of a great kindly bee and her smile was so kind on the yellow face. I believed her for thirty seconds.

"Tell me," said madame, "you have never been in the United States, Églantine?"

"No, madame. Yes, and no. Once I went up to Florida in the winter when the rich are there and servants can make money. But there was fever on the ship and they would not let us land. It was very sad. I am a good dressmaker. Some rich lady might have hired me."

"Truly," said the great lady, "you had no luck. . . . Good day."

"Good day, madame."

After a while the door closed. I wanted to watch Mother Églantine go down the white street of the year 1750, but that would not be mannerly. I stood feeling that her black bonnet and black gloves were slowly passing all the green doors and gentle white stone steps. But I had to look politely at madame, dusting her cigarette into the fire of little coals.

"A very interesting person. She has been some months in Nantes."

"A mulatto?"

"She says that her people were from Marseilles. She speaks several languages. She makes dresses for the bourgeois ladies. When Paris began to be unsafe at Easter she came down here. . . . And your lad from California had once a maid in his family who had no little finger on her left hand and was named Rose Wilde. And *églantine* and wild rose are the same thing. It is very interesting," said madame, lounging into a low chair. "And yet her papers are in order. I have had an official investigate. She came to France in 1913, according to her papers, and she is a French citizen, born at Marseilles sixty-five years ago. Her name is Marie Rose Faucher. Curious that she has no little finger on her left hand."

Madame lay gracefully in her chair. She no more believed that the papers of Marie Rose Faucher were true than I did, but she was not asking for a comment from me. She was thinking of Monsieur the Count, upstairs in this superb, faded house, who was excited. And I was simply the person to be commanded who could tell her what Private Dickman had said in the bronze restaurant. And I could now go.

"I must go back to my headquarters. It was so kind to let me see the manuscript."

"You should drive over to Tiffauges and see the ruins of the castle. It is interesting. . . . Good day, and a pleasant Christmas."

I made my best bow. But this was not to be quite all my tame adventure in the grand manner. A man in the hallway said, "Jeanne? . . . See, the advertisements of this company came in the mail at noon. It is very interesting. I wish you to read them. And ——"

"I have been showing this gentleman the letter of Prégent de Coëtivy, Yves."

The frail man whose eyes were hidden in green spectacles and whose face was mottled with scars of gas, bowed in his frayed dressing gown and dragged his felt slippers nearer me. He said civil things about Breton history and I stammered civil things. Meanwhile his nervous hands were fluttering orange envelopes and a fat letter on glazed familiar paper. Do you remember some pathetic paragraphs in newspapers of 1919 about French families trustfully getting down at a forlorn station somewhere in California to take possession of orange groves sold to them by a land company over in Paris? Private Dickman's mother in Pasadena was decent enough to see these swindled immigrants back to France. The paragraphs in the

(Continued on Page 120)

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Dandruff

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Sergeant's for the Hair relieves dandruff easily. No mussy ointments or elaborate treatment. Simply wet your hair with Sergeant's—and comb your hair with it.

"Comb your hair with it"

For fifty years Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50-year-old company.

Also every week, apply Sergeant's to the scalp freely, and rub vigorously with the tips of your fingers. This keeps the scalp in good condition; lubricates the hair and hair roots; releases natural oils; prevents hair from becoming dry and brittle; gives it the live, virile appearance that comes from *health*.

"Comb your hair with it"

No odor—no stain—nothing to dry the scalp. Will not overgrease the hair. The new convenient bottle fits your medicine cabinet. Easy to use.

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair (75c). Keep the handy bottle where you can't forget to use it.

Free trial bottle sent postpaid, anywhere, on request.

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"Comb your hair with it"

Sergeant's

For the Hair

(Continued from Page 118)

Los Angeles papers caught her eye. I think that five or six families arrived altogether, with deeds to pieces of desert and tumbleweed. The land company closed its Paris offices in January of 1919 and the police never found out what became of the brisk, snappy man who saw callers there.

"Does monsieur know California?"

"A little," I said.

"And Los Angeles? It is a large city, quite luxurious?"

"Always growing richer and quite luxurious," I said.

The blinded man smiled at his wife and said, so charmingly, "See? And you talk of deserts! The orange groves are only two hours by train from Los Angeles."

"You detain monsieur, Yves."

She dismissed me. Out in the hall, Alain and Angélique unanimously opened the front door for me and gave me their last inspection. I moved away from a quiet well-bred hell, and knew—a little—what was going on there. Madame was fighting something. She was fighting for her children and her pride against something that had been brought into the still, noble house by this fat old woman in a bonnet and black gloves. My wits rambled all around the business while I tramped down through Nantes and stood staring at the huge walls of the castle facing water in the most ancient part of the town.

No, madame would never go to California, not even to become a millionaire by growing oranges. I could make that stick together in my brain. She belonged here, in the green drawing-room beside the mantelshelf of pearly marble, or she belonged out in her husband's manor in the countryside. . . . I got romantic, staring at the dun, tremendous walls of the castle. Her ancestors had stalked behind the Duke of Brittany from the gates there in the procession of blond nobles who went to see Gilles de Rais hanged that morning of October in 1440. They had been slaughtered at the head of their loyal peasantry in 1793, facing the Revolutionary armies. She would never go out to California! She belonged under this silver dome of mists. She was meant to be reverenced by gentlemen on the streets of this tangled antiquity. She was French. She grew from this soil, and she would never be uprooted, not for money or for a future kingdom of fat oranges.

Conceive that Mother Églantine paddled off on her flat feet slowly to a modest kind of house so close to the square by the venerable and very ugly church that a corner of its steps could be seen from the big window of her sitting room. I do not know what she did until half-past eleven that night, when she was neatly done up in a blue flannel nightgown in her oaken bed. Perhaps she told fortunes for some humble people, or some more American ladies in uniform climbed her stairs giggling, and sat among her dress forms and photographs of Martinique in a faint smell of coffee, while she said she was just a simple old widow who had some powers, she knew not whence. Or she may have spent Christmas Eve alone, hearing the crowds pass on the cobbles. She may have been lonely. She may have felt that life was not kind.

That was how Private Dickman felt. When he got back to Reze after his pleasant meal, a harried aide-de-camp bawled at him and his car was turned over to another driver. This was unjust and saddening. Dickman sulked off into the big stone carriage house where part of the headquarters troop slept and communicated his grievances to an audience. Then he curled on his pallet in his gray underclothes and socks and went to sleep, two pints of champagne arguing in his mind that he had better have a nap before he went back across the river to see what a French Christmas Eve would be like.

He slept, and he slept. When he woke up it was because I was shaking him and a tall French officer was holding my flash light on him.

"Get up," I said. "Are you awake? Wake up!"

"What goes on?"

"Listen! Get dressed, son! Snap into it! . . . This woman you saw—Rose Wilde—can you swear to her? Be careful! Are you sure it's she?"

"Sure it's her! Am I a dumb bunny? She was my kid brother's nurse for three years."

He did not understand the big young Frenchman saying to me: "She must belong to some gang of rogues. Her papers could be forged. All the commissioner can establish was that she was born in Marseilles. That is on record. These creatures float from country to country. It is a gang of rogues, you see. No sooner does she tell Yves that he will be rich again in a country beside the Pacific than he gets advertisements of the accursed company! I shall go back to Paris and investigate. There is a connection, I am sure. . . . Make him hurry!"

I shook Dickman's arm. "Listen! There's a lady in trouble, kid. That woman's telling fortunes here. She's trying to get him—madame's husband—into a game. He can lease his château out in the country and sell his Ingres—his family portraits. He's broke and an invalid. She's got hold of him. It's a swindle in California orange lands."

The Vicomte de Pimbolles stamped viciously. Madame's brother was like a big fair horse of some kind. He had got home for Christmas—and this was what he found! Four years of war had roughened his grand manner a little. Yves, poor fellow, was always credulous and simple. And the money had gone that was invested in the Bassin du Nord. The boches had seen to that steel mill! There was almost nothing left! And now Yves was being led into a desert by the nose!

"You've got to come and identify this woman, Dickman. Madame's outside in the car. We're leaving for St.-Nazaire in the morning. This gentleman heard it at the military reception over in town. Get your stuff on."

"Rose is workin' some con game here?"

"She must be. She got into the count's house by way of a sewing woman. She's known all over the city—La Mère Églantine. Casts horoscopes and tells fortunes. She's coining money."

The vicomte kept stamping his boot while Dickman laced shoes and wound leggings. There was no one else in the carriage house, but drying underclothes hung on lines and the blankets on pallets were lugubrious. When we clattered out to the black French car in the dreary yardful of hemlocks, madame was tapping her cane on the floor of the tonneau.

"You are very good to do this for us," she said to Dickman. "Sit here with me. Tell me—tell me all about this woman. Tell me everything."

I did not pay attention. The narrow high old car plunged back through the village and my landlady was still standing in her doorway, impressed by having such a visit made to an unimpressive American, when madame ought to be receiving the guests of her midnight supper in Nantes. We went flying over the long bridge and Nantes was brilliant with lighted windows. Crowds struggled in the lanes. I remember a drunken sailor with a red tissue-paper miter on his head dancing some kind of Breton jig under a lamp. And American soldiers were brown specks in the push on a wide street. Everything moved toward the old church where there would be music at midnight. The car had to slow down. When it stopped in front of an unlighted house, voices swelled from around the corner where the throng waited for midnight. I thought condignly that snow would be more gracious than this chilly mist.

"It is the third floor," said madame, her voice hot.

"Wait here in the car, Jeanne. Let us go up with the boy."

"Very well."

I will say this for my brief acquaintance with the Vicomte de Pimbolles, brother of madame, and officer of artillery: He was direct. When nobody answered the bell of the front door, he merely said "Zut!" and jammed a heel on the lock. He was an extremely powerful fellow.

We then went up some stairs, dimly gray in the seepage of a gas jet, and I had time to study the calligraphy of Mother Wild Rose on the card glued to her sitting-room's door. She admitted that she made gowns neatly and repaired underclothes. The brother of madame knocked four times. Then the voice droned through the door.

"Open!"

"Pardon, monsieur. I am in bed."

"Obviously you are at the door. Open!" said the officer.

"Is it some matter of business?"

"Obviously! This is Christmas Eve. If it was not important, why should I come here, madame? Be good enough to open this door!"

My heart lifted and sank three times. We were in the tiny landing, and in gloom, facing this door with the white card on its gray.

"But who are you, monsieur? I am alone here and I am an honest woman."

"I am Monsieur de Pimbolles. I have an order for you. Open!"

But the door did not stir. I think she was really frightened now.

"It is very late, monsieur."

"Open this door," said the officer, "or the police will open it!"

The door opened. A headless woman's body of black cloth and wood appeared beyond a candle, against white curtains of a window. There was a smell of coffee and of dress goods in the place.

Mother Églantine stepped back, chastely covering her blue wool nightgown with a shawl. Her crinkling gray hair shimmered gently.

"What talk is that of the police, monsieur?"

"We may talk more of that presently. I hear," said the officer, "that your name is Rose Vilde, and that you were a nurse in the house of this young man's father at Pasadena, in California."

Mother Églantine looked at Private Dickman pleasantly, while a choir began to sing beyond her window. A sweep of male voices grew heavy outside the walls. But the stout old woman stared amiably at the big boy and shook her head.

"No, it is some error, monsieur. I have never seen him."

"What's she sayin'?"

"She says she never saw you, Dickman."

"You're a darn good liar, Rosie! . . . Yeh, it's her."

Nothing altered in her yellow face, but she said in English, "You make some mistake, mister. No, I have never been to California."

"You're a good liar, Rosie," said the boy, leaning on the door.

"I have never been to California."

"And never had a fortune-tellin' dump down at the beach and came and bawled to dad to get you some bail, huh? And you haven't got a finger lost on your left hand?"

"What is Santa Monica?"

"Golly," said Private Dickman, "you're good! . . . This is her, lieutenant. What we do now? Shall I call a cop?"

I think her face changed there a little. But I was just then scared by something at my elbow. I felt the fury and the terror of madame without looking at her. She came between me and her brother.

"You can swear? Oh, I must speak English! This is 'er?"

"Yes'm," said Private Dickman. "I'd know her voice anywhere. It's her."

Madame went one step forward and said "Confess!" in the precise voice of a bugle.

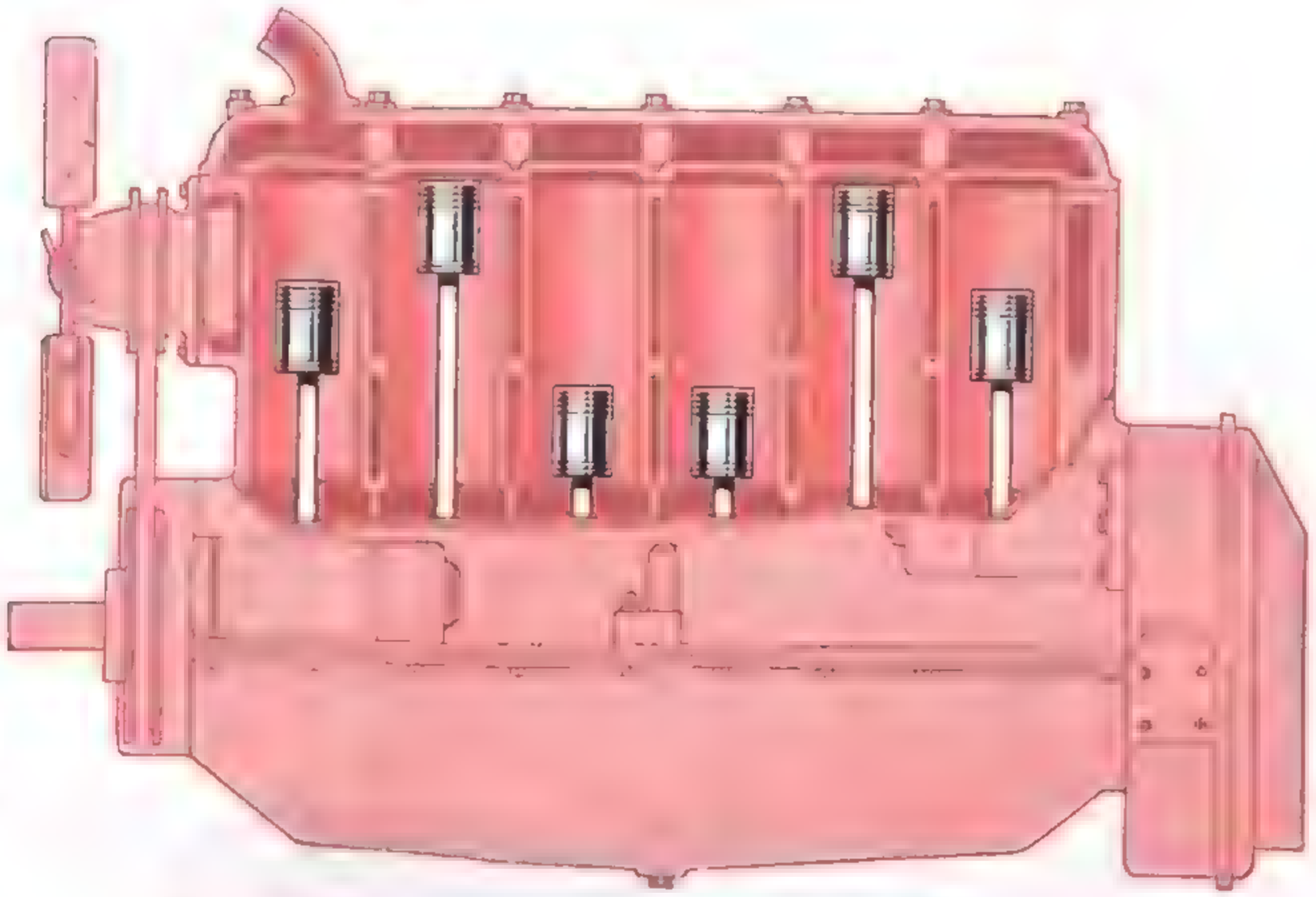
Her cry jarred into the music of the choir outside the smelling room.

"But madame knows me. I am a poor old widow ——"

"Confess!"

"But madame knows," the voice droned, "that I am a poor old woman. I do not

(Continued on Page 123)



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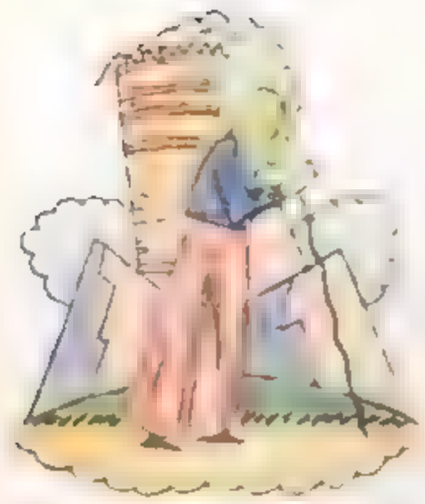

Collecting wood to "keep the home fires burning"

Two Swiss maids "all dressed up in Sunday clothes"

(Continued from Page 120)

understand. Who has spoken against me? And this on Christmas Eve!"

"Confess!"

The voice hummed, "But what to confess? I was brought into the house of Monsieur the Count to amuse him by telling his future. I have often told the future for ——"

"Ah, be still!" said madame, and brought her cane through the air in the slash of a sword drawn. "Charlatan! Tell me the truth! Tell me the truth or I shall beat you! Confess!"

"But, madame, what ——"

I blinked as the cane swirled and fell somewhere on the soft body. Mother Églantine screamed out "Oh, lady!" and fluttered back from the cut. Her dress form rocked on its standard, and suddenly coffee spilled from some jar in a brown pool on the floor, sending up its scent and dust.

"Say that you are a thief and a cheat!" called the great lady. "Say it! Say it!"

It was as she walked forward with her black veil shivering that the old woman shrieked in English, "Mr. Johnny, Mr. Johnny! Keep her off of me!" and went down on her knees in a corner. Dickman caught the cane in air and held it back.

"Let her be! She's said so!"

"Keep her off me, Mr. Johnny!"

Madame lowered her cane to the floor and looked down at the whimpering object as if from a tall horse. She had bent from the saddle of her ancestors to lash an offending peasant. It was done. Her voice resumed, coldly flowing:

"You are a rogue and a cheat, and you live on lies. You knew—the town knows—that we are poor. You crawled among us, lying about the golden future. You live on terror and hope. . . . Be off! I do not care where you go. My children are safe. I shall tell the police in Paris of this orange company. It is some cheat to get money from desperate people ruined, like ourselves, by the war. . . . Be off!"

The last words rasped. Madame turned and was gone from the room. Her brother flicked his yellow mustache with a finger and then said, "I shall inform the police against you tomorrow. If you are still here, you will be arrested and investigated. . . . Good night."

Madame had vanished out of the staircase and she was not standing by the empty car. A flush of light now glowed from the candles massed on the steps of the ancient church above the white gowns of the choir in the moment of silence. Some thousand faces were rosy, turned up toward the lights and the colored windows. Madame had walked ten yards and stood alone on the old cobbles of the street.

"A terrible strain," her brother whispered. "Imagine! He was about to sell everything and buy this land in California. It was the woman's voice—that soothing note. I am so grateful. She is so grateful. Such a lucky accident!"

But a great voice cried from the lighted steps as the first bell tolled. It was a deep young voice beginning the song of Christmas, and Private Hickman gaped as the people sank everywhere in the broad crowd.

"What's he singin'?"

"On your knees, Christians, in this solemn hour. . . . Come along, son. We're dismissed."

I looked back, though, and saw the vicomte bare his head to the lights and the song, and madame kneeling, her hands crossed on her breast, with the tears silver on her face. We had broken in upon her with our common beings and little usefulness, and now we were dismissed. Even kneeling, beaten down with joy and gratitude, she chose to be alone, and had forgotten us.

A COUPLE O' FRIED EGGS

(Continued from Page 17)

who always had some job at the track, usually in the mutuel department. His heart went friendly at sight of Hawkins, because the last time he had seen him he was beating up Hymie Ginsberg in a speak-easy in Louisville. To be sure, the Whining Kid at that time was Ginsberg's buddy and he had danced frantically around the battlers imploring some bystander to intervene on behalf of his friend. But now ——

"Hello, Chet," the Whining Kid hailed him heartily.

Chet looked up from his figuring. He saw the Whining Kid's soiled collar topping off the trick suit, and scowled.

"No," he said shortly, "I ain't got four bits."

"Do I look like a bum?" the Whining Kid blustered.

Chet looked at him again and rendered his opinion: "Yeh."

The Whining Kid capitulated. "I could use breakfast money," he admitted.

"You should look in bakery windows an' cry," Chet said enviously. "Your pal, Hymie Ginsberg, he's the only hustler down here's got two dimes to keep each other company. He's on a streak. Bettin' his own sugar. Struck a deuce on a good thing three weeks back an' now he's better'n fifteen hundred on top an' wouldn't take fifty grand, cash in hand, for what he thinks he's goin' to have when the meet's over. He's a hot cat, that one, an' his claws rattle when he walks. Go see him."

"Listen," said the Whining Kid impressively. "If I was twice as hungry as I am an' Hymie Ginsberg had twice as much as he's got, an' he come an' offered me all of it just to shake hands with him, I'd lay five knuckles on his beezer before I'd take five cents' worth of his money!"

Chet shrugged. "You picked out a fine time to be bad friends with him," he said.

"If I fell overboard an' he threw me a life belt I'd drown before I'd lay a finger on it!" the Whining Kid declared viciously.

Chet made a grimace. "That's your business," he admitted. "Only this: If you're so choosy about who throws you a life belt don't squawk if I sit an' yawn while you go down for the third time."

"If you'd just stake me to breakfast money ——" the Whining Kid began.

"Look!" said Chet. "I'm yawning."

There was a commotion in the kitchen. Loud voices. Daddy Jack, the gray-haired proprietor, appeared, shooing along a sullen young man who was putting on his coat en route.

"That's the third in five days," Daddy said wrathfully when the departing young man had slammed the door. "I dunno what's got into the help lately. Look at that!" He held forth a china plate. "That's supposed to be washed!" he said bitterly. "That's what I'm supposed to use to serve up food to my good customers! That's what I was payin' that no-'count trash to get clean! Look at it. See that?" "That" was a faint yellowish stain around the inside of the plate just below the lip. "Egg!" Daddy explained. "Can you imagine a fellow that claims to be a dishwasher doin' a job like that? I pay good money, too, I do! Ten a week, with room an' board throwed in, an' 'f I do say it myself, there ain't better grub to be had anywheres in New Orleans than I put up right here. Ain't that right?"

His appeal was to Chet. The latter looked inquiringly at the Whining Kid.

"You lookin' for a job?" he asked.

The Whining Kid shrank back from the stained plate that Daddy Jack waved in front of his face.

"I—I couldn't go to work just now," he stammered. "I—I got to see a man at the track this afternoon, an' ——"

"Yah!" Daddy Jack exclaimed disgustedly.

He stamped away, muttering. The Whining Kid drew a long breath and wiped his forehead with his coat sleeve.

"You know, Chet," he said earnestly, "Hymie's got funny ways, but he ain't a bad guy at heart. I'm goin' to be broad-minded an' let bygones be bygones. Why hold a grudge? That's the way I feel about it!"

The Whining Kid slipped into the fairgrounds track early, before they manned the gates, and when they combed the inclosure for any present without badges he managed to stay hidden. He was on the lawn at a little after one o'clock when Hymie Ginsberg arrived. Hymie was with a party—rather, the party was with Hymie. A horse player known to be hot never wants for company around a race track.

Hymie was snappily dressed and bore himself with an air. The men with him were of prosperous appearance. It was painfully evident to the Whining Kid that Hymie was sitting soft on the top of the world with his feet on a footstool.

With black murder in his heart and a bright smile on his face the Whining Kid approached Hymie and spoke a cordial greeting. Hymie looked him over and laughed derisively.

"Look what's out o' jail!" he chortled gayly.

"Just got in, Hymie," the Whining Kid said cordially.

"Why didn't 'you tell me you were comin'?" Hymie asked. "I'd o' hired a hall an' sold tickets. What do you get a week for wearin' that make-up?"

The Whining Kid tried to laugh that off.

"I was all ginned up when I bought it," he explained.

"When you bought it!" Hymie exclaimed. "I thought you had some kind of a trick job an' that was a uniform that went with it. You bought it!"

He turned to his friends. "This," he said, indicating the Whining Kid with a contemptuous thumb, "is what happens when a zob tries to live by his wits—an' ain't got any. You wouldn't believe it, but I knew this little daffydowndilly when he still had brains enough left to be a good bootblack. Look at 'm now! Gone—all gone! He bought that make-up! You heard him say it. He thinks he's got clothes on!"

The Whining Kid managed a sickly grin.

"He's a great kidder, ain't he?" he said to Hymie's friends.

Hymie sighed and shook his head. "Thinks I'm kiddin'," he said sadly. "Nothin' under the roof but room! Tryin' to beat the races did that to 'm. Pitiful, ain't it? Let's breeze over to the paddock."

"Hey, just a minute, Hymie," the Whining Kid begged

"What?" said Hymie.

"I want to speak to you," the Whining Kid said desperately.

"Shoot," Hymie invited.

"In private," the Whining Kid pleaded.

"It's a touch, ain't it?" Hymie asked.

The Whining Kid flushed. "I'm a little short," he confessed.

"Stick around," Hymie advised his friends. "There ought to be a laugh in this." And then, to the Whining Kid: "What'll you do for a dime, sucker?"

"Aw, Hymie!" the Whining Kid wailed.

"Get down on your hands an' knees, an' bark," Hymie commanded.

"Aw, Hymie!"

"Like a dog!"

"Please, Hymie!"

"Get it that way or go without."

The Whining Kid got down on all fours and barked.

"Louder," Hymie demanded.

The Whining Kid barked louder. A grinning crowd ringed him in.

"That the best you can do?" Hymie asked

"Yes," the Whining Kid said sullenly. He got to his feet and dusted off his knees.

(Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 123)

"Then," said Hymie, thrusting a hand into his pocket, "this is the best I can do."

He handed the Kid a two-dollar bill.

"Hymie!" the Whining Kid wailed. "A deuce!"

"I didn't slip you much of a bill," Hymie admitted. "That's all level. You didn't do me much of a bark."

With his friends he started toward the paddock. Bolstered by the belief that the two dollars for which he had humiliated himself was all he could get from Hymie, the Whining Kid abandoned pretense and cursed him loud and long.

"Take that back or I'll set a track dick on you," Hymie threatened.

"Set him!" the Whining Kid said defiantly. "I ain't doin' nothin'."

Hymie considered. He smiled. "I'll get one an' you can show him your badge," he said.

The Whining Kid paled. Hymie had outguessed him again.

"All right," he mumbled. "I'll take it back."

"Smile!" Hymie commanded.

The Whining Kid grimaced.

"Got to be firm with these lousy little track mice," Hymie explained to his friends as he moved with them toward the paddock. "Don't do to tickle their ears an' feed 'em sugar. They peel back their lips an' bite you!"

The Whining Kid slunk into the mutuel ring dizzy with hate.

"I'll get him!" he muttered to himself. "I'll rub him off! Oh, if I ever get boots on my feet an' his face under my heels! Will I stomp! I'll get him!"

Meanwhile he had the loathed two-dollar bill Hymie had given him, and twenty cents besides, that he had saved from the capital on which he had left New York. He spent fifteen cents for the Bulletin, a local form sheet. Two dollars and five cents left!

From the entries and past-performance dope in the Bulletin he figured out a possible winner in the first race and went scurrying in search of a chump to lay. It was disheartening work. Everywhere he went—in the mutuel ring, on the lawn, up in the grand stand, out in the paddock—he saw hungry hustlers hunting, and not one of the lot with a chump to show for his industry. The territory was verminous with saleamen and barren of customers.

The Whining Kid found himself unable even so much as to get to a second sentence of conversation with a prospect. One and all, whether he asked for a match or the loan of a program, they either laughed at him or cursed him and walked away.

"I know what's the trouble," the Whining Kid assured himself. "With this make-up on I look too much like what I am. I'm trying to sneak up on these apes with my headlights turned on and the horn blowin'! What's the use? I'll have to bet this lousy deuce an' take a chance."

Thus beset by desperation he went into a one-man huddle in a deserted spot in the mutuel ring under a stairway and figured the entries in the first race a second time. He got the same result—Split-Wing, a three-year-old colt by Flying Drake out of Huntress.

"He can win this," the Whining Kid said to himself. "The only question is, will he?"

Split-Wing won it by a length and a half, and paid eighteen forty for two!

As the Whining Kid started exultantly for the mutuel ring to cash his two-dollar ticket he passed, unobserved, near Hymie Ginsberg. Hymie was regretfully tearing up a number of tickets.

"I knew better'n to play Cradletime," the Whining Kid heard him explain to his friends. "I should o' had Split-Wing. I liked him, but I got talked off of him!"

"How come you let yourself get talked off one you like?" one of the party asked. "You been playin' your own and listenin' to nobody."

"I dunno," Hymie muttered, puzzled. A startled expression crossed his face. "I wonder if I knifed my luck loanin' the Whinin' Kid them two fish," he said anxiously. "It works that way sometimes when you got a streak an' you stand for a touch. I should o' known! An' a hard-luck deuce too! I wonder did I put a louse in my whiskers loanin' him that twin?"

"Blah!" said the friend. "Don't be silly. Can't win 'em all."

"I dunno," Hymie said fearfully. "Things go funny sometimes."

The Whining Kid waltzed merrily into the mutuel ring to cash his ticket.

"It's the break!" he assured himself jubilantly. "I been goin' one way for months an' that way was down. Now I hit bottom an' bounced. Easy rider! I'm on my way back from where I been an' where I'm goin's nobody's business! It's the break!"

When the Whining Kid left the track after the last race and scrambled for a place in a town-bound cab, he was flushed and bright-eyed. He had two hundred and twenty-eight dollars in his pocket and the thrilling warmth of a winner in his heart.

"I couldn't miss out there today," he boasted to his chance companions in the cab. "I could o' picked 'em by the Chinese system an' they'd o' won for me. My first day at this meet an' I got myself plenty!"

In another cab, some distance behind, Hymie Ginsberg was singing his evening song to a different tune.

"If I could o' fell out o' bed this mornin' an' broke my neck, I'd o' saved me plenty money," he moaned. "Bet on seven races an' don't say 'Gimme' to the cashier once! I think I was jinxed! That deuce I slipped the Whinin' Kid—that's what done it to me!"

The next afternoon the Whining Kid appeared at the track freshly arrayed from hat to shoes. When he bought his tickets for the first race he made his initial bow at a ten-dollar window. The clerk there was Chet Hawkins.

"Got off the ground, hey?" he said approvingly.

"I'm wingin'," the Whining Kid boasted. "That's only the half of it. When I started to fly, Hymie Ginsberg pulled up lame in his pinfeathers. He was floppin' around like a sick chicken yesterday. A few more days like that an' he'll bump dirt an' raise a dust. I think I got his luck."

"I hope you have!" Hawkins said vengefully. "I'd like to see that hustler huntin' coffee again!"

They put Hymie in the pan for a short hot fry and parted friends.

PHOTO. BY C. B. CUTLIFFE

A South Carolina Road

"Nice guy," the Whining Kid said to himself as he walked away. "I like his face."

Two days later Hymie Ginsberg struck his colors. He approached the Whining Kid before the first race and begged for mercy.

"You got my luck, Kid," he confessed. "I know how you're goin'. You can't lose. I was the same way till I slipped you that deuce. The luck went with that bill, Kid. I had it an' now you got it."

"I barked for that bill," the Whining Kid said coldly. "There ain't any piece of it yours."

"It was a dirty trick," Hymie admitted humbly. "I didn't mean anything by it, though, Kid. Listen, I got you started on your streak, didn't I?"

"Go on," the Whining Kid said, "squawk. It's music."

"Just lemme bet along with you, will you?" Hymie begged. "It ain't goin' to hurt you to do that."

"Die in your own alley," the Whining Kid said heartlessly. "Don't crowd over on me."

"I done nothin' but lose since I give you that deuce!" Hymie cried. "You done nothin' but win! Gimme a chance!"

"Get some o' your friends to put a bet down with you," the Whining Kid suggested—"some o' them that was stringin' along with you when you made me get down an' bark for that deuce."

"Friends!" Hymie said bitterly. "Them guys? Lose a couple o' races an' they forget your name! Go on, Kid. Be good. I still got a little stake left. Lemme string with you, will you?"

"No!" said the Whining Kid positively. "Keep away from me now. Some o' these people around here might think I know you."

The Whining Kid walked away then, keeping furtive watch. A few moves and he knew that Hymie was following him. For the rest of the afternoon they played a game of hide and seek, the Whining Kid maneuvering to buy his tickets without permitting Hymie to learn what he was playing, and Hymie endeavoring to stay close enough to find out. The mutuel ring was jammed, and before each race the Whining Kid managed to elude his pursuer long enough to get his tickets unheard. He lost on the day, cashing only one bet, but after each race he got in line before a cashier's window and went through the motions of getting money. When his turn came at the window he would shove in a bill and ask for tickets on a horse in the next race. The cashier would explain that the sellers' windows were at the other end of the mutuel ring. The Whining Kid would then delay a little longer to apologize for having made a mistake, withdraw the proffered bill and walk away, ostentatiously adding it to his roll. According to the evidence gathered by Hymie Ginsberg's envious eyes, the Whining Kid cashed on all seven races.

"He just can't lose," Hymie whimpered. "He's got the luck I had an' then some. He must be two or three grand on top by now."

Actually the Whining Kid's bank roll was only a little better than three hundred strong. Hymie's stake, however, had dwindled to fifty-three dollars and some silver.

"I got to find out what he's playin'!" Hymie said desperately. "I just gotta!"

All he found out during the day, however, was that the Whining Kid regularly bought his tickets at the ten-dollar window from behind which Hawkins raked in the money and dealt the ducats. With this bit of knowledge for a starter, Hymie went home and thought. Late in the evening he batted his eyes and cheered himself. He had evolved an idea.

Before the first race on the following afternoon, Hymie edged up near to the ten-dollar window at which Hawkins served, and parked there. He wore an old suit of clothes. The collar of his coat was turned up. A limp old cap was pulled down over his eyes. Hymie was disguised. That was the idea.

(Continued on Page 129

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No. 55—50c—Sizes large, small or medium. Double-seam stand-strain. Smoother and softer—won't slip or chafe.

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Chandler's $10,000,000 most spectacular anybody Eights any

A New Royal Eight "75"
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plant now builds values in Sixes could hope to find

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Prices of all these Sedans f. o. b. Factory

LIKE some gigantic beehive spread out over dozens of acres, the great $10,000,000 Chandler plant is humming to its uttermost capacity as it strives to keep up with the avalanche of orders pouring in for these new models.

Overnight, Chandler has given America a new perception of style ... a new insight into quality ... a new outlook on performance ... a new yardstick of value.

Overnight, the motorists of America are looking upon a new picture of what far-seeing engineering can accomplish when it squares its jaw and militantly sets out to do big things.

Never in all the 15 years of its steady advancement has Chandler been the cynosure of so many eyes, or the center of so much out-and-out praise ... or better able to challenge, boldly and fearlessly, the stiffest and strictest comparisons with any or all cars under $3000!

Look at the prices of these new cars. Then inspect the cars. See how much—how unusually much—these new and lower prices bring you in luxury and power, and in all-around excellence.

Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio

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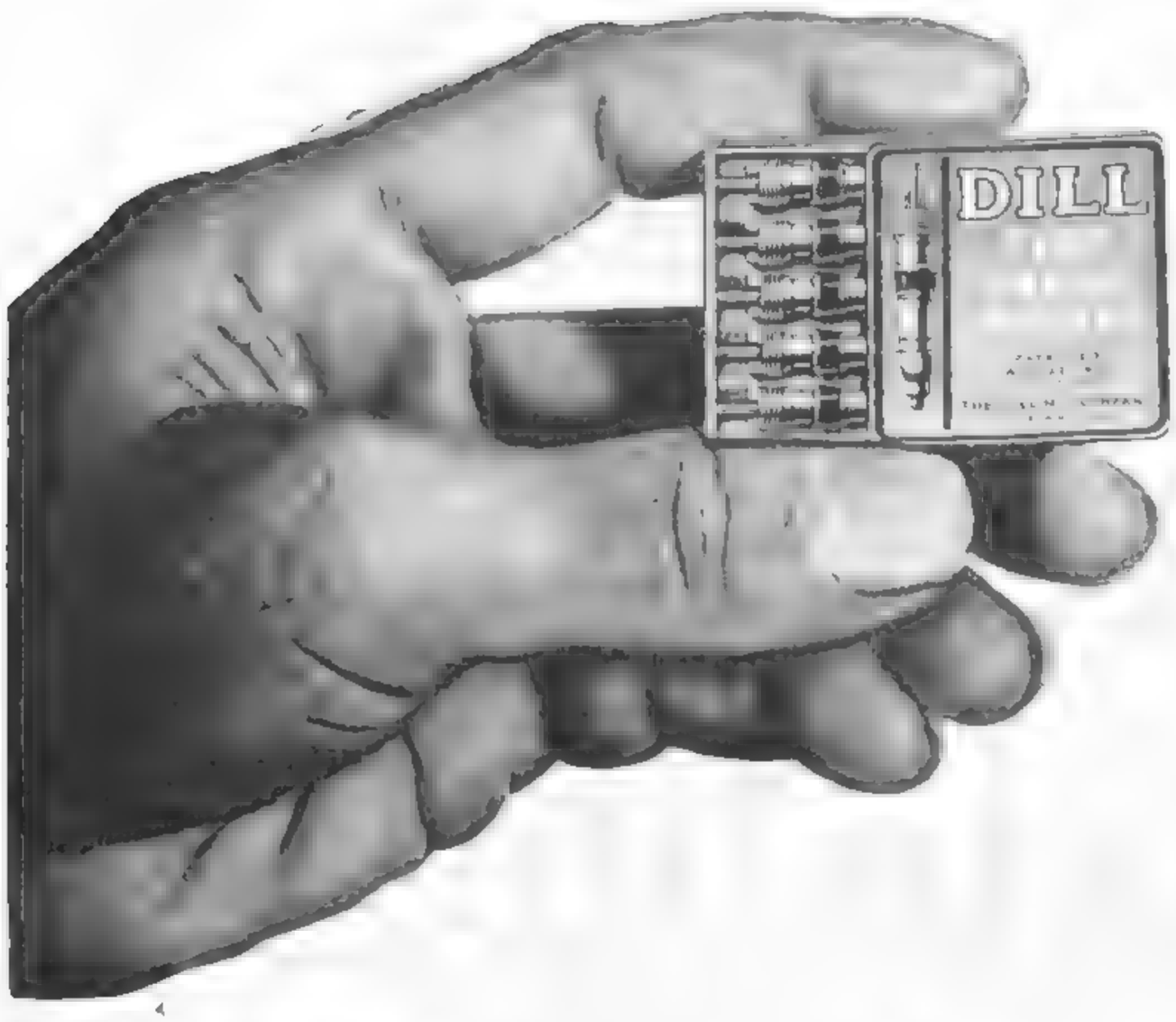
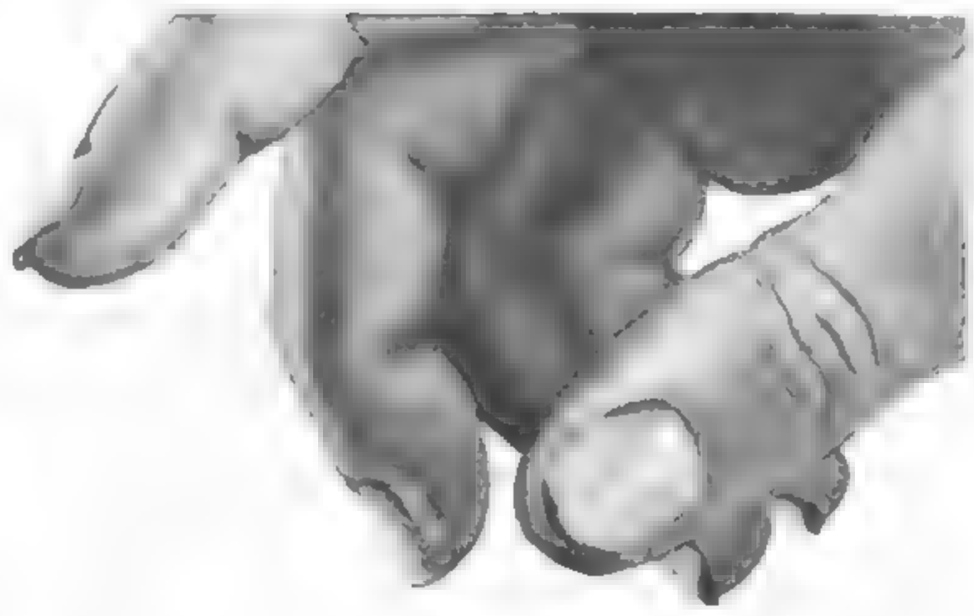
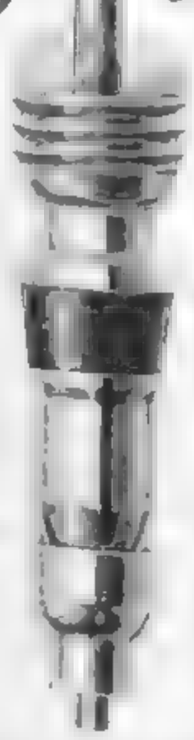




Dill Valve Insides come in sets of five in a handy little metal box at 25 cents. 35 cents in Canada.

"DILL VALVE INSIDES HOLD AIR"

Buy them by the Set - and end the nuisance of leaking tire valves



ASK for Dill Valve Insides—by name—in the handy little 25c box.

Each box contains a set of five.

Screw one into each tire valve—and insure yourself against leaking valves which decrease gas mileage, make steering difficult—and prematurely steal miles of service from your tires.

You can depend on Dill Valve Insides. Each tiny part is as finely finished and as carefully assembled as the parts of a watch—and they receive 100% inspection.

All of the big tire makers use Dill Valve Insides. Thousands of dealers sell them.

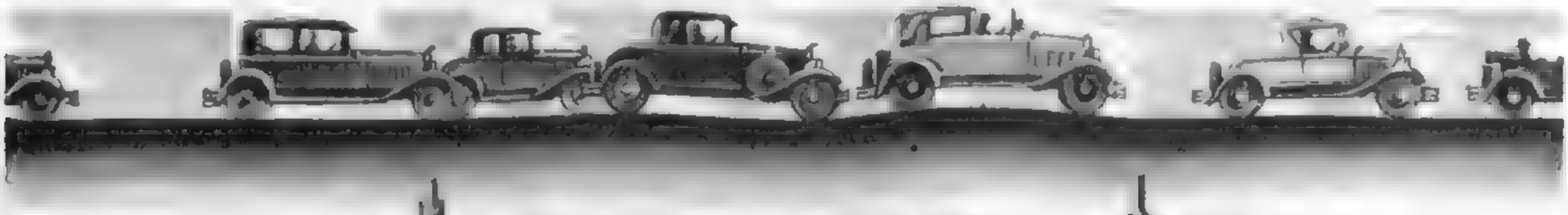
They have won a place of leadership thru sheer merit.

Look for the name "Dill" on the box—and look for the protecting metal sheath that keeps dust and moisture away from the sensitive spring of each Dill Valve Inside—a distinctive Dill feature.

Insist on Dill Valve Insides at hardware stores, tire stores, garages and accessory shops—or write for them direct to the Dill Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO. - *Cleveland, Ohio*

Manufactured in Canada by the Dill Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



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DILL

Dill Valve Cap acts as an extra seal to the valve.

Keep an extra set on hand.

Dill Instant-On combined dust and valve cap. A turn or two to catch it on the valve stem—a push—another turn to tighten—and it's on. Reverse the action and it's off.

STANDARD TIRE VALVES AND VALVE PARTS

(Continued from Page 125)

Less than a minute before the mutuels closed for the first race he saw the Whining Kid coming on the run. He saw him give a swift look about. Hymie hunched his shoulders higher, drew his cap down lower over his eyes and waited, all a-tingle. Out of a corner of his eye he saw the Whining Kid glance at him with no registry of recognition, and then breast the window, breathless and off guard.

"Gimme twenty tickets on Whittlestick!" he panted.

He passed in a fistful of money. Hawkins took it and counted it slowly.

"Hundred and fifty," he said aloud, "hundred and seventy, hundred an' ninety, two hundred. Right!"

He passed out a sheaf of tickets. The Whining Kid counted them. "Fifteen, eighteen, twenty. Right!" he cried.

"Know something?" the mutuel clerk asked.

"Whittlestick's in," the Whining Kid assured him. "Got it straight from the stable. Twelve to one in the last line. Better tear yourself off a piece of it. It's a cinch!"

"Thanks," said the mutuel clerk. "I'll do that."

The Whining Kid hurried away. Hymie popped over to the window and with a trembling hand shoved in a fifty-dollar bill.

"Five tickets on Whittlestick," he said exultantly.

Hawkins scowled at him and passed out the tickets. Hymie hustled for the lawn and found the Whining Kid just as the horses reached the post.

"Why the moocher's rags?" the Whining Kid asked. "Got you hockin' your clothes?"

"This is my information make-up," Hymie said, grinning. "I wear it when I want to find out somethin'. How do you like Whittlestick in this?"

"He ain't got a chance!" the Whining Kid assured him.

Hymie laughed. "How come you bet two hundred on him then?" he asked.

The Whining Kid bristled. "Who says I bet two hundred on him?"

"I'm ridin' right with you, Kid," Hymie chuckled. "I noticed yesterday you was buyin' all your tickets at that one window, an' today I parked there in this trick get-up an' waited. Didn't make me, did you? I heard what you asked for an' I got plenty o' the same."

"Yes, you did!" the Whining Kid scoffed.

Hymie exhibited his five tickets. The Whining Kid shrugged.

"What'd you pike on it for?" he sneered.

"I went for all I had," Hymie declared. "I was down to my last fifty."

"Tell me!" said the Whining Kid. "You're a piker. Get a sure thing an' you're scared to go for it."

"No foolin'!" Hymie insisted. "I got less'n a buck left."

There was no mistaking his sincerity. A smile of pure bliss spread over the Whining Kid's face.

"Sucker, howdy!" he cried triumphantly.

Hawkins, the mutuel clerk, met the Whining Kid after the last race and handed him the two hundred dollars that had been passed through the window to him as a bet on Whittlestick. The Whining Kid pocketed the money and drew out the sheaf of old and worthless tickets he had saved and planted with Hawkins the night before.

"I never tear 'em up," he chuckled, thumbing the block tenderly. "I never see the time yet when a pocket full o' old tickets didn't come in handy."

"The gag worked, huh?" Hawkins asked.

"Worked!" said the Whining Kid. "You should o' seen Hymie. Whittlestick broke last an' trailed all the way around an' I just stood there an' counted up on Hymie how many kinds of an ape he is! He never got wise. He still thinks I bought real tickets on Whittlestick just to get him down on it. He thinks I'm fat enough to blow two hundred just for the fun o' breakin' him an' never miss the money! That made it all the better."

"The end of a perfect day, hey?" said Hawkins.

The Whining Kid shrugged. "The hours entered in this day ain't all finished yet," he said. "They're runnin' a get-even handicap for me an' I've cashed win an' place. There's a chance I get show money too. Come on."

He led Hawkins outside the track and around a block to the Horseman's Café. Daddy Jack was at the cashier's desk when the two entered.

"I tipped a guy off he might get a job washin' dishes here," the Whining Kid said. "He come around?"

"Fellow by the name of Ginsberg?"

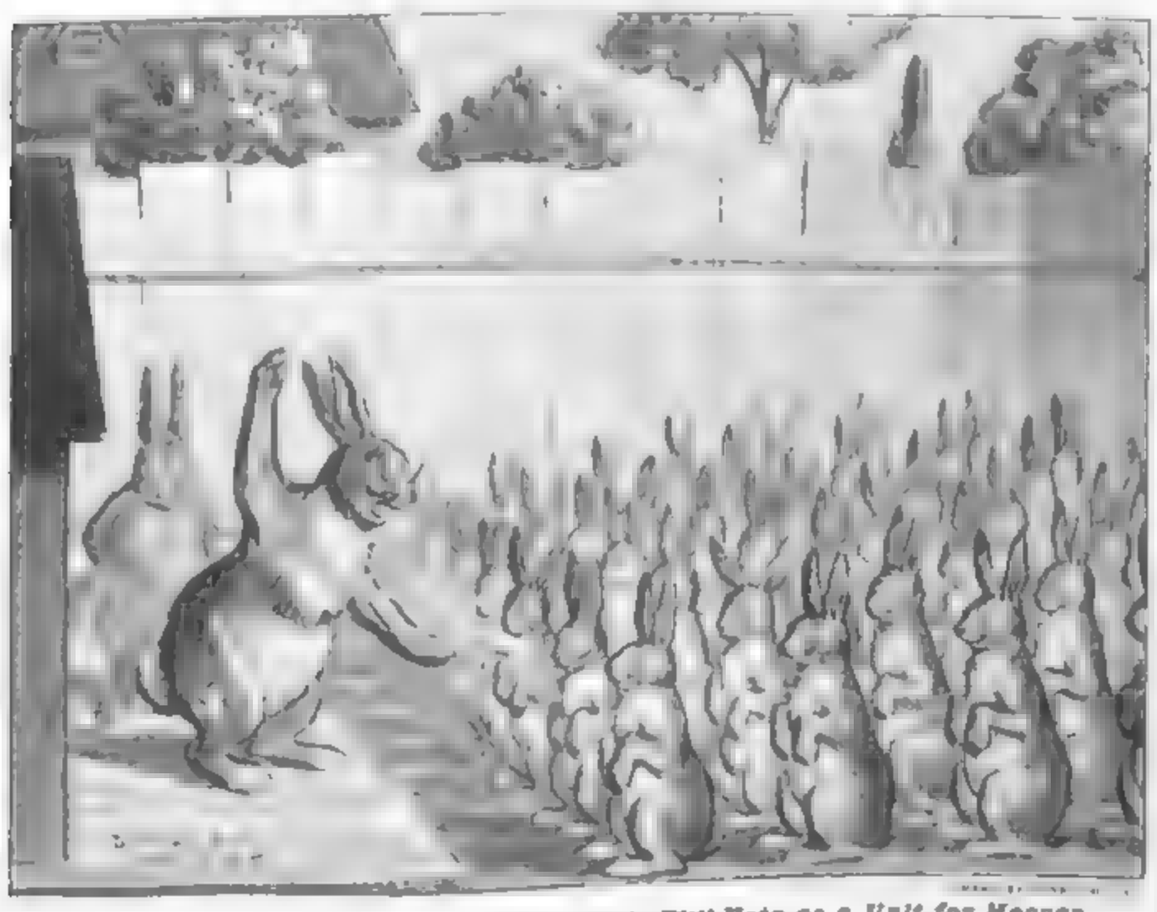
The Whining Kid nodded. "He workin'?"

Daddy poked a thumb-tip kitchenward. "Out back," he said.

"One, two, three," the Whining Kid yipped. "Straight, place an' show! Three-way Sam—that's me! Get that, Hawkins? Hymie's out back washin' dishes! Come on. Le's eat!"

They sat together at a table. A waiter came for their order.

"Eggs," the Whining Kid said gleefully—"fried eggs! You get the same, Hawkins. If you don't like 'em, then order somethin' else. . . . Open-eyed fried eggs, waiter, an' get 'em cooked till the yeller's good an' gooey! Man an' boy!"



Pater Familias: "Remember, This Family Will Vote as a Unit for Hoover. We are Belgians!"

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Your Present Radio

··can be made an Electric A.C. Set *without changes in wiring or even the cost of new tubes*

NO HARNESSES OR ADAPTERS NO NEW TUBES

Of course you want electric A. C. radio reception. Radio was never so convenient, never so pleasureful as now when its only demand upon you is the snap of an electric switch.

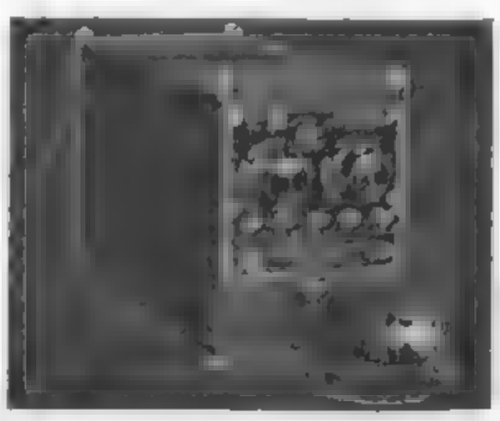
But if you have a good radio now don't discard it. A good time-tried circuit with efficient time-tried tubes is naturally better than new untried circuits and tubes. There isn't a better A. C. set made than your present radio converted to use A. C. power.

And Kuprox has made conversion so easy! You don't have to change a single wire or alter the set in any way. Not even new tubes are necessary. Just connect the Kuprox A. C. Power Pack between the A. C. electric light socket and your set, and your radio operates entirely from A. C.

And what reception it gives! Everything your radio did before, it will do even better. And there's nothing to bother about . . . the entire set turns on and off at your light switch.

The Kuprox A. C. Power Pack contains no moving parts, nothing to wear out or break down. It is a permanent addition to your set that will double your radio enjoyment. See the Kuprox A. C. Power Pack at your dealer's. You will find several models, some supplying filament current only, some plate current only, and several compact units that make the entire set A. C. In case you first desire more information we will be glad to send it to you if you will write for it.

Kuprox is being used by leading railroad, telephone and telegraph lines in voice, code and signal transmission. It is rapidly replacing many other forms of power units



Your dealer also has the new Kuprox Multi-rate Trickle Charger and the Kuprox Replacement Unit for eliminating the acid jar on all standard wet trickle chargers.

The KODEL ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
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KUPROX A.C. POWER PACK

FIVE YEARS OF GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 7

socialism I had already practiced the same anti-Masonic policy.*

In 1923, after negotiations carried on with unwavering constancy, I united Italian nationalism with Fascism. For a certain time an identical vision had been shared by these two organizations about everything that referred to the ends and aims of our national life. The political developments, however, led along separate paths. When victory was concluded, and when the better elements of nationalism already were collaborating with the new régime, the unification was more than a wise act, for it was also an act of political sincerity. Black Shirt and Blue Shirt—the latter was the uniform of the nationalists—united in a perfect chivalrous sentiment and political loyalty. This new and deep unity allowed us to enjoy and develop better auspices for a new future, worthy of that great Italy which had been prophesied, desired and finally created by nationalism and Fascism.

In April, 1923, in Turin, there assembled the national congress of the Popular Party. It was a verbose and academic meeting, not very different from other political congresses that for decades hypnotized Italian public life. They naturally discussed the policies of the Fascist régime for a long while and, after various divergencies, the majority of those assembled voted in favor of a position of middle ground, with an anti-Fascist leaning.

The Process of Clarification

Among the members of my ministry there were some of the Popular Party; they found themselves, after the meeting, in a difficult and delicate position. I naturally put before them the problem of weighing more or less their opportunity of staying in the Fascist Government under the new state of things created by the attitude of their party. There were some explanations. Differing opinions alternated, but in order to initiate that process of political clarification that I had foreseen as inevitable, I advised the members of the government who were of the Popular Party to leave their places so that they could avoid dissensions between their parliamentary group and the Fascist Party.

This process of clarification I had foreseen as soon as I went into power. The climate and altitude of Fascism were not adapted for all minds of that time. There were still many dissenters. Many people fed on the illusory hope that they would be able to influence and bend the methodical and straight courses laid out by Fascism. For this purpose I was approached by those who were skilled in twistings, turnings and slidings. Naturally, they always found me as resistant as flint.

For the first time, in 1923, our Labor Day passed without incidents; the people worked calmly, without regretting that old date that now had lost in Italy every meaning. Later on I wanted to get in touch with the public opinion of Italy and measure how deep Fascism had penetrated the masses.

First I went to Milan and to Romagna. Afterward I went to Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Sicily and Sardinia; finally I journeyed to Piacenza and Florence. I found everywhere warm, vibrant enthusiasm not only among my lieutenants and the Black Shirts but also among all of the Italian people. That people finally sensed that it had a government and a leader.

A New Opposition Campaign

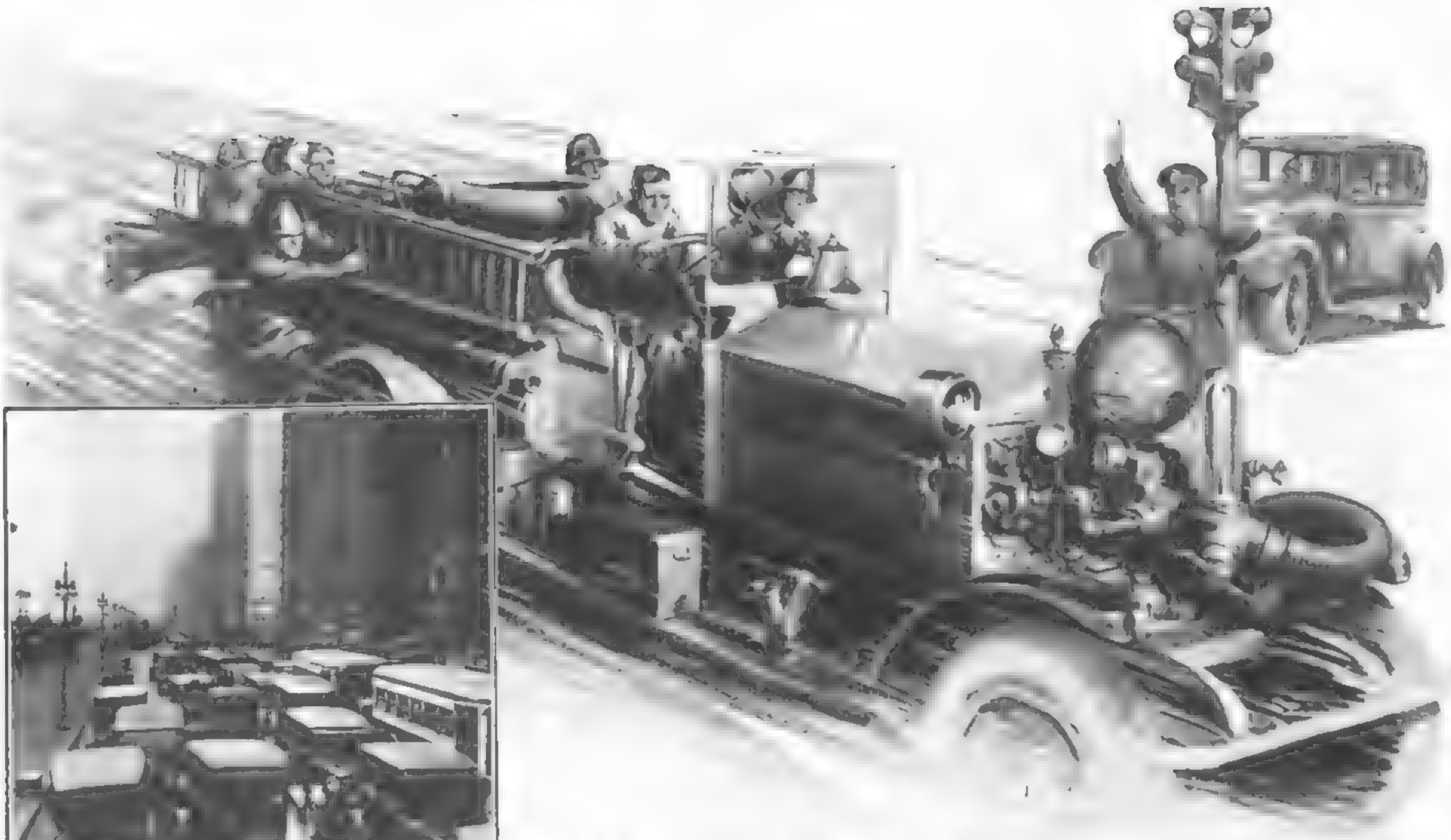
The Black Shirts, the makers of the revolution, hailed me as a leader with the same unchangeable enthusiasm they had shown when I was only the chief of the party and when I was developing that program of journalistic attack which had added so much to my popularity. The Italian temperament at times is much more adapted for faction than for action. But now my old comrades were just as near to me with their daily tasks and their regimented discipline. Their attitude not only made me proud but moved me deeply. I could not ignore this warm youth so full of ardor, and I was quite decided not to sacrifice it to the compromises with an old world destined to disappear. The population felt that it had recovered a real liberty; they had felt liberation from the continuous blackmails of parties which deluded the masses. They blessed my political work. And I was happy.

It was in this period that the campaign of the opposition opened again. Not being able to beat me on the field of conciliation and compromise, the opposing elements, led by the Corriere della Sera, began a series of depressing prophecies and calamity howling. They launched deceitful attacks and spun their polemic webs. I put into effect, however, a new electoral law, because I did not want to fall into the pitfalls of the old mistake of our proportional-representative system. I had alienated the Populars, the Democrats, and some of the Liberals. The reform of the school, about which I will speak more, had invited some hostilities.

Continued on Page 133)

*Editor's Note—Italian Masonry is not generally recognized by American Grand Lodges.

The Early Women Fascists

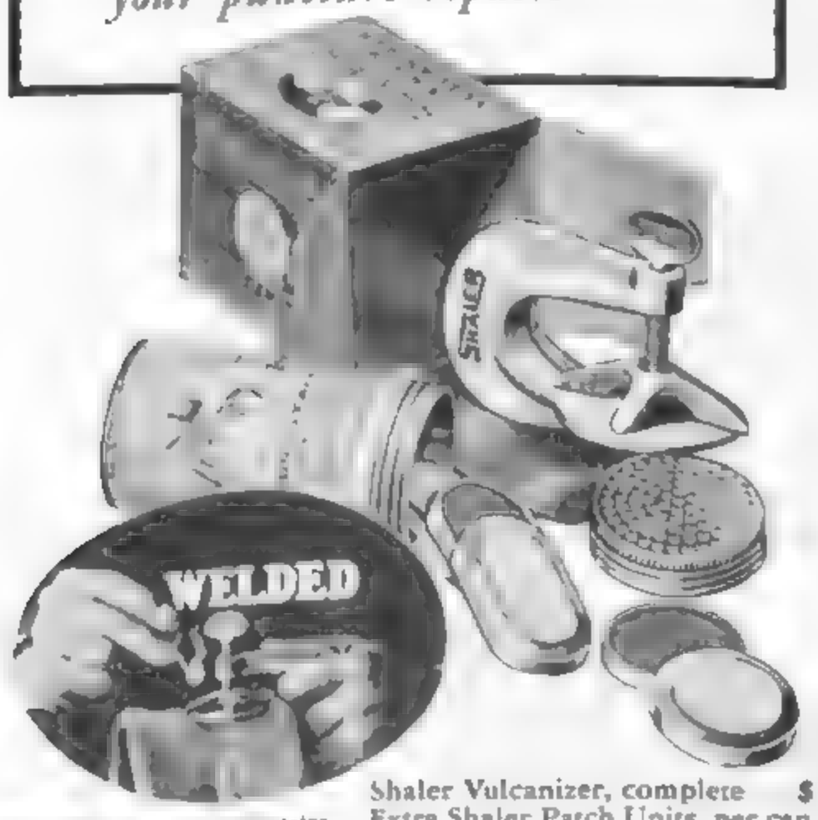


Due to the higher speeds at which all motorists drive today—on the open road or in the maze of city traffic—a blow-out is exceedingly dangerous. A front tire blow-out always sends a car careening off its course. If the driver is not unusually quick-witted, the car will escape control. This blow-out hazard can be avoided by proper tire care. Repairing each puncture with a Shaler Vulcanizer keeps inner tubes like new. Rubber is *welded* to rubber by heat—the way that assures an absolutely dependable patch.

Carry a Shaler in Your Car

The complete Shaler outfit—vulcanizer, tire roughener, and a liberal supply of both round and oblong patch units—costs less than *one* average tankful of gas. At this low cost you can't afford to be without the protection that only a Shaler Vulcanizer will give your tires and *yourself*

. . . . Be sure to ask repairmen, too, to Shaler Vulcanize your puncture repairs



Shaler Vulcanizer, complete $1.50
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CITY OF CHICAGO *W. J. Conigan*

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Typical of this sound caution which any motorist can well afford to remember is the rule regarding tire care so widely observed by fire departments—*"all puncture repairs must be vulcanized"*.

Fire departments insist on *vulcanized* puncture repairs because they fully know the need for sound tires for fast driving. A blow-out on any fast moving car can wrench the steering wheel from a driver's hands.

Vulcanizing puncture repairs will guard your travel from the dangers of blow-outs—keeping your tires like new. Each patch is *heat-welded* in place, a permanent, trustworthy repair.

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Nature made this one oil of different materials—gave it qualities no other oils possess—gave it a far greater ability to resist heat. That's why experts call Pennsylvania, "The highest grade crude oil in the world". That's why motor oil refined from this crude oil is the finest motor lubricant money can buy

Because of its Nature-given advantages, Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil does not "break down" rapidly under the sustained heat of a motor—it stands up! Under normal conditions, it gives at least 1,000 miles of super-lubrication to a filling—and many more miles with an oil filter. Merely maintain the oil level. Pure Pennsylvania effects a better piston seal, too, gives greater power, reduces dilution, lowers gasoline consumption.

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Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oils."
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Look for this emblem . . . . it identifies Nature's favorite among motor oils

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

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(Continued from Page 130

Meanwhile we had anti-Fascist assaults and ambushes. This was a stormy year. It must be regarded as a period of settling and one of difficulty. I had to keep Fascism from internal crises, often provoked by intrigue and trickery. I succeeded in this by being always inexorably against those who thought they could create disturbances and frictions in the party itself. Fascism is a unit; it cannot have varying tendencies and trends, as it cannot have two leaders on any one level of organization. There is a hierarchy; the foundation is the Black Shirts and on the summit the chief, who is only one.

That is one of the first causes of my strength; all the dissolutions in our political parties were always born, not from ideal reasons but from personal ambitions, from false preconceptions or from corruption, or from mysterious, oblique and hidden forces. I took account of all this. I resolved not to yield a hairbreadth. When the more urgent legislative problems were settled by Parliament, I decided to dissolve the Chamber, and after having obtained extension of full powers I announced elections for April 6, 1924.

This signal for elections was sufficient to calm political agitation of dubious character. All the parties began their stock-taking and revision of their forces. All got ready to have the greatest number of votes and to send to the Chamber the greatest possible number of representatives.

Election may be considered a childish play in which the most important part is played by the elected ones. The "honorables," to be able to become so, do not neglect any element of contortion, of demagogy and compromise. Fascism did not want to submit to the usual forms of that silly farce. We decided to create a large national list on which places had to be found not only for known, tried and faithful custodians and trustees of Fascism but also for those who in the active national life had been able to uphold the dignity of their country. Fascism by this policy gave full proof of great political wisdom and probity. It even tolerated men of opposing or doubtful position because they could serve. In the national list were included ex-presidents of the Council, as Orlando, and of the Chamber, as De Nicola; but the fulcrum of the list was made up of new elements. In fact, it was composed by two hundred veterans, ten gold medals, one hundred and fourteen silver medals, ninety-eight bronze medals, eighty mutilated and war invalids, thirty-four volunteers. Such a list was constituted in its majority from the aristocracy of the war and the victory.

A Victory at the Polls

The Socialists, divided from the communists, sharpened their weapons, and so did the Populars. But from the ballot boxes of April sixth, there overflowed a full, irrevocable, decisive victory for the National list. It obtained five million votes against two million represented by all the other lists put together. My policy and our régime were supported by the people. I then could be indulgent toward our adversaries without trying to press them harder, as I could have done.

I directed that political battle staying in Milan. I gave no great importance to the electoral struggle because of its results, but it interested me because of the consent and the enthusiasm which, in every Italian city, were already given to the national Fascist list. This indorsement of the people encouraged my thesis and my governmental work. Having gone back to Rome, I was received as a returning victor, and from the balcony of the Palazzo Chigi, while I saluted the people and the city of Rome, I congratulated the new and greater Italy, where men of good faith were all in harmony.

This was my synthesis: Let parties die and the country be saved.

On May twenty-fourth, with unusual solemnity, came the opening of the twenty-seventh Legislature. His Majesty the King made a very impressive speech. The hall had the appearance of a great occasion. For petty political reasons the elements which denied the country and belittled Italian life determined to stay away. The inauguration of the twenty-seventh Legislature, however, did not miss anything in its fullness and moral value. Particularly well received were the veterans, some of whom were very much decorated. Now there stirred in that old Chamber, used to mean petty political intrigues, a breath of new life; there was present a heroic sense of the new soul of Italy and of a living aspiration for greatness.

All these things irritated the Socialists They in their hearts had hated the war, had humiliated our victory. The old parliamentary world could not adjust itself to this magnificent gathering of youth. The congenital cowardliness of Montecitorio, the seat of Parliament, would certainly not give homage to the bravery symbolized by golden medals!

The deep dissension between the new and the old Italy was again drawn at Montecitorio. This dissension persisted in the parliamentary atmosphere, even after it had been beaten and overcome by Fascism in the places and streets of Italy, and in the hearts of a nation. In the historical meeting of May 24, 1924, that sad antithesis had to have its epilogue. Not by mere chance had I chosen the precise date of our entrance into the war.

In Search of Peace

There began after some days the usual parliamentary discussions. The seating of new deputies roused violent diatribes. The Socialists who were absent from the ceremony of May twenty-fourth had taken again their place of combat. The atmosphere was incandescent. I knew it would be necessary to give a different tune to all our political life, especially to parliamentary life. There was no use in having illusions about that. With very great patience I succeeded in appeasing the first tumultuous meetings. To elevate the plane of the discussion nothing was more effective than a speech, spoken on June sixth by the blind veteran, Carlo Delcroix. On June seventh I answered exhaustively all the opponents. I denounced their maneuvers. I remember that I admonished all, in the name of Fascist martyrdom and in the name of the peace of souls, to attend solely to productive activities. I added: "We feel that we represent the Italian people and we declare that we have the right to scatter to the winds the ashes of your spites and our spites, so that we may feed with powerful lymph, in the course of years and centuries, the venerable and intangible body of the country."

I felt the necessity to make in Parliament a high invocation for calm, for a sense of balance and justice. I was animated by a deep and sincere desire for peace. But the success of my words was only apparent; in the ardors of parliamentary political struggle, there happened scenes unworthy of any assembly.

The Socialists had been hit on the most sensitive spots; they had been slammed against reality. They were circumscribed in number, amazed by the rush of Italian youth, dismayed by the new directions events were taking. All the new political realism met with full antagonism all their leanings; they were beaten and they felt it. In such a situation the Socialists wanted to squeeze out the ways of last resort to avoid surrender, at least, in Parliament.

Skillful and astute in every political art, they protracted without end all the provocations they could devise. It was a game deliberately played to destroy and tear down. In this subtle work of exasperation above all, Matteotti, the deputy, distinguished himself. He was a Socialist from the province of Rovigo, tenacious in his arrogant spirit of political dissolution. As a Socialist he hated war. In this attitude he reached an absurdity, even beyond the limits reached by any other Socialist. In

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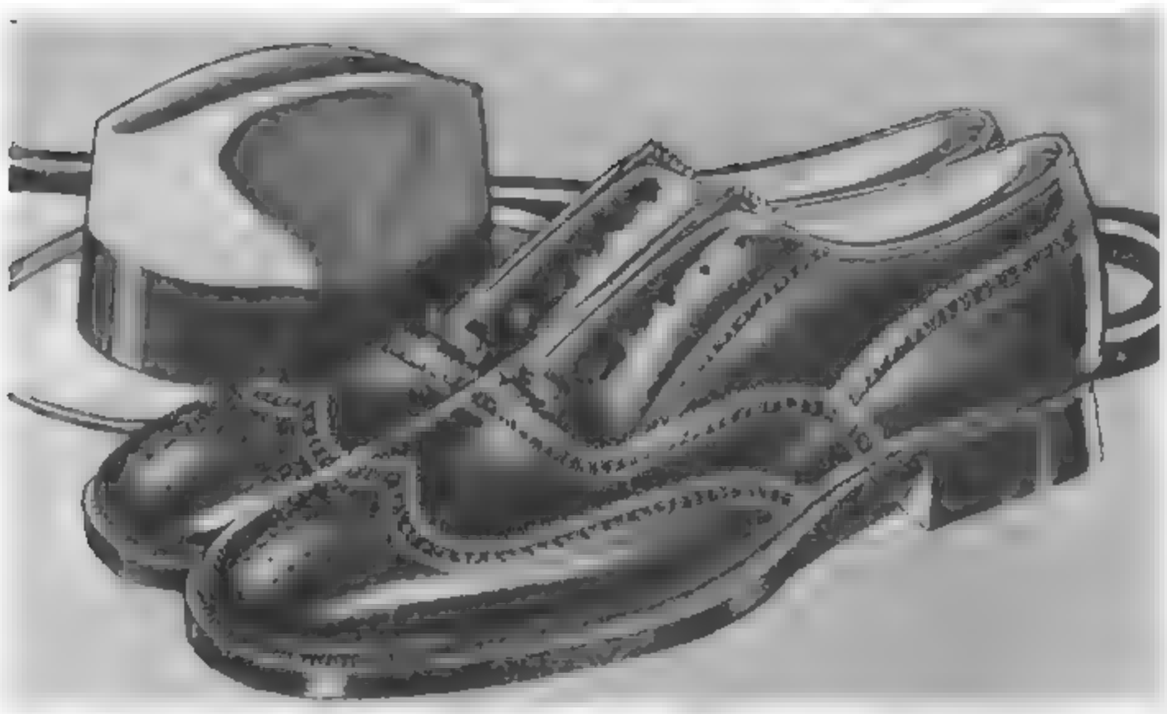

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the tragic period after the defeat at Caporetto, he had been against our Venetian refugees. Matteotti denied a shelter for those unhappy people who fled from the lands then invaded by the enemy, and where the Austrians were committing every sort of violence. He said they should remain under Austrian domination!

Now to this parliamentary polemic battle he brought his whole bag of conceptions and devices. Being a millionaire, he considered Socialism as a mere parliamentary formula. It was to be remembered, though, that he was an ardent fighter, able to irritate his adversaries in the whirlwind of the struggle, but he was far from being able to imperil seriously the assembly and still such a party as the Fascist. Matteotti was not a leader. In that same Socialist Party there were elements who surpassed him in debate, in talent and in coherence. In his electoral districts he had had violent fights with the Fascists and at the Chamber he had at once revealed himself as the most zealous and pugnacious opponent.

One day Matteotti disappeared from Rome. Immediately it was whispered that a political crime had been committed. The Socialists were looking for a martyr who might be of use for their oratory, and at once, before anything definite could possibly be known, they accused Fascism. By my orders we began the most anxious and complete investigations. The government was decided to act with the greatest energy, not only for reasons of justice but also to stop, from the first moment, the spreading of any kind of calumny. I threw the Prefect and Police Chief of Rome, the Secretary of the Interior, Finzi, and the chief of the press office, Cesare Rossi, into the labor of clearing the mystery. The work of the police for the discovery of the guilty persons was ordered without stint. Very soon it was possible to identify the guilty. They were of high station. They came from the Fascist group, but they were completely outside our responsible elements.

The sternest proceedings were taken against them without limit or reservation. Severe measures were applied—so severe indeed that for some they turned out to be excesive.

The suspected were arrested at once. Among the responsible elements, those who had had relations with the guilty ones, merely because they were under suspicion, retired, though innocent, from public life. Not a thread of restraint was given to the authorities, the police and the courts.

All this should have stilled the storm.

No Game of Love

On the contrary. This dramatic episode was destined to disturb the austere serenity that I had imposed for myself and for everyone in the general policy of the country. Though we were still living in an incandescant atmosphere of passion, of polemics and violent battles, it seemed hardly possible that only a few days after the opening of the Twenty-seventh Legislature a group of men of position could carry out an enterprise which, commenced as a jest, had to conclude in a tragedy. I always have had harsh and severe words for what happened. But in the face of the faithful and energetic behavior of the central government, there now burst out an offensive without comparison against Fascism and against its leader. The opposition at the Chamber gave the first signal of attack in great style. I perceived and foresaw immediately the ignoble game which started, not from any love for the poor victim but solely from hate for Fascism. I was not surprised. At the Chamber, when already weak men were hesitating, I said:

"If the question is to lament, if the question is to condemn, if the question is to regret the victim, if the question is to proceed on our inquiry of all the guilty and those responsible we here repeat that this will be done calmly and inexorably. But if from this very sad happening one would draw argument, not for a wider reconciliation of all men on the basis of an accepted and recognized need of national concord; but if anyone would try to stage upon this tragedy a show of selfish political character to attack the government, it must be known that the government will defend itself at any cost. The government, having an undisturbed conscience and being sure of having already fulfilled its duty and being willing to do it in the future, will adopt the necessary means to crush that trick which, instead of leading to the harmony of Italians, would trouble them with the deepest dissensions and passions."

These words did not penetrate the minds already hardened. And there happened exactly what I had foreseen: the opposition threw themselves on the corpse of Matteotti to poison the political life of Italy and cast calumnies on Fascism both in Italy and abroad.

An Anti-Fascist Symbol

The development of the Italian public life from June till December, 1924, gave a spectacle absolutely unparalleled in the political struggle of any other country. It was a shame and a mark of infamy which would dishonor any political group. The press, the meetings, the subversive and anti-Fascist parties of any quality, the false intellectuals, the defeated candidates, the brain-soft cowards, the rabble, the parasites, threw themselves like ravens on a corpse. The arrest of the guilty was not enough. The discovery of the corpse and the sworn verification of surgeons which stated that the death was not due to a crime but was produced by trauma was not enough.

Instead, the discovery of the corpse in a hedge near Rome, called the Quartarella, unstopped an orgiastic research of details, which is remembered by us with the ignominious name of "Quartarellismo."

On the Matteotti tragedy there were built fortunes; they speculated on portraits, on medals, on commemorative dates, on electric signs; a subscription was opened by subversive newspapers, and even now the accounts are still open.

The opposition parties and their representatives at the Chamber retired from Montecitorio, and they threatened not to participate further in legislative work; to this movement and to those who accepted it was given, for an illusory analogy with the well-known event of Roman history, the name of Aventino. But the Aventino group was reduced to a grotesque parody, in which hate and nakedness of power now reunited men of the most different political complexions. They went all the way from Socialists to Liberals, from Democrat-Masons to Populars. Clandestine meetings were held. They abused in every way the liberty of the press and of assembly, to destroy Italian life. Fanatical elements waited hour by hour for Fascism to be overthrown. On the background of this ignoble dramatic farce there stood out the figure of Senator Albertini, the happy owner of a newspaper. This one wanted to scrape in the garbage, listen to all the dirty rogues, collect the most mendacious pamphlets, trying to hit at me and at Fascism somehow, sometime, somewhere.

I did not have a moment of doubt or discouragement. I knew the attitudes, postures and poses of these adversaries. I knew they would have ignobly used the corpse of the Socialist deputy to make of it, if they could, an anti-Fascist symbol and flag. But their ghoulish politics passed my imagination. Besides these speculators, there were the timid and flabby fringes of Fascism. They let themselves be wheedled by the political atmosphere. They did not perceive that an episode is not the stuff of which history should be made. In the name of a so-called sentimental morality, they wanted to kill a great moral and political probity and knife the welfare of an entire nation.

There were also in this circumstance many repented Magdalenes, and many—drawn by the sad habit of many Italians to

(Continued on Page 137)

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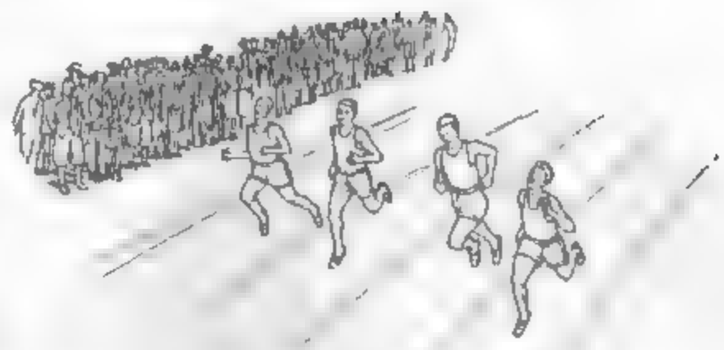

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1. It is Dunlop's policy to make consistently *better* tires.
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DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 134)

consider as pure gold the acts and the work of any oppositions—hid their Fascist insignia and, trembling, they abandoned the Fascist nation, already made red-hot by a thousand attacks and counter-attacks of the adversaries.

We were going back into the depths of a revolutionary period, with all the excesses of such abnormal times, with spites, troubles, explosions. An atmosphere was formed in which many magistrates could certainly not give equitable and faultless judgments. Various parties beyond the borders gave help to the Socialists at home. It was then clear how anti-Fascism was still abroad in some international zones where democracy, socialism and liberalism had consolidated their weight of patronage, blackmail and parasitism.

All this could have given for a moment, in some political atmospheres, the illusion that the government had weakened. In December, 1924, at the end of that painful three months, some calculated the days of life of our ministry! A great hope sprang up in the hearts of the politically hungry. There was in fact a miserable maneuver on the part of the three former presidents of the Council; they were able to delude themselves and others. But these professional political men have so little practical sense that they could not understand that it would have been enough for me with one breath to give an order to the Black Shirts to overturn once for all their fancies and dreams.

The swelled frogs waited for their triumph. The corrupt press gave the maximum of publicity to the calumnies, to incitation to commit crimes and to spread defamation. The crown, supreme element of equilibrium, was violently menaced with blackmail and worse. As ever, there were adventurers who wanted to speculate on any turn in the tide of events to create again for themselves a political rebirth. This base and pernicious crew I, for my part, have always eliminated from the sphere of activity and position controlled by me.

As if all this were not enough, in that dark December of 1924, to complete the picture, Cesare Rossi, the former chief of the press office, tried a rascally trick. This man, cast out from Fascism because implicated in the Matteotti affair, prepared a memorial which was a tissue of lies and libels. He aimed at involving the régime in guilt, and consequently me. Everything that had happened or was happening in Italy he endeavored to put on my doorstep.

This memorial, written by such a man, pretended to present a "moral indictment" against me. But in that field I cannot be attacked; every attempt of this sort is empty. I was informed beforehand of the plot that Rossi was going to attempt; I knew the contents of his memorial and the day in which it was to be printed in the papers of the opposition. I put an end to the miserable maneuver. I published the memorial in a friendly paper; in this way I indicated that I gave no value to it. It was a jest and a delusion. The theatrical stroke fell on emptiness; the bubble swelled by slanders flattened like a pricked balloon.

"Hands in the Pockets!"

The contemptible game lasted six months. The weak consciences had sunk under the surface, the singers of the doleful tunes felt their throats parched. The speculators were now disgusted by themselves. In that period a former minister, decorated with the Collare dell'Annunziata, the highest order of Italy's sovereign, aligned himself with the cult of republicanism and with the worst elements of the Socialists!

I held firmly in my hand during this period the Fascist Party. I curbed the impulses of some Fascists who wanted violent reprisals with a clear order: "Hands in the pockets!" I am the only one that must have his hands free. However, in Florence and Bologna there happened some episodes of extreme violence. I understood then that it was time to speak and act.

In all that time I credit myself with the fact that I never lost my calm or my sense of balance and justice. Because of serene judgment that I endeavor to summon for every act of mine, I ordered the guilty to be arrested. I desired justice to follow its unwavering course. Now I had fulfilled my task and my duty as a just man. So I now could have against the adversaries my own game, in the open.

When there was menace of a general strike in the province of Rome, I ordered the Florentine legions of the militia to parade in the streets of the capital. The armed militia, with its war songs, is an element of great persuasion. It is an argument.

In September, 1924, I had visited the most intense zones of the Tuscan Fascism; I went among the strong populations of the Amiata, among the workers and peasants, among the miners of the province of Siena. On that occasion, while opponents awaited my fall hour by hour—and that was also the secret hope of many enemies beyond the borders—I said to the Fascists an audacious sentence which sounded as an affirmation of strength and victory.

"Of our adversaries," I said, "we will make a litter for the Black Shirts."

Self-Accusation

The opposition press made a great fuss about these words, but their chattering had no importance. That became clear on January 3, 1925. That day, in the Parliament, while Rome was already full of the exiled from the provinces and those who tremblingly expected the conclusion of the political struggle, I made this speech, which certainly was not lacking in reserve:

"Gentlemen: The speech I am going to make before you might not be classified as a parliamentary speech. It might be possible that at the end some of you will find that this speech is fastened, even though a space of time has elapsed, to the one I pronounced in this same hall on November sixteenth. Such a speech can lead, but it cannot lead to a political vote. In any case, let it be known that I am not looking for this vote. I do not want it: I have had plenty. Article 47 of the Statute says: 'The Chamber of the Deputies has the right to accuse the ministers of the king and to bring them to face the High Court of Justice.' I formally ask if in this Chamber, or outside, there is anyone who wants to make use of Article 47. My speech will then be very clear; it will bring about an absolute clarification. You can understand this. After having for a long time marched with comrades to whom our gratitude always will go for what they have done, it is good sense to stop to consider whether the same route with the same companions could be followed in the future.

"Gentlemen, I am the one who brings forth in this hall the accusations against me.

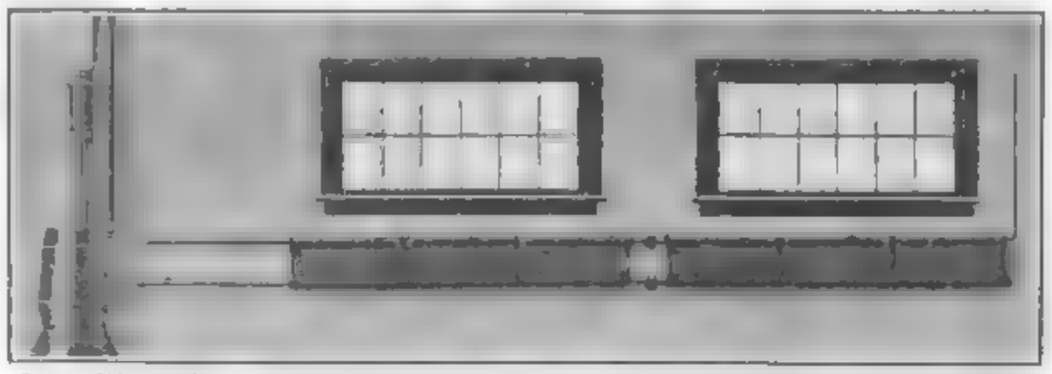
"It has been said that I would have founded a Cheka.

"Where? When? In what way? Nobody is able to say. Russia has executed without trial from one hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand people, as statistics, almost official, show. There has been a Cheka in Russia which has exercised terror systematically on all the middle classes and on the individual members of that class, a Cheka which said it was the red sword of revolution. But an Italian Cheka never had a shadow of existence.

"Nobody has ever denied that I had in my possession these three qualities: A discreet intelligence, a lot of courage and an utter contempt for the lure of money.

"If I had founded a Cheka, I would have done it following the reasoning that I have always used to defend one kind of violence that never can be eliminated from history.

"I have always said, and now those who always followed me in these five years of



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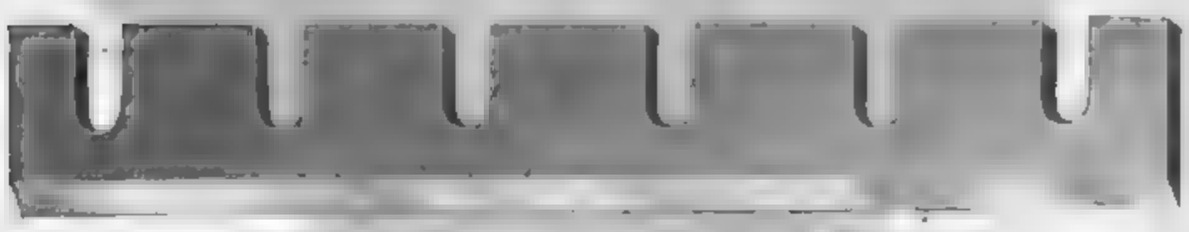

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hard struggle can remember it, that violence, to be worth while in settling anything, must be surgical, intelligent and chivalrous. Now all the exploits of any so-called Cheka have always been unintelligent, passionate and stupid.

"Can you really think that I could order—on the day following the anniversary of Christ's birth, when all saintly spirits are hovering here—can you think that I could order an assault at ten o'clock in the morning in Via Francesco Crispi, in Rome, after the most conciliatory speech that I ever made during my government?

"Please do not think me such an idiot. Would I have planned with the same lack of intelligence the minor assaults against Misuri and Forni? You certainly remember my speech of June seventh. It might be easy for you to go back to that week of ardent political passion, when in this hall minority and majority clashed every day; so much so that some persons despaired to be able to reestablish those necessary terms for political and civil coöperation most necessary between the opposite parties at the Chamber. There were the shuttles of violent speeches flying from one side to the other.

Finally, on June sixth, Delcroix broke with his lyric speech, full of life and passion, that storm-charged tension

"The next day I spoke to clear the atmosphere. I said to the opposition, 'I recognize your ideal rights, your contingent rights. You might surpass Fascism with your experience; you may put under immediate criticism all the measures of the Fascist Government.'

"I remember and I have still in my eyes the vision of this part of the Chamber, where all were attentive and felt that I had spoken deep, living words, and that I had stabilized the terms of that necessary living together, without which it is not possible to continue even the existence of any political assembly.

"How could I, after a success—let me say that without false or ridiculous modesty—after a success so clamorous that it was admitted by all the Chamber, opposition included, because of which the Chamber opened again the next Wednesday in a good atmosphere—how could I think, without being struck with mad extravagance, to order—I wouldn't say a murder—but even the slightest, the most petty offense against that very adversary that I esteemed because he had a certain courage which looked like my courage, and an obstinacy which appeared like my obstinacy in sustaining a thesis?"

Gestures of Energy

"They have the mind of crickets who pretend that I was making only cynical gestures on that occasion. Such gestures are the last to be tolerated by me: they are repugnant to the depth of my conscience. So, also, I feel strongly against show of strength.

"What strength? Against whom? With what aim? When I think about that, gentlemen, I remember those strategists who, during the war, while we were eating in the trenches, made strategy with little pins on the maps. But when the problem is to get something done at the place of command and responsibility, things are seen under another light and make a different appearance. And yet on enough occasions I have proved my energy. I have usually not failed to meet events.

"I have settled in six hours a revolt of the Royal Guards. In a few days I have broken an insidious revolt. In forty-eight hours I brought a division of infantry and half of the fleet to Corfu. These gestures of energy—and the last one amazed even one of the greatest generals of a friendly nation—are here to demonstrate that it is not energy that fails me.

"The death punishment? But this is a joke, gentlemen. First of all, the death punishment must be introduced in the penal code and, anyhow, capital punishment cannot be the reprisal of a government.

"It must be applied with a regulated—better say very regulated judgment when the question is the life of a citizen. It was at the end of that month which is carved deeply in my life that I said: 'I want peace for the Italian people and I want to stabilize the normality of political life.'

"What was answered to this policy of mine? First of all the secession of the Aventino—anticonstitutional secession, clearly revolutionary. Then with a campaign of the press which lasted during the months of June, July and August—a dirty, miserable campaign which dishonored us for three months. The most fantastic, the most terrifying, the most frightful lies were affirmed extensively in the press.

"Investigations were also made on what happened underground; they invented things, they knew they were lying, but it was done all the same! I have always been peaceful and calm amid the storm. That storm will be remembered by those who will come after us with a sense of intimate shame. On September the eleventh somebody wanted to avenge a killing and shot one of our best men, who died poor. He had sixty lire in his pocket. However, I continue in my effort to normalize. I repress illegalities. I state the bare truth when I say that even now in our jails there are hundreds and hundreds of Fascists.

"It is the bare truth when I recall that I reopened the Parliament on the fixed date and that there were discussed, with not less regularity, almost all the budgets."

Where Responsibility Rests

"It is the bare truth that the oath you know is taken by the militia and that the nomination of all the generals for all the commands of zone is conducted as it is.

"Finally was presented a question which raised our passions—the question for authorization as to the resignation of Giunta. The Chamber was excited. I understood the sense of that revolt; however, after forty-eight hours I used my prestige and my influence. To a riotous and reluctant assembly I said 'Accept the resignation,' and the resignation was accepted.

"But this was not enough: I made a last effort to create normal conditions—the plan of the electoral reform. How was that answered? It was answered with an accentuation of the campaign and by the assertion, 'Fascism is a horde of barbarians camped on the nation, and a movement of bandits and marauders.' Now they stage, gentlemen, the moral question! We know the sad history of moral questions in Italy.

"But after all, sirs, what butterflies are we looking for under the Arch of Titus? Well, I declare here in front of this assembly, in front of all the Italian people, that I assume—I alone—the political, moral, historical responsibility about everything that has happened. If sentences, more or less maimed, are enough to hang a man, out with the noose! If Fascism has only been castor oil or club, and not a proud passion of the best Italian youth, the blame is on me!

"If Fascism has been a criminal association, if all the violences have been the result of a determined historical, political, moral delinquency, the responsibility of this is on me, because I have created it with my propaganda from the time of our intervention in the war to this moment.

"In these last days not only the Fascists but many citizens ask themselves: 'Is there a government? Have these men a dignity as men? Have they dignity also as government?' I have wanted to reach this determined, extreme point. My experience of the life of these six months is rich. I have tried the Fascist Party. As to try the temper of some metals it is necessary to hit them with a hammer, so I have felt the temper of certain men. I have seen their value or for what reasons, at some moment when the wind seems contrary, they turn around the corner. I have tested myself. And be sure that I would not have persisted in measures if they had not been for the interests of the nation.

(Continued on Page 141)

CONFIDENCE!

¶ With what confidence seamen sail their ships into unfamiliar seas in all sorts of weather! For with the compass they can follow a charted course every hour of the day. ¶ With like confidence Kolster owners reach out for whatever is broadcast. For Kolster Radio Sets are made by the makers of the famous Kolster Radio Compass, with which most of the great ocean-going vessels are equipped; and exactly the same precision in manufacturing methods employed in making the radio compass has made Kolster one of the really great sets of today. "*It's a fine set*", is the popular comment heard wherever you go.

Pictured above is Kolster Receiver, Model K20, and Kolster Magnetic Reproducer, Model K6. Six tubes, single control, illuminated dial. Operated from any convenience light socket. Model K20 (less tubes), $135. The magnetic reproducer, Model K6, $35. (Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains.)

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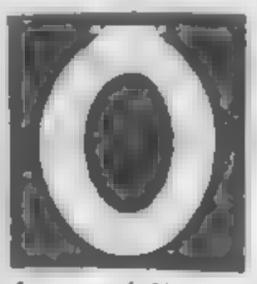
Scientifically designed to protect your health.

The Cream of America's Plumbers are now installing the improved MADERA

WHEN the Nation's Master Plumbers declare almost unanimously for a certain toilet, the extreme importance of its superiority is beyond doubt.

The plumber is above all a sanitary expert. It is his ideal to supply a complete and perfect means for the disposal of dangerous poisons.

Ordinary seat—small opening



Improved Madera seat—large opening

The shortcomings of the old-type water closet have always been a problem to him, as well as to the fastidious home owner.

The best plumbers in the country are now strongly recommending the Improved Madera toilet. These are their reasons:—

Its flushing is so powerful and its trapway so large that disposal is positive and complete, *even of the modern sanitary pad.*

Yet flushing is so quiet that it cannot be heard beyond the bathroom door.

Instead of the ordinary small, cramped, unsanitary seat which discourages regularity and complete elimination, the Improved Madera has a long seat with a long hygienic opening. It is clean and comfortable, inducing the greatest ease in this important physical function.

The entire bowl-surface beneath the long seat opening is covered with water—no easy-to-soil, hard-to-clean dry surfaces there.

The bowl and tank are of Durock, the finest and hardest vitreous china. Durock never develops those little criss-cross cracks to retain poisons and to breed dangerous bacteria. Its glassy surface absorbs nothing, and can always be cleaned *white,* simply by wiping.

The fittings are the best made. They are quiet and do not get out of order.

The price of the Improved Madera is only $85. The installation cost is no more than for an ordinary water closet. *And because it needs no replacement or repairs, the final cost is actually less.*

Be sure to ask your plumber to show you the Improved Madera.

See, too, Maddock's famous Madbury Lavatory, also made of Durock. A wash basin which will never chip nor scratch.

Because of the glass-hard, impenetrable surface of Durock, the Madbury cannot be stained, even by iodine, and can always be kept spotlessly clean, merely with a damp cloth.

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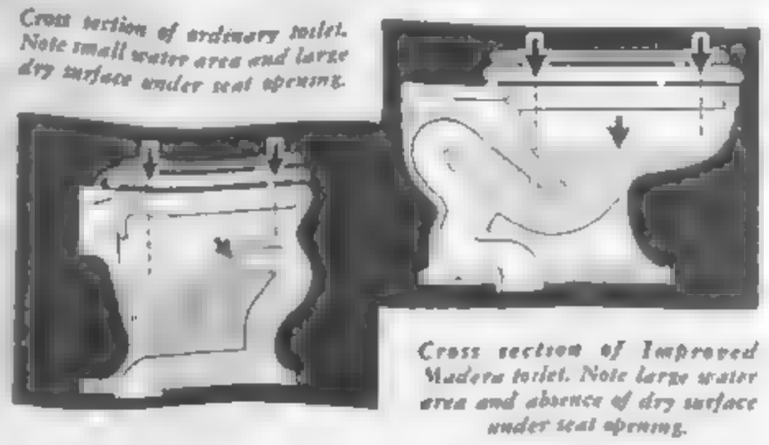


Cross section of ordinary toilet. Note small water area and large dry surface under seat opening.

Cross section of Improved Madera toilet. Note large water area and absence of dry surface under seat opening.

MADDOCK'S *improved* MADERA

(Continued from Page 138

A people does not respect a government which allows itself to be scorned. The people want to see reflected their own dignity in a government, and the people, even before I said it, said 'Enough! The measure is filled!'

"And why was it filled? Because the revolt of the Aventino has a republican background.

"This sedition of the Aventino has had consequences, because now in Italy whoever is a Fascist risks his life! In the two months of November and December eleven Fascists were killed. One had his head crushed and another one, an old man, seventy-three years old, was killed and thrown from a high wall. Three fires happened in one month—three mysterious fires on the railroads, one in Rome, the other in Parma and the third one in Florence. Then came a subversive movement everywhere:

"A chief of a squad of the militia severely wounded by subversives.

"A fight between Carabinieri and subversives in Genzano.

"An attempted attack against the seat of the Fascists in Tarquinia.

"A man wounded by subversives in Verona.

"A soldier of the militia wounded in the province of Cremona.

"Fascists wounded by subversives in Forli

"Communist ambush in San Giorgio di Pesaro.

"Subversives who sing the Red Flag and attack Fascists in Monzambano.

"In the three days of this January, 1925, and in only one zone, there happened incidents in Mestre, Pionca, Valombra; fifty subversives, armed with rifles, stroll through the country singing the Red Flag, and explode petards. In Venice, the militiaman, Pascal Mario, was attacked and wounded. In Cavaso di Treviso another Fascist was hurt. In Crespano, the headquarters of the Carabinieri were invaded by about twenty frantic women, a chief of a detachment of militia attacked and thrown into the water. In Favara di Venezia, Fascists attacked by subversives.

"I bring your attention to these matters because they are symptoms. The express train No. 192 was stoned by subversives who broke the windows.

"In Moduno di Livenza a chief of the squad was attacked and beaten. You can see by this situation that the sedition of the Aventino has had deep repercussion in the whole country. And then comes the struggle in which one says: Enough! When two elements are struggling, the solution lies in the measure of strength. There never was any other solution in history, and never will be.

"Now I dare to say that the problem will be solved. Fascism, the government, the party is in full efficiency. Gentlemen, you have deceived yourselves! You thought that Fascism was ended because I was restraining it, that the party was dead because I was holding it back. If I should use a hundredth part of the energy that I used to compress the Fascists, to loosen them—oh, you should see; for then ——

"But there will be no need of that, because the government is strong enough to break fully and finally this revolt of the Aventino."

A New Ministry

"Italy, gentlemen, wants peace, wants quiet, wants labor, wants calm; we will give it with love, if that be possible, or with strength, if that be necessary.

"You can be sure that in the forty-eight hours following this speech the situation will be clarified in every corner. We all know that it is not a personal fancy, not lust of government, not base passion, but only infinite and powerful love for my country."

These words restrained till then, together with my disdain and my force of expression, awoke suddenly Fascist Italy. The situation, as I had foreseen, was clarified in forty-eight hours. The papers of the opposition—that till then had been full of envy, hate and defamatory attacks—began to slink into their holes again. A new situation full of power and responsibility was developing. Fascism had now all the attributes—after the long Quartarellista parenthesis—to be able to march onward and to govern by itself.

It was on that occasion that the Liberal Ministers Sarocchi and Casati, and also the Minister Oviglio, a tepid Fascist, asked to resign from the ministry. I replaced them with three Fascist ministers. We were coming back by the strength of the events to the historical origins of our movement, to pure irreconcilableness.

Fascism, after my words full of my faith and my willingness to have audacity, was coming back to its warrior soul. Immediately all who were out of Fascism wanted to participate in our movement, but not to load too much on our party the membership lists were closed.

Victory was complete. The maneuver of the former premiers definitely failed and became ridiculous, just as did other artificial structures attempted about that time. One was a movement inspired by Benelli, under the name of the Italian League, to create secessions from Fascism, and another an underhand maneuver of some short-weight grandchildren of Garibaldi.

For Public Safety

At the end of January, 1925, the Aventino, with all our opponents, appeared destroyed, torn to pieces by a thousand internal discords and differences. I was winner again on the whole front and I was getting ready to channel the Fascist revolution into institutions and into constitutional forms.

On October 28, 1924, the national militia, which represents the best of Fascism and which has always been my beloved creation, had sworn loyalty to the king. Now it was necessary to bring up to date the Constitution of 1848 and to create new representative institutions worthy of the new Italy.

With this aim I brought about the nomination of a commission of eighteen experts on statecraft. I charged them with the preparation of proposals of reforms to be presented to our legislative organs.

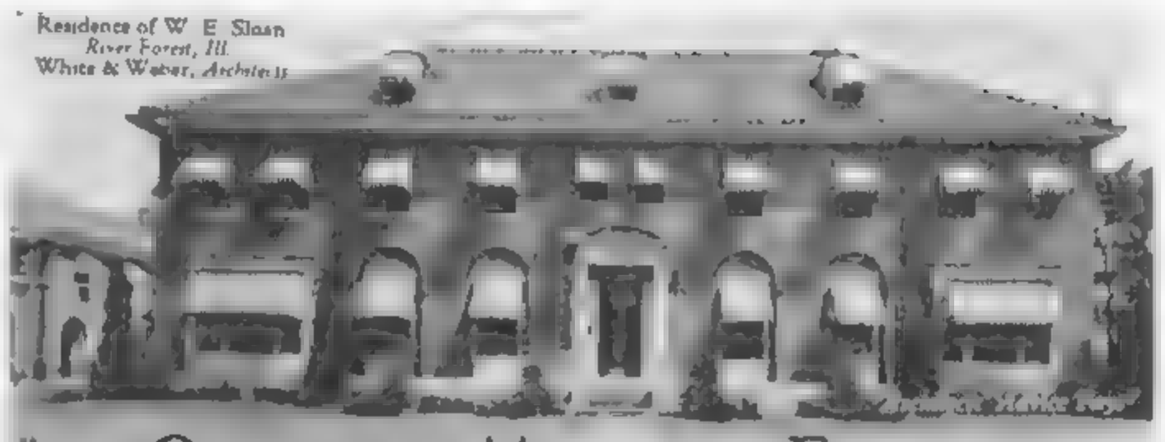
The commission was then called Commission of the Solons. It concluded its work after a certain time, suggesting some improvements for the old Constitution and the creation of new institutions. I afterward used the proposed recommendations as a base. The commission at the time did not lay down the definite lines, but it contributed to the reforms that later on I began to see growing clearer, and which were approved by the two branches of the national Parliament.

A law against secret societies was voted; so was given legal sanction to the struggle maintained by Fascism against Masonry. In fact, in 1925 it was ridiculous to think that there should exist societies authorized to perform a clandestine public action, outside the control of the person who has the supreme direction of public affairs and beyond the control of all who fulfill any function of the law.

A secret political society in modern, contemporary life is a piece of nonsense, when it is not a menace. I settled it that all associations should be known in their aims, in their formations, membership and developments.

It was at that time that Federzoni, then Minister of the Interior, prepared with my full approval the new law on public safety. Then we intrusted the communes to the *podestas*, drawing them away from the old electoral patronages, which were not convenient any longer to our time and our temper. The Governorship of Rome was instituted and there began, because I had so made up my mind, an inexorable fight against the Mafia in Sicily, the bandits in Sardinia, and against some other less known forms of crime which had humiliated entire regions.

In February, 1925, I fell desperately ill. For obvious reasons, and perhaps because of exaggerated apprehension, there never



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was given any exact account of my condition and of my illness. I admit that the situation was in a certain way very grave. For forty days I could not come out of the house. My enemies now put their great hope on the illusion, revived by their desire, that my end was near. The Fascisti, because of my silence and the contradictory news that circulated, were very troubled. Never, so much as then, did I understand that I was indispensable to my men, to my devoted people, to all the great streams of Italian people. I had lively, vibrating and moving manifestations of solidarity, of devotion, of good will. The Black Shirts roared impatiently to see me.

When finally, at the end of March, on the sixth anniversary of the foundation of Fascism, I appeared healed on the balcony of Palazzo Chigi, I had in front of me all of Rome. On seeing me still thin and pale, there was deep emotion. I saluted the multitude in the name of spring, and among other things I said "Now will come the best!" This sentence was interpreted in a thousand senses and aroused a wave of plaudits and approbations.

The wise cures of very clever doctors, such as Professor Bastianelli and Professor Marchiafava, healed me completely. Those miserable persons who put hopes upon my illness were baffled. Nothing to me is more hateful than a hope that an illness may end one's adversary. I am more alive and stronger than ever before. I could repeat, as I said one day after an attempt against my life: "The bullets pass, Mussolini remains."

Another series of events which were to mark my complex and difficult life were the attempts against my life.

Zaniboni initiated the series. He chose the sacred day of the commemoration of the victory. He ambushed himself in a room of the Hotel Dragoni, just in front of Palazzo Chigi, from the balcony of which I usually review the processions which pass on the way to the altar of the Unknown Soldier to place their flowers, their vows and their homage.

A Charmed Life

Having an Austrian rifle with fine sights, the fellow could not miss his aim. Zaniboni, to avoid being suspected, dressed in the uniform of a major of the army and got ready in the morning to accomplish his crime. He was discovered. He had been followed for a long time. A few days before, General Capello had generously given him money and advice. But with a simultaneous action, Zaniboni, General Capello and various less important personages of the plot were arrested one hour before they planned the attempt.

So closed the first chapter.

In 1926, in the month of April, when I inaugurated the International Congress of Medicine, a woman of English nationality, exalted by fanaticism, came near my motor car and fired at close range a shot that perforated my nostrils. A centimeter of difference, and the shot might have been fatal.

I abandoned the woman to her destiny by putting her beyond the frontier, where she could meditate on her failure and her folly.

Just after the occasion, before my nose was out of its dressings, I was speaking to a meeting of officials from all parts of Italy. I felt impelled to say: "If I go forward, follow me; if I recoil, kill me; if I die, avenge me."

Another attempt which might have had grave results was that of an anarchist, a so-called Lucetti, who had come back from France with his soul full of hate and envy against Fascism and against me. He waited for me in the light and large Via Nomentana, in front of Porta Pia. He was able to meditate his crime in silence. He had been eight days in Rome and carried powerful bombs. Lucetti recognised my car while I was going to Palazzo Chigi, and as soon as he saw it he hurled at me the infernal machine, which hit an angle of the car and bounced back on the ground, exploding there after I had passed. I was not wounded, but innocent people were hit and taken to the hospital.

When arrested, the miserable man could justify his crazy act only by his anti-Fascist hate. I did not give a great importance to the episode. Having to meet the English ambassador, I went directly to Palazzo Chigi, and the conversation with the foreign diplomat continued calmly enough until a great popular manifestation in the streets interrupted us. Only then the English ambassador, somewhat amazed, learned of the attempt against my life.

The last attempt was on October 31, 1926. It was in Bologna, after I had lived a day full of life, enthusiasm and pride. A young anarchist, egged on by the secret plotters, at a moment when the whole population was lined up for the salute, came out from the ranks and fired at my car with a gun. I was sitting near the *podesta* of Bologna, Arpinati. The shot burned my coat, but again I was quite safe. The crowd, in the meanwhile, seized by an impulse of exasperated fury, could not be restrained. It gave summary justice to the man.

Results From a Strong Policy

Other attempts were baffled. The exasperation was now surpassing any limit. I understood it was time to stop the doleful game of the adversaries. The secret societies, the opponent press and deceitful political cults had only one aim; it was to hit the chief of Fascism, so that all Fascism should be hit. All the movement that dominated Italy they believed turned on one pivot, on a name, on a lone man. All the adversaries, from the most hateful ones to the most intelligent, from the sliest ones to the most fanatical, thought that the only way of destroying Fascism was to destroy its chief. The population itself perceived this and demanded grave punishments for the criminals. The exasperated Fascists wanted to admonish all those who were conspiring in the darkness.

A policy of force was absolutely necessary. I took the Ministry of Internal Affairs and I launched the laws for the defense of the régime—laws which must constitute one essential basis of the new unified national life.

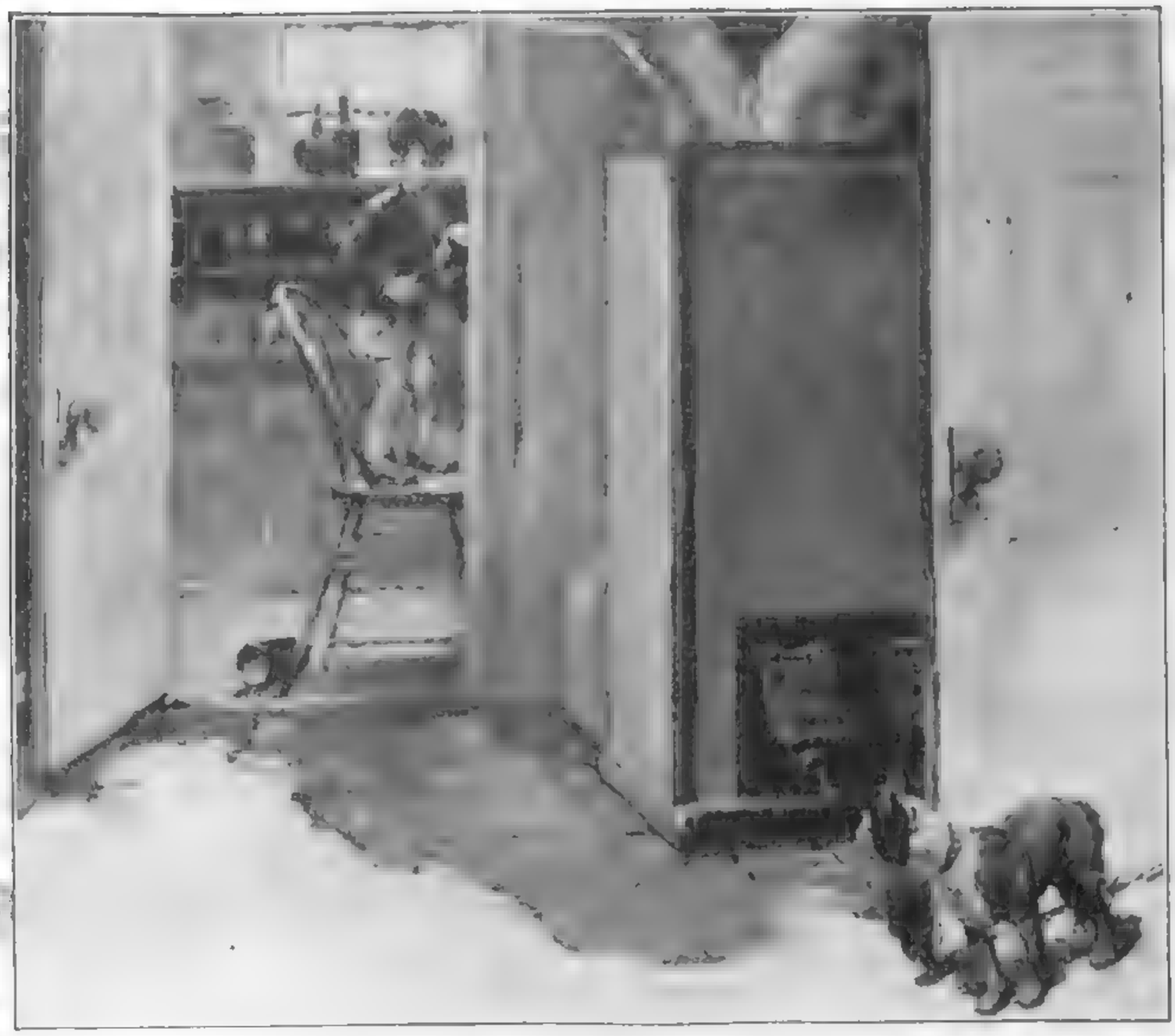
I abolished the subversive press, whose only function was to inflame men's minds. Provincial commissions sent to confinement professional subverters. Not a day goes by that we do not feel in Italian life how much good has been brought by the measures against the forces of disintegration.

I must then conclude that strong policy has given really tangible results. Every day the country feels intensely the identification of Fascism with the vital strength of the nation. Nobody has suffered ostracism in Italy; everybody is allowed to live in the definite régime of law. Many elements of the old popular subversives understand now how much well-regulated life is a benefit, not only to one class but for every class of the Italian people. Few are those who are still confined and few are those who intend to disobey. As Minister of the Interior, I distributed a circular on January 6, 1927, to the prefects, in which I pointed out what must be their duty in relation to the population.

A new sense of justice, of seriousness, of harmony and concord guides now the destinies of all the peoples and classes of Italy. There are neither vexations nor violences, but there is exaltation of what is good and of the virtue of heroism. In every class, among all citizens, nothing is done against the state, nothing is done outside the state.

Many have finally opened their eyes to this serene and severe truth; the Italians feel themselves of one fraternity in a great work of justice. The sense of duty, the necessity of action, the style of civil life mark now an intense reawakening. The old parties are forever dead. In Fascism, politics is fused into a living moral reality; it is a faith. It is one of those spiritual forces which renovate the history of great and enduring peoples.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in an early issue.



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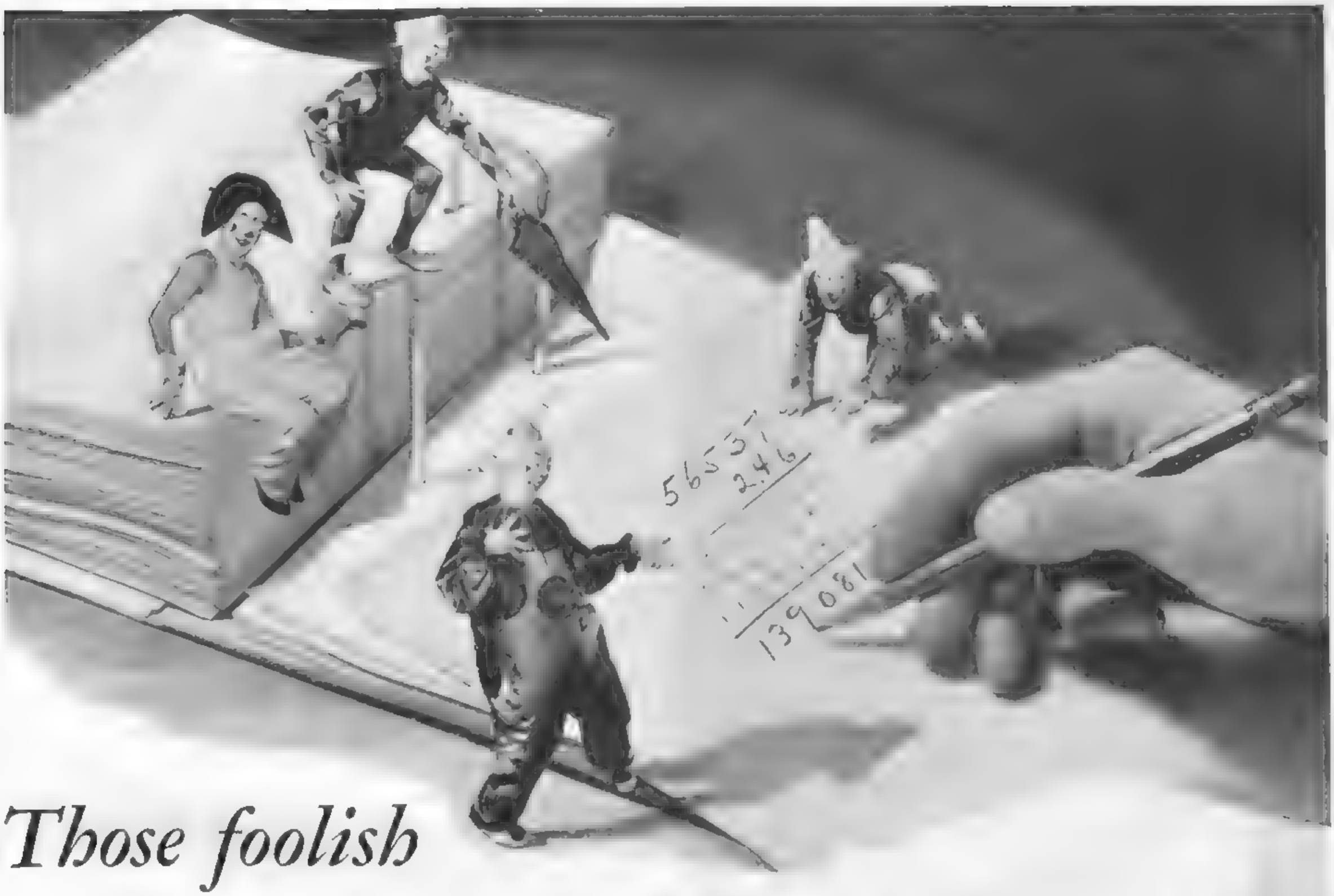

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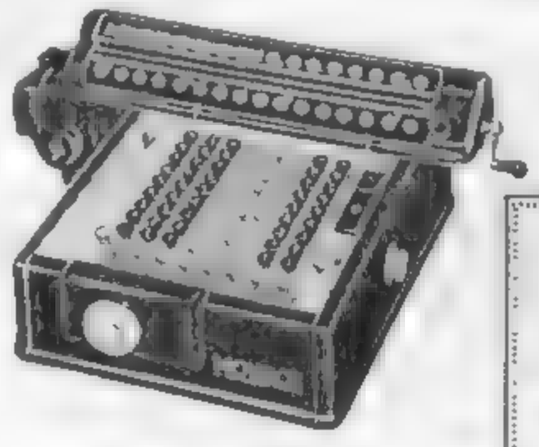

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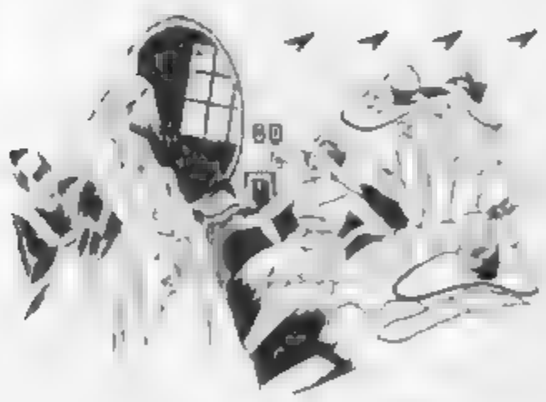

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24)

And presented a Demurrer for his client's fair protection,
A Subpœna Duces Tecum and a Qualified Objection
With an Alibi or something—for these court procedures vary
An Attachment, a Replevin and a Writ of Certiorari;
Then he added a Venire with his bland, forensic unction,
Plus a heavy Surrebutter and a Permanent Injunction.

Peter Piper's shrewd advisers and the aides they had recruited
Said to Peter, "We've a notion that you're bound to be nonsuited."
Peter Piper sternly answered, and his glare was cold and steady,
"If nonsuited means not suited, I'm nonsuited now, already."
Peter Piper lay in ambush with a blackjack and a billy
For that wicked Hiram Hawkins who had dealt with him so illy;
And he grabbed the crafty Hawkins by his fur and linen collars
As he thundered, "Hiram Hawkins, gimme ninety-seven dollars!
If you dare to prosecute me, though on points of law I'm hazy,
I can get a squad of doctors who will swear that I was crazy.
And the Press will tell the People how my Temporary Madness
Was the sure and certain outcome of your Diabolic Badness."
So the proper legal tender was compliantly extended
By the humbled Hiram Hawkins, and the incident is ended.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Minority Report

OH, THIS is a wholesome and radical song
Of loves that have never miscarried;
Of folk whose romances refused to go wrong
Who found themselves happily married.

Unvexed by intrusions of lad or of lass,
Not jealous, nor given to sorrow;
When angry, they never took poison or gas,
And always took thought for the morrow.

Instead of a candle that burnt at both ends,
Their cottage had indirect lighting;
They had enough money, and plenty of friends,
And never resorted to writing.

They jumped in the lake—when they wanted to swim;
The ropes in the house were for smoking.
My hearty respect goes to her and to him—
And please don't accuse me of joking.

—*Norman R. Jaffray.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

The Davenport Bed
now moves in high society

Davenport Bed Suite
No. 1798

WHEN Kroehler introduced the davenport bed, many years ago, it was strictly a utility. Today the Kroehler Davenport Bed—as the stylish suite illustrated shows—is, first of all, *fine furniture.*

So artfully is the utility feature concealed beneath graceful lines, smart coverings and deep, luxurious cushioning, that this beautiful, double-purpose furniture is now used in finest homes and apartments.

Yet, when extra sleeping space is needed, one simple, easy motion transforms the davenport into a full size, comfortable bed. Ample space is provided for mattress and bedding.

Kroehler dealers are now showing many attractive styles of this "modern" davenport bed in a wide variety of coverings. These include silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette—also *soft* leathers.

Hidden Qualities

Like all Kroehler "Assured Quality" Living Room Furniture, the davenport bed is built to highest quality standards, *throughout.*

A new, improved Spring Steel Understructure replaces the old fashioned webbing. It gives the seat the comfort of a box spring. Never sags or breaks.

Frames are of choice hardwood, sturdily glued, doweled and braced—*not soft wood merely nailed together.* Cushions and backs get their luxurious comfort from many small, resilient springs of highest quality and filling of high grade moss and new, white, felted cotton. The folding frame of the davenport bed is all steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs. This construction is found only in *fine furniture.* Think of it when you see the moderate prices that are asked by your Kroehler dealer.

Do you lack a guest room? Are you cramped for sleeping space? See this "invisible bedroom" which so many are using today. Prices are very moderate and most dealers offer attractive *terms.* The name of a dealer near you and our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms," sent you upon request. Address

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Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Have you experienced the "feel" of this desk fountain-pen?

A pocket fountain-pen is a convenience. But this desk fountain-pen is ever a source of downright joy. It is built as a pen should be—shapely, balanced, elegant. Desk fountain-pens were originated by Sheaffer—and the Sheaffer pen leadership is today one of the most outstanding of American successes. **LIGHTEST** to the touch is this time-saving and dependable instrument. It almost furnishes a new form of sport for those who write. Speedy writing—without halts! And the ratchet-lock receiver is always at the handiest angle. It is the most luxurious pen equipment in the world. Get the "feel" of this desk fountain-pen.

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Special Lifetime® Desk Fountain-pen Set, illustrated above, $75. Regular Lifetime pen, $8.75
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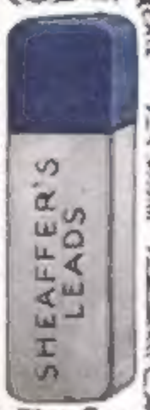

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Use Old Dutch and you will be assured of a perfectly clean and smooth surface. This is so because Old Dutch contains no hard, scratchy grit. There is nothing else like it. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit scratches, mars the surface and provides catch-alls for health-endangering impurities. It is more difficult to keep a scratched surface clean.

Millions of housewives have found Old Dutch perfect for all household cleaning. You will find it so too, and like it because your work is done more quickly and easily.

Old Dutch Cleanser homes are healthful homes

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